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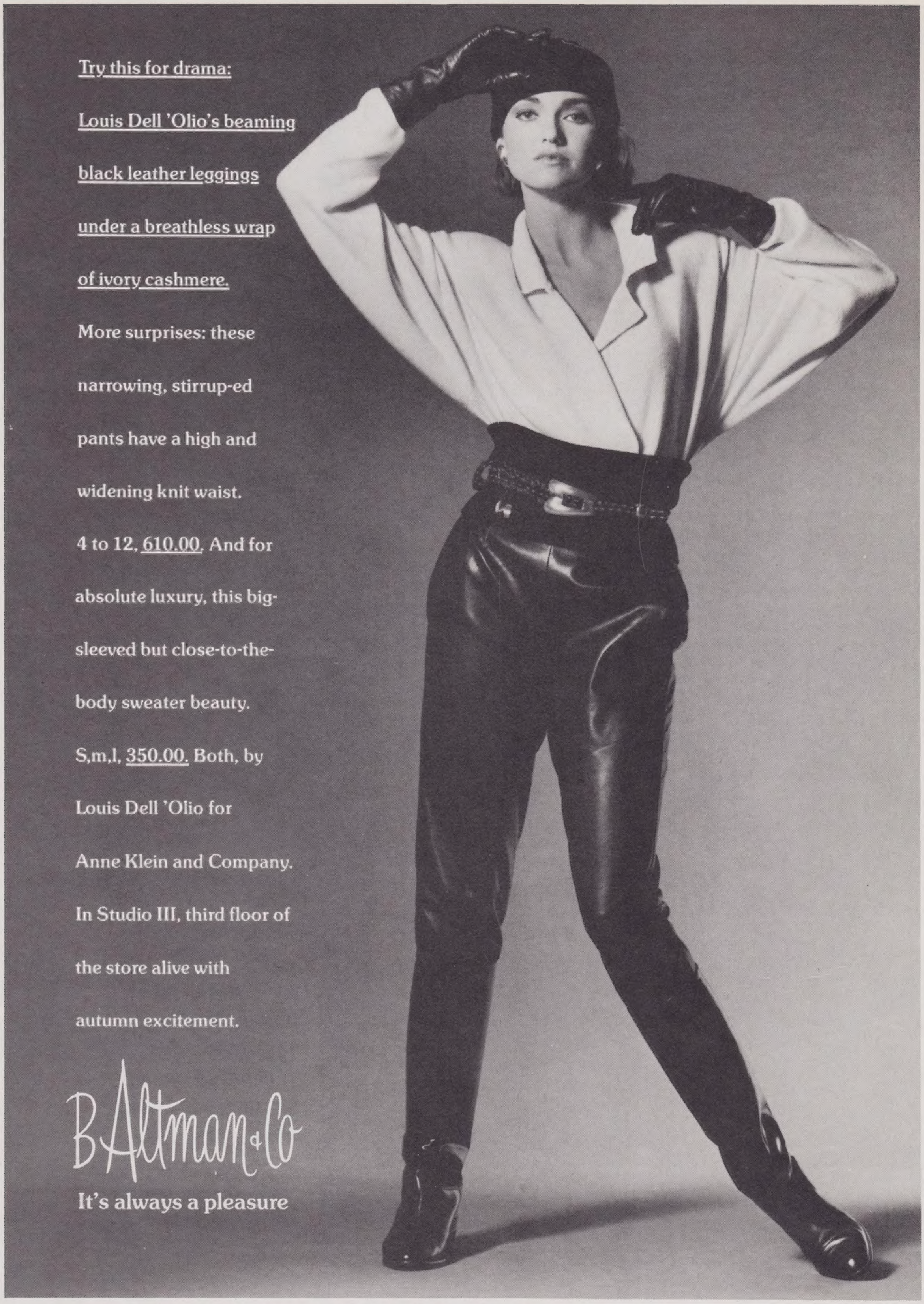

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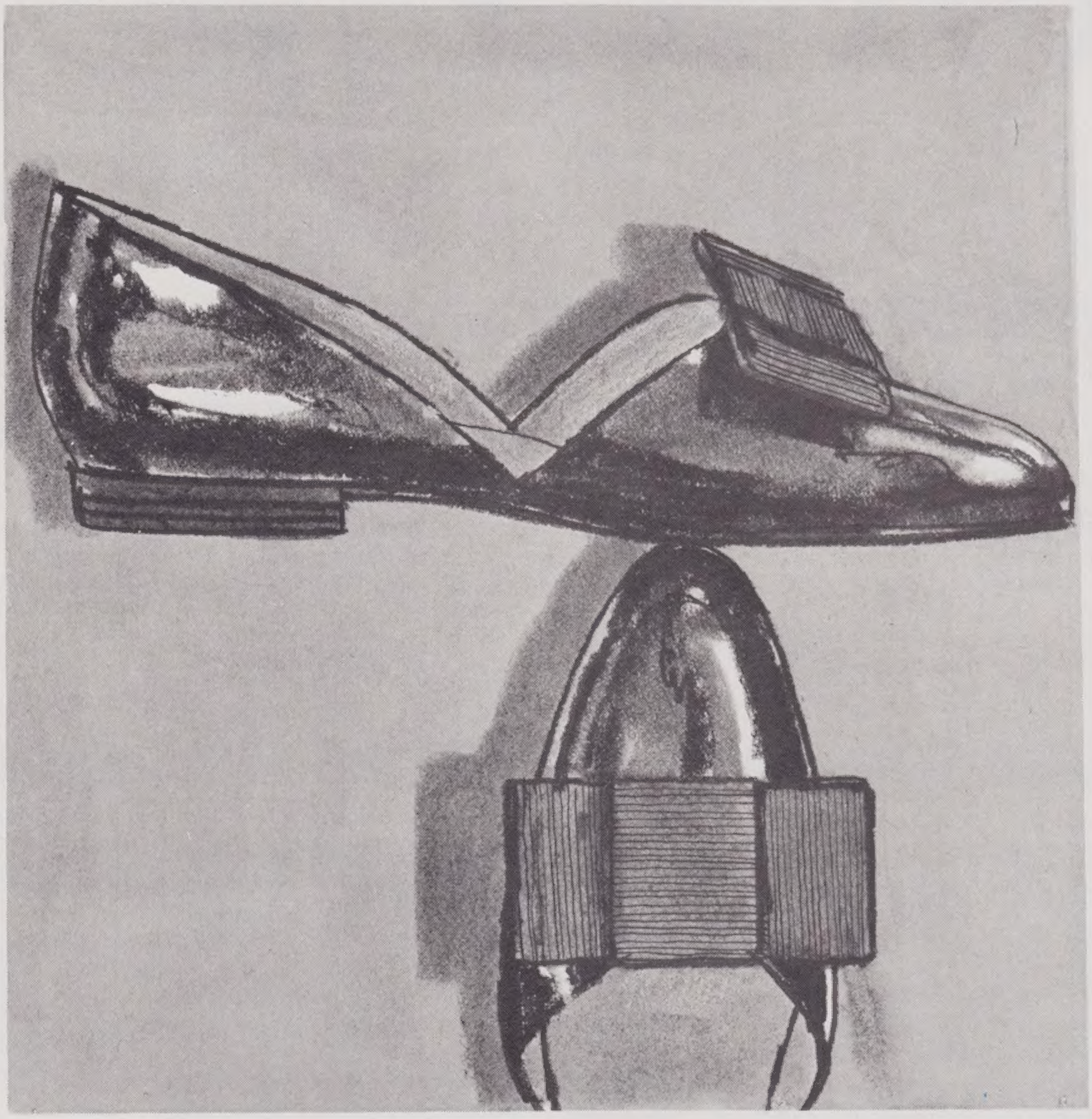

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VOGUE®

july 1985

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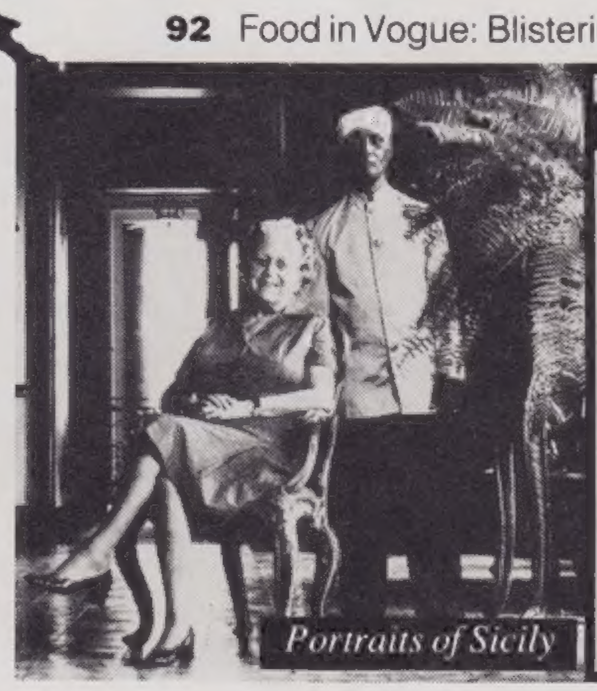

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Vogue ISSN 0042-8000 is published monthly by The Condé Nast Publications Inc., 9100 Wilshire Boulevard, Beverly Hills, CA 90212. PRINCIPAL OFFICE: 350 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10017. Robert J. Lapham, President; Eric C. Anderson, Treasurer; Pamela M. van Zandt, Secretary. Second-Class postage paid at Beverly Hills, CA, and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as Second Class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, and for payment of postage in cash. Subscriptions in U.S. and possessions, $24 for one year; $46 for two years. In Canada, $37.50 for one year, $68 for two years. Elsewhere, $42 for one year, payable in advance. Single copies in U.S., $3; in Canada, $3.50. For subscriptions, address changes, and adjustments, write to Vogue, Box 5201, Boulder, CO 80322. Eight weeks are required for change of address. Please give both new and old address as printed on last label. First copy of new subscription will be mailed within eight weeks after receipt of order. VOL. 175, NO. 7, WHOLE NO. 3240. Manuscripts, drawings, and other material submitted must be accompanied by a stamped self-addressed envelope. However, Vogue cannot be responsible for unsolicited material. Postmaster: Send Form 3579 to Vogue, Box 5201, Boulder CO 80322

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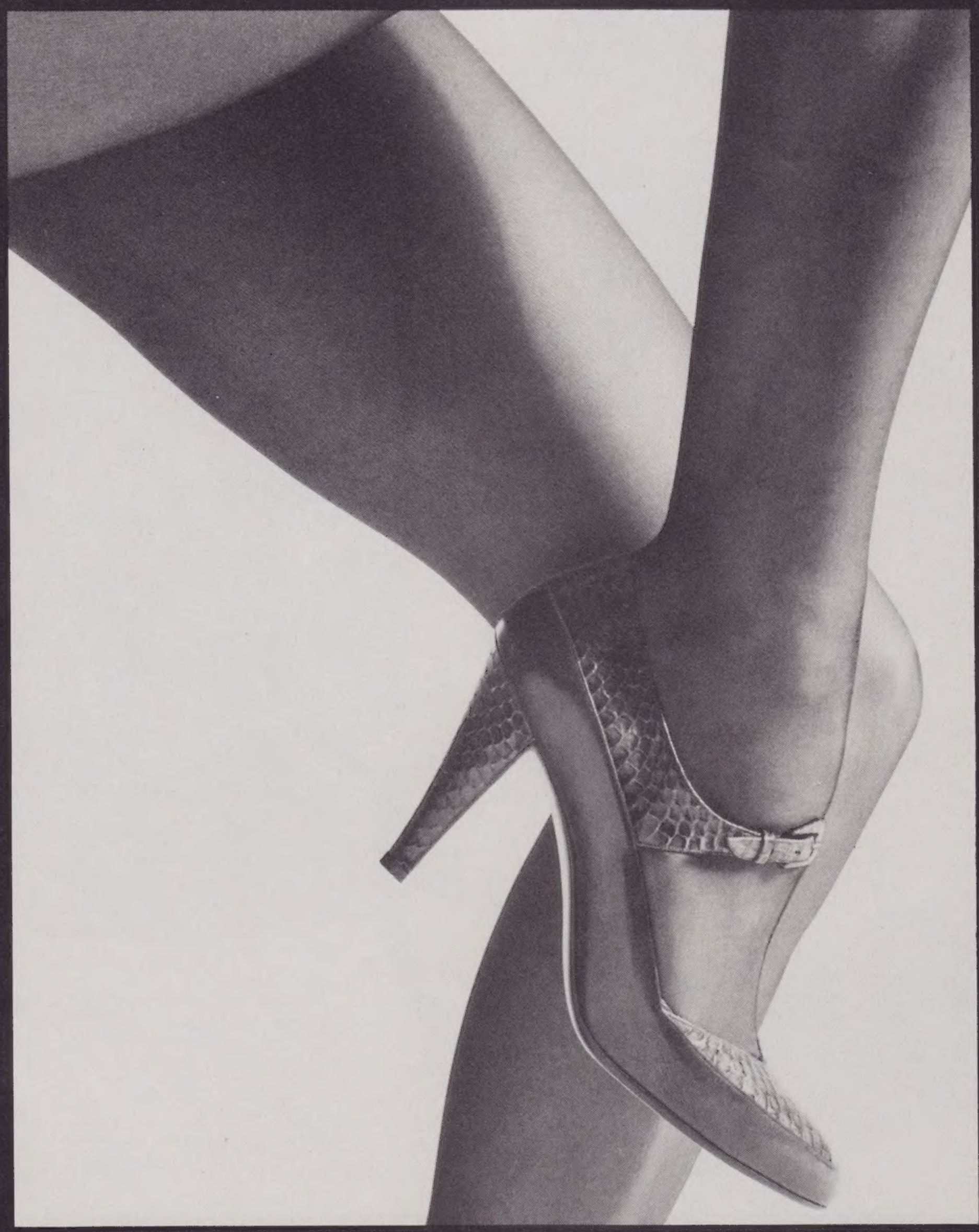

It's all about skin. Not yours but Andrea Pfister's take on snake. He sees it slithering 'round your foot in a pump of towering height. And mated with smooth kid in rainbow effects of slate, charcoal and plum. 315.00. Designer Shoes, State Street and Water Tower Place.

Marshall Field's

i. m a g n i n

SOME SUEDES
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ESPRIT

Carolyn Kami
Esprit Italy Accessories Coordinator
Age: 22

I'm actually from Marin, but I love Florence as much as California. I spend my time cooking pasta with friends, playing Monopoly in Italian, going to soccer games, or skiing in the Dolomites. My style isn't extremely daring, but I hate being boring or getting embarrassed. I'm looking forward to marriage, but not in the near future. Right now I just enjoy fashion hunting; my favorite word in Italian is "Saldi."

Photo Toscani

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at

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LINA LEE

BEVERLY HILLS NEW YORK

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Lillie Rubin

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JAMISON

JAMISON

Jamison prints a profusion of flowers on soft challis in subtle shades of beige and grey on cream. Pintucking at the top and self-belted at the waist. Sizes 6 to 16, about $140. Jamison, a division of Nat Kaplan, Inc., 498 Seventh Avenue, New York, NY 10018.

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BRITISH VOGUE Vogue House, Hanover Square, London, W1R OAD
FRENCH VOGUE 4 Place du Palais-Bourbon, 75007 Paris GERMAN VOGUE 44 Leopoldstrasse 8000 München 40
ITALIAN VOGUE Piazza Castello 27, Milan VOGUE AUSTRALIA is published by Bernard Leser Publications Pty. Ltd.
BRAZILIAN VOGUE is published by Carta Editorial Ltda. MEXICAN VOGUE is published by Carta Editorial de Mexico

VOGUE is published by The Condé Nast Publications Inc., Condé Nast Building, 350 Madison Avenue, New York NY 10017
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JOAN & DAVID

COVER LOOK

BEAUTY NOW

advances

...pleasures, solutions... sensitive skin... the mousse mystique

Clearly beguiling, unpretentious: pink! The most wearable, most modern tones are slightly deeper, slightly more intense than skin's natural pink: a blush on cheeks, a bright flush on lips, and—for balance—a brown with a faint pink cast on eyes. Evidence of the appeal, the freshness of pink: at left and on our cover, on actress/model Isabella Rossellini, achieved with Lancôme's Les Aquatiques in Tortue on eyes; Rose Ivoire on cheeks; Pink Parfait on lips. For hair with this kind of color depth, this shine, this thought: L'Oréal's Majigloss in Chestnut Embers gives dark hair a translucent gloss as it enriches natural color. Fashion by Thierry Mugler; brooch by Billy Boy. Hair, Didier Malige for Jean Louis David; makeup, Francois Nars. Details, last pages. Photograph by Avedon.

Mousse magnetism

A runaway bestseller—mousse for hair—now has inspired everything from facial masks to fragrance to eyeshadow in mousse form. For very good reasons: foam makes for fast, even application, has a particularly light, tactile appeal. To try: sea-born Masque à la Mousse by Revlon (moisturizing sea plant, purifying Sea Mud, and exfoliating Sea Mineral) for a five-minute (or less) facial...Summer skin-tender—Active Protection Golden Moisture After Sun Body Mousse by Max Factor extends the life of a tan, adds a touch of glimmer to skin...For glide-on eyecolor with real staying power—Princess Marcella Borghese Lumina Tinta Trasparente Eyecolour Mousses, sheer, shimmery whipped shadows...One lure of fragrance-as-mousse: scent can be smoothed top to toe in the lightest possible concentration as the mousse adds moisture. Three scents in mousse form: Ivoire de Balmain, Bill Blass for Women, Ciara. **More mousse madness, see page 205.**

FOR DEEP MOISTURIZING WITHOUT THE GREASINESS, USE NIGHT CREAM AS DAY CREAM, TISSUE OFF HALF AN HOUR LATER

—MODEL ALDA BALESTRA'S IDEA, FROM *THE FORD MODEL'S CRASH COURSE IN LOOKING GREAT* BY EILEEN FORD AND JOAN HEILMAN (SIMON AND SCHUSTER)

Don't miss . . .

When a beauty product meets a real need, is portable, and/or adds instant pleasure to a busy life, you want to know about it fast. Here goes . . . Estée Lauder's new Featherproof Lipstick: a priming, lining, and coloring event in one slick stick. Niki de Saint Phalle's refresher: Le Bain Bleu shower gel. Noxzema Clear-Ups: light, oil-absorbing pads soaked with a blemish-fighting astringent—to stash in desk, handbag . . . Summer whimsies: soft pastels—yellow, eggshell blue, lime, lavender—for nail enamel (by Cutex, Maybelline), emery boards (by Bates), makeup brushes (by Luisant), zippered "lizard" makeup bags (Celebrity).

SOOTHING SENSITIVE SKIN

What woman *doesn't* have sensitive skin, either as a permanent condition or an occasional phase? "Usually fair, dry-skinned women experience sensitivity, but any type of skin can be sensitive if it's abused," said Diana Bihova, M.D., clinical instructor of dermatology, New York University School of Medicine. Abuses that make skin red, uncomfortable: dry environment, sun/wind exposure, or harsh, overdrying skin-care products. "Women with sensitive skin can't tolerate exfoliators, alcohol-based lotions, or rinsing with very hot or cold water. Even a facial—unless it's a very mild one—can increase sensitive skin's discomfort as well as its susceptibility to broken capillaries."

In response to the staggering number of sensitive-skin complaints, cosmetics companies have developed more and more "calming" skin-care products. Germaine Monteil's Cleanser Actif maintains skin's natural moisture balance as it gently rinses away dullness. Chanel's Melting Cleanser—part of their PM Principles regime—liquifies without stripping skin of its moisture barrier. Almay Moisturizing Lotion or Cream works for dry to slightly oily conditions to relieve the tight, itchy sensation associated with sensitivity. And because everything from moisturizer to makeup can intensify skin sensitivity, Avon developed Pure Care, a complete line of skin *and* makeup for oily-sensitive or normal/dry-sensitive skin. Sun exposure exaggerates the redness and dryness of sensitive skin—as well as contributes to long-term damage—so a sunscreen that combines thorough protection with just as thorough moisturizing is ideal. Christian Dior's Hydra-Dior Extra Protective Moisturizer has an SPF 15. Sensitivity also affects body skin—especially on neck, hands, elbows. Best strategy: wash with a mild, moisturizing soap (Vitabath's are super-creamy) and slather on an unscented lotion (to try: Procter & Gamble Wondra).

DENIS PIEL

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WHAT'S LIFE WITHOUT A LITTLE FRENCH DRESSING?

Christian Dior EYEWEAR

BEAUTYSTYLE

What's news in beauty and fitness? Just about everything…as you'll be reading here in a new column beginning this month: people…places…trends…ideas. By Andrea Robinson and Dorothy Schefer

Scent: newest thinking

All that talk about a fragrance's top and bottom notes is passé. The newest "noses"—Perry Ellis, Norma Kamali, Maud Frizon—also have an "eye" and don't talk about green notes but envision fragrance in other ways women can relate to. What reflects modern designer thinking now: the way a fragrance *looks* as well as smells, the way a bottle, a candle work in a home environment—because, now, fashion/beauty/living style influence each other.

Women today are interested in how *objets*—of every kind—"fit" into their environments, their homes. Shoe designer Maud Frizon's scent, for example, is the ultimate in modern ingenuity: a cluster of three crystal bottles, three strengths…Another breakthrough: Perry Ellis' use of semiprecious stone stoppers.

MODEL-WATCHING

- ***Replacing walking between the many "go-sees" models make in a day: the new ten-speed, wide-handled and -tired City Bike—black, sleek, with a built-in, breakproof lock. Made by Ross Bicycles, it's sized perfectly: it fits into the back seat of a Checker cab.***
- ***With so many "beautiful bodies" walking out of Madison Avenue Muscle Inc.—where thighs are stretched, biceps flexed fifteen hours daily—owner/trainer John Perretti has started a second business: Madison Avenue Muscle Model Management, which now books some of the best-looking bodies in town…***

PARIS FLASH: LATEST PERFUME—*DRY* SPRAY, NO DROPS ON FURS, CLOTHES…WITH RINGS ON EVERY FINGER: NEW FOCUS ON HANDS

Making a difference now…

Women in Business Against Cancer, part of the American Cancer Society, is the name of a woman's group whose goal it is to help raise money and promote reduced-risk life styles in the fight against cancer. Charter members include Kay J. Wight, V.P., CBS Sports, who is also chair of NYC's Commission on the Status of Women. The New York group is a prototype (more information: NYC Division, American Cancer Society, 212/586-8700)…The successful women who, over the years, have appeared in Blackglama's "What Becomes a Legend Most?" ad campaign were repaid for their time and effort with a gift of a mink coat. Today, the women who pose for La Prairie's ads have agreed to appear in exchange for a donation to a cause they support. Princess Stephanie appeared in exchange for a donation of $50,000 to the Princess Grace Foundation. In the newest La Prairie ads: Princess Yasmin Aga Khan honors her mother, Rita Hayworth, through her support of The Alzheimer's Foundation.

DESIGNERS TALK: FASHION, BEAUTY, STYLE

Givenchy:

- "My customers wear two, maybe three, different scents—but three is a lot. A woman should be identified by her scent…because scent is so much a part of style."
- "I think hair style is the final tipoff whether or not a woman really knows herself."
- "It's a mistake for a woman to change her hair style simply because she feels the need for change. It's the same with scent. A woman's first perfume is very important."

Norma Kamali:

- "A woman has needs that grow and change…*and* she has fantasies."
- "Time is a factor; so is the way a woman presents herself at work. How much—or how little—makeup should a woman wear?"
- "The way a woman looks has to do with personal style—not with fashion."
- "To me, there's less and less difference between day and night clothes, day and night makeup."

Perry Ellis: "There have been women in my life who have worn no makeup and looked extraordinary. More extraordinary are the women in my life who wear makeup—and know how. I've never liked too much makeup. But to know how to work with your face, your coloring…to understand your skin and how its color changes depending on light and time…A woman's most important tools are her eyes and a mirror. If you look every day, you know your coloring changes all the time. The same makeup colors don't work all the time—although I know some women get stuck on red"…

What's un-modern…

- *Tweezed eyebrows…and square nails*
- *Wearing lipstick that comes off on a napkin or glass*
- *Taking out a compact at lunch, dinner—anywhere public—to powder your face, reapply lipstick*
- *Looking like a "gym bunny" when you work out*

What's modern, now…

- *Carrying fewer cosmetics…even fewer things at night. All you really need: keys, money, lipstick*
- *Exercising in shoes; no more bare feet*
- *Drinking the new alcohol-free "mock" beers*
- *French pedicures; like the manicures—colorless toenails, white tips*

FACING THE ELEMENTS

Sanofi, the French pharmaceuticals house, wanted to test their skin and sun products under extreme weather conditions. Two scientist-climbers were looking for funding for a Himalayan trek. The "fit" was perfect. In exchange for Stendhal's financing of the expedition, the men agreed to use two Stendhal products (moisturizer and sunscreen). The "test" was difficult. A Sherpa's skin—badly wrinkled by the time he's thirty—proves weather's devastating effects. The cold and altitude evaporate most of skin's moisture, wind removes whatever's left. Dehydration is so severe, above six thousand meters, it's essential to drink five or six liters of water a day. Although Sanofi chemists thought testing on men's skin would skew the results (men's skin is tougher), the data was impressive: the scientists measured their wrinkles, before and after. Results: Despite the climate's severity, average wrinkle depth *decreased* by 10 percent, proving what most of us have come to acknowledge: that skin creams—whether sun or moisture protectors—*do* make a difference.

A bigger tennis ball?

That's what the sports pros at Wilson say will boost aerobic benefits derived from tennis. Seven percent larger than a regular tennis ball, their new Rally has the look, feel, bounce of a traditional ball—but is easier to see, keep in play…"I was skeptical at first," says Chris Evert Lloyd, "but after trying it out, I see its advantages."

SOUGHT-AFTER INVITATION:

Estée Lauder's luncheon for NYC's most attractive men to launch their new fragrance line, Lauder for Men. Attending: artist Andy Warhol, former Ambassador Francis Kellogg, New York University president John Brademas, New York Attorney General Robert Abrams, movie producer David Brown, record mogul Ahmet Ertegün. *What* makes men attractive? Said the women who did the inviting: "Accomplishment." "Kindness." "Brains."

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YOUR LETTERS

Food for thought
I have just finished reading the May 1985 Vogue, and I would like to tell you that I found Kathleen Madden's article "The Consuming Passion" incisive and thought-provoking.

Whether the hunger she says women feel is physical or emotional, it is there. And, whether the problem is anorexia, bulimia, or obesity, the relationship between food and how one feels clearly exists. Society dubs us pretty or unattractive, depending on whether we are, respectively, thin or fat.

Ms. Madden delved below the surface of food in a colorful and textural analysis of it as an obsession. Maybe a solution to the problem would be for women to do the same. Understanding why one eats is the first step.

Lucille Benton
Syracuse NY

Church vs. choice?
Hurrah for Jane O'Reilly's excellent article [April 1985] on the courage of the twenty-four nuns who expressed to the Vatican the knowledge of the existence of diverse opinions within the church regarding abortion. I too find the reaction of the Vatican abhorrent in a supposedly "enlightened period." We need more writers like O'Reilly and magazines like yours with the guts to print pieces of this sort.

Margaret C. Ledbetter
St. Louis MO

Kudos to Jane O'Reilly for her rational, intelligent discussion of today's Roman Catholic Church and the role, or lack thereof, that women are relegated to play.

It is increasingly irritating to me as a Catholic, a woman, and a pro-choice advocate how a church can be so presumptuous as to ignore a significant contrast of belief amongst its members; "...only 11 percent of Catholics surveyed disapprove of abortion in all circumstances..." Shame on the Vatican for not deigning to "dialogue" with its female members on an issue which affects *all* of their lives.

Thank you again Ms. O'Reilly for a thoughtful, sensitive discussion of one of today's most emotional issues.

Colleen Jones
Bloomington MN

Jane O'Reilly's article, in your April 1985 issue of Vogue, "On the Vatican 24" was a great disappointment. I expected better journalism from a magazine of what I thought was Vogue's caliber....

The dogmas of the Roman Catholic Church and the divinely inspired gospels have never deviated from the fact that abortion is murder, a mortal sin. It is the death of a life. Catholics believe that the soul is immortal. So if these highly educated women, as the author mentions, "believe that lives are as important as souls," why commit abortion? Better to help a mother to save her child and her own soul by not committing a mortal sin which severs her from eternal salvation. This would be the goal of a true Roman Catholic nun....

Nancy J. Marks
Brownsville TX

Madonna: sexual steps
In the March issue of Vogue's "People Are Talking About Music" ("Madonna: Retro Sex?"), Peter Watrous struck a wrong chord. The issue at hand is not whether Madonna's overt sexuality is "something to parody or ignore" or if it is setting women's positions in the music industry back, but rather that she is stigmatized for her sexuality: "Two steps forward, one step back." Although Mr. Watrous maintains that feminism has allowed women to be whatever they want, it is obvious that Madonna cannot be what she wants to be. She is criticized for being sexual in a manner that one would not criticize in male performers. Feminism will have made a step forward when women can be sexual and feminine without being sexual objects, in the music industry as well as in other fields.

Ann E. Bang
Hanover NH

Revenge: is it worth it?
In reading the April issue, I came across an article entitled "Your Well-Being: Revenge" that immediately captured my attention. ...

I agree with the writer, Barbara Lang Stern, when she says that "getting even" with a person that has done the hurting is the worst solution, and that the result often harms both people. This article was a big help to me; I realized that I have a problem with getting revenge, and I never really noticed it. ...

Anita Suitt
Nacogdoches TX

What aging *really* looks like
More than ten years ago Gloria Steinem told the world, on the occasion of her fortieth birthday, "This is what forty looks like." Even if your writers haven't quite understood that, I hope the editors of Vogue might understand and correct misperceptions of just what forty—or the mid-forties—looks like. In the April issue I read about Julie Christie, "at forty-four and looking ten years younger..." and about Paula Cooper "...at the age of forty-seven still looks like a recent prep-school graduate..." No! Many women in their mid-forties look as good as Christie and Cooper; looking beautiful, together, alive, and healthy *is* normal, not so unusual. Every so often you do an issue saying as much; why are you sending out these mixed messages? Admittedly society's perceptions are changing but I've always looked to Vogue as a leader. Won't you try to edit out the subtle implications that younger is better?

June Calender
New York NY

Breast cancer: a second opinion
The Health [page] of Vogue, April 1985, summarized Mrs. Rose Kushner's opinion piece, "Is Aggressive Adjuvant Chemotherapy the Halsted Radical of the '80s?," from the clinical journal *Ca*. I would like to make several points for your readers about adjuvant chemotherapy for breast cancer.

Recently, a worldwide review of treatment for early-stage breast cancer patients was conducted, analyzing over 10,000 women in chemotherapy trials (*The Lancet*, Nov. 24, 1984). The analysis indicated a 34 percent reduction in mortality for premenopausal women who received chemotherapy; and a 22 percent reduction in mortality in women over fifty receiving CMF chemotherapy. Both reductions were quite significant, compared to women who received no chemotherapy.

I believe the key to successful adjuvant chemotherapy is whether or not it is used adequately and aggressively. It is, after all, given for a finite period of about six months. This applies to older as well as younger women. All treatments of serious illnesses carry side effects and these may appear particularly difficult for the older woman, but they should be balanced against the risk of unnecessary loss of life. Lowering the dose for older women to prevent them from feeling sick is a common practice. But doing this still produces side effects, and the reduced dose may abolish the curative effect. When chemotherapy is used correctly and physicians treat the disease aggressively, patients may *feel* temporarily sicker but this improves the chances for cure.

Vincent T. DeVita, Jr., M.D.
Director, National Cancer Institute
Bethesda MD

Lace case
In all the years I've been reading Vogue, the occasions have been rare when I've run across wording in your copy to which I object. Nor am I a militant feminist. However, as I was reading Lorraine Davis' "Between Us" in the April '85 issue, there was a piece about Pamela Kelley which includes the last sentence: "Appropriately, her lace-work employees (there are seven) are all women; her law partners, men." The relevance of this comment escapes me and even seems quite out of sync with the editorial position of your publication....

Marna Ford
Des Moines LA

Author's reply:
I do see the danger of tongue-in-cheek or irony in print; one may be read very literally. My thought was that, since Ms. Kelley's law partners were all men, it was at least some consolation that she was able to hire all women when she opened her own business. (The nature of the product, lace, has nothing to do with the case, since it's a mail-order marketing business not a manufacturing one.) Some last-minute cutting made this point less clear than it should have been.—L.J.D.

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LUST SIMPLE

Dance with a Stranger, based on a true murder story, has the contours of a fable or ballad but one of such a grim and foredoomed quality that watching it is like watching two sinking ships—or, more aptly, two killer sharks in a tank.

A sort of British low-life "Frankie and Johnnie" set in the mid-'fifties, the movie focuses on Ruth Ellis, a tough, brassily beautiful platinum blonde who is the manager and head B-girl of a raunchy "social club." She breezes her way through men until she meets her match in the weak, aristocratic David Blakely, an amateur racing-car driver played with little-boy snake charm by Rupert Everett (*Another Country*), who becomes Ruth's obsession.

Their *Liebestod*, documented in the courts of law that eventually hanged Ruth for murder (making her the last Englishwoman to so die), is more of a lust-death. Sex is what drives both of them to frenzy, in an attraction that is fueled no less powerfully by hate—David's for her vulgar world, Ruth's for his contempt. But as in all such fever pitch relationships, the love/hate can't last very long. David's interest wanes; he retreats. Ruth pursues, grows vicious with jealousy and desire, goes mad.

This duet of the damned is a tragedy without any of tragedy's exaltations—nobility of character, the growth of awareness, catharsis. Ruth never "opens up," and Miranda Richardson, in a spectacular movie debut, resists any temptation to get us on Ruth's side.

It must have been the challenge inherent in such a character that attracted playwright Shelagh Delaney, who wrote the screenplay. It is a bleak, stunning piece of realism—tight, airless, affectless, yet powerful in its refusal of all the usual openings for obvious pathos. Even Ian Holm, as Ruth's gentle standby and would-be lover, comes over as more neurotic than heroic.

What Miranda Richardson captures under Mike Newell's direction is Ruth's exhilarating coarseness. Whether sloshed at the bar or slithering around her pink-satin boudoir, Ruth is fearlessly, comically free of taste or propriety or anything remotely resembling inhibition.

Ruth and David's is a marriage made in hell, in a movie that has ice in its veins. Yet what a spell it casts!

—MOLLY HASKELL

Miranda Richardson as herself

Richardson as Ruth Ellis in *Stranger:* brassy, brittle

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

MOVIES...

PLAYING THE HEART OF THE TART

Miranda Richardson's haunting portrayal of Ruth Ellis, the last woman in Britain to be hanged, marks the film debut of a major actress. She gives a thrilling performance in *Dance with a Stranger* as the brassy, brittle nightclub hostess, condemned in the austere 'fifties as much for her peroxided hair and promiscuity as for shooting her brutal upper-class lover. Richardson's penciled eyebrows, lacquered curls, and pretentious accent capture Ellis' theatrically elegant tartiness, and the tightly coiled, aloof exterior that strained to mask her vulnerability.

"Ruth saw herself as cut glass—delicate and dainty; she always went on about how she bruised easily and what tiny wrists she had," says Richardson, who started out thinking Ruth was "just a neurotic murderess" but ultimately found her sympathetic. "She was poignant in her desire to better herself, poignant because she was going about it the wrong way."

While she was making the film, the word Richardson used to evoke Ruth was "rococo." "It's over-the-top and terribly ornate and tinkly—the sort of dressing table she would have had, and ladylike things like tissue-box covers, which were 'nice' but not in the best possible taste."

Richardson, twenty-seven, a slight, elusive woman with a curiously ageless face, was working in repertory theater in her native Lancashire when she was asked down to London to audition. Did she know why she, an unknown, was chosen? "The director probably thought I had an 'edge,'" she says. "Even though I was talking in a calm and controlled way to him, there must have been an underbubble of tension and contained aggression all the time. I was very distrustful of the movie business, and I didn't know whether these people were messing me about."

Despite her misgivings, Richardson has gone on to star in another film, *The Innocent*, a tale about life in a Yorkshire village during the 'thirties, to be released later this year. She has also just finished shooting Elizabeth Bowen's *The Death of the Heart* for Granada Television, with Patricia Hodge, the cool and elegant adulteress in *Betrayal*, and Nigel Havers, Judy Davis' staid fiancé in *A Passage to India*.

Ruth Ellis would have reveled in the attention. Miranda Richardson, who is ambivalent about acclaim, will have to get used to it. —FRANCESCA SIMON

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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT... MOVIES...

Marcello Mastroianni grapples with age and T V in Fellini's *Ginger and Fred*

JACQUES-HENRI LARTIGUE

FELLINI'S SWINGTIME

Leave it to Federico Fellini, master of surreal cinema, to make a movie called *Ginger and Fred* that is not about Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire. On the set, Fellini, wearing his usual Prince of Wales Borsalino hat and a long, long blue scarf, explains why. "During the Fascist regime Italy's idols were Mussolini, the Catholic church, and American movie stars such as Cary Grant, Fred Astaire, and Ginger Rogers. My Ginger and Fred are Italian tap dancers who performed in the early 'forties. They used those names to get more attention and add glamour to their act."

In the movie, the pair come together for the first time in years to appear on a TV variety show, an Italian version of "Whatever Became of...." Ginger (Giulietta Masina, Fellini's wife and star of his *La Strada*) has become a member of the seaside bourgeoisie. And Fred (Marcello Mastroianni, who has worked with Fellini in both *La Dolce Vita* and *8½*) is selling encyclopedias. The show is used as a specimen board, a place to pin, says Fellini, "a vision of today's humanity." And it boasts a bizarre array of characters: dwarfs dancing a fandango, star look-alikes, a famous transvestite—in other words, a classic Fellini cast.

"I like this film because it is both melancholy and comic," says Masina, who is working with her husband for the first time in twenty years. Fellini appreciates its touching aspects too, but hopes that "eventually through this film I could advise the public on how to watch TV in another way, to be less dependent and more critical."

—ALAIN ELKANN

HOW THE WEST WAS RERUN

The Western isn't dead. It's just been hiding out over the past twenty years, taking refuge within other genres, like science fiction shoot-'em-ups, post-apocalyptic car operas, and Clint Eastwood's antisocial revenge dramas; but now that America is riding tall in the saddle again, maybe movie audiences are ready to shell out big bucks for the real thing. Writer and director Lawrence Kasdan (*Body Heat* and *The Big Chill*) hopes so, because this month Columbia Pictures is releasing his *Silverado*, a story of four men fighting for frontier justice and honor in the 1880s.

Unlike the paltry few Westerns of recent years, *Silverado* "takes a positive view of the infinite capabilities of the human spirit," according to Kasdan's brother Mark, with whom he cowrote the film. Are the Kasdan boys worried that 'eighties audiences might find a classic Western too creaky or foreign an entertainment? "I think it's very similar to presenting someone with a box of their favorite candies in a new wrapper," says Mark. "Whether or not the packaging is *(Continued)*

Hi-Yo *Silverado*:
(l. to r.) Danny Glover, Scott [illegible], Kevin Kline, Kevin Costner

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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

MOVIES...

(Continued) attractive, we'll see. But the gratifications of *Silverado* are the same as in other exciting films of recent years. And to be excited by a posse chase, you don't have to remember or care about a whole history of posse chases in previous Westerns."

The "packaging" looks pretty attractive indeed, with an *au courant* cast that stars Kevin Kline (who personified the sensitive 'eighties kind of guy in *The Big Chill*), Scott Glenn (stone-faced as Alan Shepard in *The Right Stuff*), Danny Glover (Sally Field's savior in *Places in the Heart*), and Kevin Costner (who was dropped in the editing room from both *Frances* and *The Big Chill* but made it to the screen in *American Flyer*) as the four good guys who just have to do what they have to do, ma'am. The women are Roseanna Arquette, who so desperately sought Susan, as a plucky homesteader, and Oscar-winner Linda Hunt as a saloonkeeper. Jeff Goldblum and John Cleese, who would seem to be token representatives of the ironic sensibility will be gambling and sheriffing respectively. All that *Silverado* lacks is someone like Sissy Spacek to play a school marm, but that might inject more positive human spirit than even a retro Western could stand. —BRUCE HANDY

THE PRIME OF MISS ASHTON-WARNER

Sylvia's Eleanor David

Sylvia Ashton-Warner, a New Zealand writer, had an appetite for art and life that demanded satisfaction. One of those throbbingly esthetical creatures, she yearned for the cultural oases of London or Paris, but it was in a New Zealand backwater, as a teacher of Maori children, that she found her vocation as a writer and educator.

Sylvia is a lovely and loving tribute to this fascinating woman by fellow New Zealander Michael Firth. The film begins with excerpts of an interview with the old but strong-minded Ashton-Warner (she died only last year), and then takes us through the year in which Sylvia, played by the British actress Eleanor David, comes with her husband to a remote rural outpost.

This lush, humid, incredibly green, and appallingly primitive spot, captured by Firth in all its natural splendor, is the setting for an awakening—a mutual awakening in which the neurotic and gifted Sylvia and her pupils discover the world in themselves.

Sylvia proves to be a great teacher because she's *not* a teacher. She is comfortable with chaos and impatient with traditional teaching methods; her talents as an artist and her recent experience with a nervous breakdown enable her to reach the children at a level of the subconscious where most instructors would fear to tread.

By plunging into the maelstrom of their primal and racial fears, she developed a total nonimperialist approach that became a hallmark of progressive education. Yet it's debatable whether anyone less gifted, or obsessed, would be able to apply Ashton-Warner's "method."

What isn't debatable is how amazingly David suggests the many parts of this real-life heroine, a woman who lived passionately even as she wrote such autobiographical books as *Teacher* (on which the movie is largly based) and the extraordinary *Spinster*, from which the 1961 Shirley MacLaine vehicle *Two Loves* was adapted.

Eleanor David is more glamorous than the rather forbidding woman we see in the prologue, but she nevertheless conveys the complex contradictions of the seemingly fragile, intuitive, and sensual woman whom we meet in Ashton-Warner's writings and the fiercely determined artist who couldn't have been that easy to live with.

Sylvia is less absorbing in its stated theme—its portrait of an iconoclastic educator and her tactics—than in the many small and surprising details of Sylvia's relationships.

The intensely romantic, never-to-be consummated rapport with a school official (Nigel Terry) who supports her point of view shows once again how erotic an understanding man can be.

In the close and very physical friendship between Sylvia and Opal Saunders (Mary Regan), a district nurse, we are shown two remarkable women struggling to make something of their lives in an era before the jargon of fulfillment had arrived to alter the landscape.

Very subtly, the movie allows us to see the negative side of this powerhouse woman—the dear solid husband (Tom Wilkinson), who will never get more than a portion of her attention, and her own children, who never seem to claim our interest (or Sylvia's) the way the Maoris do.

This is a movie of eloquent dialogue and even more eloquent silences; of wonderful faces that tell whole worlds in a glance, a pause, a kiss in the rain. Of such are the glories of cinema made. —MOLLY HASKELL

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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

THEATER...

MEANINGFUL GESTURES

Japan's Tomasaboro: Boys will be girls

KISHIN SHINOYAMA

An eerie beauty with painted bow mouth and lolling head, Bando Tamasaburo V glides over the stage as though held aloft by tiny currents of air. Suddenly, his whitened hands, concealed within voluminous kimono sleeves, emerge to perform a wicked fan dance built around tosses and blind catches. Appearing with Grand Kabuki at NYC's Metropolitan Opera House this month, Tamasaburo, Japan's foremost actor specializing in female roles, maintains a spooky balance between fragility and strength. Whether portraying the young, awkward acolyte or transforming himself into the virgin princess turned wanton woman in the sexually charged *Scarlet Princess of Edo* (one of five premieres), tall and feathery Tamasaburo exudes an esthetic hyperfemininity that goes beyond female. A languorous dip of the shoulder, a flick of the hand before downcast eyes hints of exquisite love affairs or subtle conspiracies.

Reputedly founded some four hundred years ago by a maverick Japanese dancer, the now all-male Kabuki theater continues to grasp audiences with its struggles of heroism and betrayal. At the Metropolitan, in keeping with Kabuki tradition, an elaborate ramp is being constructed for spectacular entrances and exits; earphones will provide simultaneous translation. But Kabuki's dialogue is only one element of its power. Tamasaburo's near divinity among his fans springs from his physical virtuosity. With effortless technique, he vanishes into the doll-like artifice of his character. —LISE FRIEDMAN

THE PRIVATE'S PART

Neil Simon plays are not exactly known for being profound. They're funny, and usually you leave it at that. *Biloxi Blues*, Simon's latest Broadway hit starring Matthew Broderick, surprisingly, works better on a deeper level. *Biloxi Blues* is about six privates and a sergeant at a training camp in Biloxi, Mississippi, during World War II. The guys want to eat decent food, give the sergeant a hard time, get laid. But there's more to the play than macho posturing, and it's brought to the surface by the character of Arnold Epstein. Epstein is a didactic but likable Jewish kid who stands up to the sergeant and the system. He is portrayed with stunning delicacy and force by Barry Miller, who received a Tony Award nomination for this part.

At twenty-seven, California-born Miller looks intense, eager, and thin like a newborn bird (his crew cut helps) and speaks softly but definitely. "*Biloxi* is a play about survival in an illogical world," says Miller, "about courage in the face of brutality.

The other soldiers in the company look up to Arnold because of his moral endurance, yet even he is co-opted by the system. "If Arnold's to be heroic," says Miller, "he can't be perfect, or placed above the audience. I want the audience to see themselves in me, to learn what Arnold has learned." In *Biloxi Blues*, the smoke of laughter seems so thick you lose sight of the fire—Simon's lyric vision. But to Miller: "You can't divorce laughter from truth," and in *Biloxi Blues* there is truth. —DANA COWIN

Barry Miller in *Biloxi Blues*

RICHARD CORMAN

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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT... MUSIC...

KRAZY CAT

The distinctive voice of the Sante Fe Opera comes as much from the excellence of its performances as from its imaginative, often quixotic, artistic choices. Consider its choice of Charles Ludlam of the Ridiculous Theatrical Company in New York City to direct the American premiere of Hans Werner Henze's *The English Cat*.

Henze, the darling of Germany's cultural establishment until his radical politics did him in, remains a dominant intellectual force in Germany as well as one of Europe's leading composers, with a prodigious output that ranges from full symphonies to film scores. In this country, however, he is best known for his operas—*King Stag*, *The Young Lord*, and *We Come to the River*, which caused a sensation last season at Sante Fe with its two onstage orchestras playing two different scores simultaneously. This season, *The English Cat* looks like Sante Fe's hot ticket.

"Theater is supposed to be a ne'er-do-well, raffish art form"

Based on a fable by Balzac and with a libretto by English social-realist playwright Edward Bond, Henze's *Cat* is a searing satire within the trappings of animal fantasy and Victorian gentility. Its characters are, as you might expect, English cats—with the occasional dog and mouse thrown in for contrast—but sophisticated creatures with human emotions and, as such, a great deal more treacherous than your standard parlor pussy.

The plot, a convoluted tale of lost innocence, unrequited love, hypocrisy, injustice, and jealousy, is, by opera standards, almost straightforward, as is the music, at least by Henze's standards. "Why with *Cat*, he even has the orchestra back in the pit," says director Ludlam. "And the music itself is very lyrical, very charming in a classical style. That's why they originally did it in Europe as a little chamber piece. But we're doing it as Grand Opera, as a satire meant to be played in *buffo* style."

This *Cat* is right down Ludlam's alley, for as artistic director, writer, set designer, and, usually, leading lady of the Ridiculous Theater in Greenwich Village, his repertoire might juggle a *Camille* in drag with a more straightforward piece of inspired foolishness such as *Bluebeard*. Ludlam's work defies neat categorization, but he shudders at the term "avant-garde."

Although regarded by some as an acquired taste, Ludlam is aware that he is part of a long and occasionally eccentric tradition. "Theater is supposed to be a slightly ne'er-do-well, raffish art form. But most people are afraid of appearing ridiculous. If you set it up beforehand, then you can play with the impossible."

Ludlam, balding and pixieish at forty-two, has been playing with the impossible for eighteen years. Although he has never directed an opera before, he often includes opera parodies among his productions, notably the hilarious but ultimately heart-breaking *Galas*. Ludlam wrote the "true, behind-the-scenes" story of the late, great diva with a similar name, and then played her in sweeping high style.

Ludlam intends to handle *The English Cat*, in a manner of speaking, straight. "There'll be no cat masks, none of that cuteness. It will be more expressionistic and surreal since that's the nature of the piece and, in many ways, I'm a traditionalist. My works may seem radical, but that's only because the audiences don't know the tradition. I'm not a reformer of anything, and certainly not of opera, but I am interested in how singers can be fresh with all those restraints on them. In *Cat*, there is one scene where they're all mating on the roof. Now I'm quite looking forward to staging that."

—PETER BUCKLEY

WILLIAM COUPON

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She likes
pearls.

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one taste they
agree on.

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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

PHOTOGRAPHY...

EMBRACEABLE HUE

Barbara Kasten, Eve Sonneman, and Sheila Metzner are three of the most exciting people working in color photography today. Each in her own way has broken from the streetwise, social-statement tradition of the 'sixties and 'seventies and has begun to experiment with color. They have arrived, unexpectedly, at a painterly resolution: large, tranquil dramas that are both personal and contemplative. In fact, these women are showing at galleries known for their painting and sculpture, such as Leo Castelli and John Weber in New York City. They are not imitating painting but instead taking advantage of new technologies and arriving at a new expression for color.

A mundane object redeemed in Eve Sonneman's "Sewing Kit, Paris."

EVE SONNEMAN

Familiar objects from diverse worlds—flea-market trinkets and tacos from Mexico—are humorously recycled and redeemed in Eve Sonneman's photographs taken in the past four years on her travels through Florida, Mexico, and France. Sonneman's pictures have always demanded deepened observation. In her earlier work with paired images—two very similar photos shot moments apart from slightly different vantage points—she did a double take and made the viewer follow her impulse.

In her new work, Sonneman, who is also a filmmaker and a visiting photography instructor at Cooper Union in NYC, has made the same impact through a single image. In "Sewing Kit, Paris" (above), at first the open box looks inviting, the tape measure's just waiting to be used, spools of thread organized for action. Actually the kit is protected by a fine green net.

In "Pink Stone Seat, San Christobal, Mexico," her penetrating wit is tinted with surrealism. The dust in the air and the deep heavy color of the mountains conjure up the feeling of a mirage. But then there is a massive pink seat firmly rooted at an angle to the highway, and upon this strangely placed seat is a woman waiting. What is she doing there? With the injection of the camera, Eve Sonneman seems to be puzzling this out. Sonneman captures ethereal moments that point up the paradoxes in everyday existence.

Courtesy John Weber Gallery

Kasten's "Construct NYC 17" *(above)*

BARBARA KASTEN

In Barbara Kasten's photographs, slivers of balsa wood, wire ropes, geometric pieces of glass, and corrugated cardboard are magically suspended and transformed. These forms disappear into their essences: sticks become lines, corrugated cardboard becomes a wave, mirrors become shapes. At the same time, the mirrors plunge us into an enchanting world of double vision further confusing image and reality.

These constructed compositions reflect Kasten's early work as a sculptor and prophesy her recent foray into set design for dance performances. Conceived and sketched in advance, they are grey and white before being hauntingly lit. Kasten blends and manipulates gels over flood lights to fill the pictures with an intense, almost ephemeral color rarely encountered in photographs: heinous blues, blood reds. The color and the angle of the camera contribute to the ambiguity of the tangled spaces.

Kasten's work, just published in a monograph, *Constructs* (New York Graphic Society), is reminiscent of Constructivists like Man Ray, Paul Outerbridge Jr., and Laszlo Maholy-Nagy. Yet Kasten extends their ideas through her daring use of color and the complexity of relationships between objects.

SHEILA METZNER

Sheila Metzner's portraits and still lifes depict a totally fictitious and tender world. It is a delicate place, elegant yet abstracted, dense with details: Fiestaware bowls, patterned fabrics, Art Deco vases, amorphous sculptures. These artifacts are all from her collection of beautiful things. In "Bega in Still Life with Peppers" (left), her daughter seems to be another found treasure, part of the balance of pattern, line, and form.

Whether she is doing a fashion shoot for Vogue or a picture for herself, Metzner—who looks a bit like a woman Tamara de Lempicka might paint—uses her own home and objects for the background, and a nostalgic serenity prevails. As with the pictorialists such as Clarence White, Heinrich Kuhn, and Gertrude Käsebier, this atmosphere is enhanced by the ornamental use of light. Here, light and color explode into thousands of pointillist dots and animate the photos with a shimmering haze.

Also in keeping with the pictorialist tradition, the printing is vitally important to the look of Metzner's photographs. After much searching, she hit upon the French Fresson process; instead of using the usual four colors, the Fresson uses seven or eight, so one can get subtly toned backgrounds, textured greys, and dense blacks. This reinforces Metzner's view of a magical world of connected memories. —DIANA EDKINS

"Bega in Still Life with Peppers" *(below)* by Metzner

SHEILA METZNER

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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

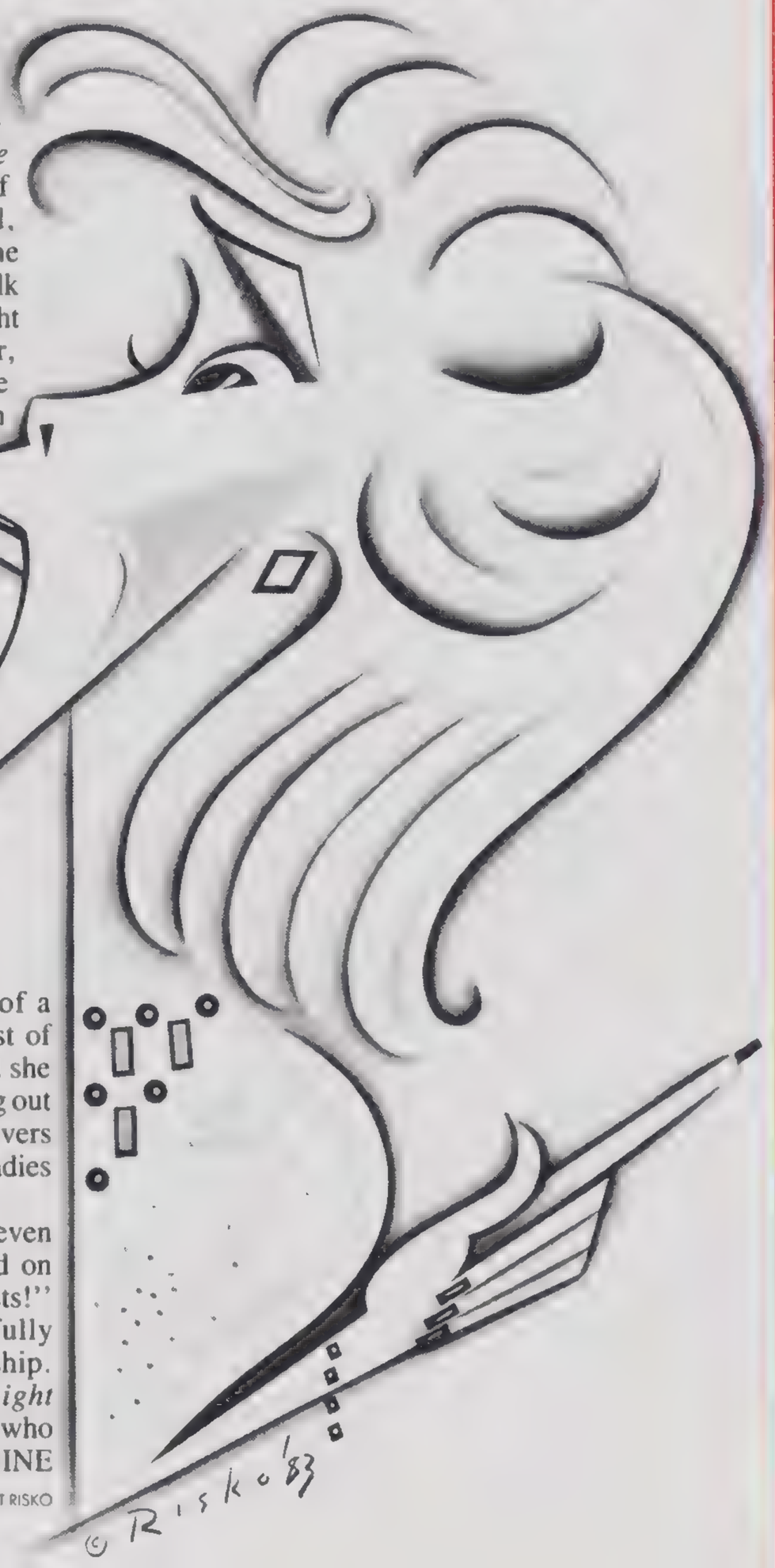
INSTITUTIONALIZING JOAN

You turn on *The Tonight Show* expecting to see an ironic little smile; a quick, barely perceptible double take here and there; a smoothly intelligent, well-mannered host, comforting, amusing: an institution. And instead this thing comes out, this glittering thing, its head thrown back, its mouth gaping, its fingernails long and red and slashing alarmingly through the air. Heeere's...Joan Rivers. In her sparkle dresses, grabbing wrists, jabbing guests with those nails, Joan Rivers seems to be on the Johnny Carson show more than Johnny himself. The problem is, this least likely of Carson successors is becoming something of an institution herself. "So," ex-Prince tag-along and singer Vanity announced on one show, "I was in this store and I says, 'You know, I'm going to be on *Joan Rivers* tonight.'"

When Rivers first started appearing on the show, she was so outré it was refreshing. A vulgarian in every sense of the word—her language, her manner, her values—she was an outsider: a loud, ethnic, female intrusion into the pleasant but often bland *The Tonight Show*. It's true she bugged a lot of women. Here we are, the women said, struggling to be taken seriously, and the only thing the hottest comedienne can talk about is boobies. But I've always thought Joan Rivers was something of a pioneer, someone who appropriated the crass style of the obnoxious male Catskill comedian and used it to be equally crass about purely female things. "Oh, oh," she screams about Vanessa Williams. "I showed less in childbirth!"

Now, however, a wildly successful insider enthroned in Carson's seat, she's begun to deliver her own brand of blandness: her scolding dirty talk, instead of sounding funny, sometimes sounds hysterical; her incessant claims to inferiority seem to deteriorate into the self-serving, self-deprecating whines of a woman who expects a compliment. Most of Rivers' guests do not disappoint her, and she greedily soaks up the compliments, oozing out some in return. Unlike Carson, Joan Rivers cannot be funny when surrounded by toadies and pea-brains.

She can still be funny though. She can even be great. "You," Rita Moreno declared on one show, "have an obsession with breasts!" And the show took off into a wonderfully edgy, bawdy, invigorating one-upmanship. Joan Rivers needs something *The Tonight Show* can only rarely give her—guests who SHOUT BACK. —CATHLEEN SCHINE



ROBERT RISKO

TV ... TV ... TV ...

avant bobtube

Alive From Off Center: a sampler of the best of performing art

Television, ever since its humble beginnings as a baby-sitter, has always had its subversive moments, intentional and otherwise, but it took the combined influences of high-tech equipment, low-budget sensibility, and a thoroughly modern desire to stay home to make us appreciate its potential as modern art—which seems to be what *Alive From Off Center* wants us to do.

Produced by KTCA-TV and the Walker Art Center in Minneapolis and hosted by National Public Radio's award-winning Susan Stamberg, *Alive* is a new, weekly, eight-part series premiering July 1 on PBS that provides a Whitman's Sampler of some of today's more interesting, albeit accessible, performing artists—a kind of MTV for people who are easily intimidated by crosscutting.

Alive is, in fact, about as far from MTV as video can get and still hold your attention. It touches on rather obvious musicians, such as Laurie Anderson and David (Talking Heads) Byrne, who takes to video like one of Ernie Kovacs' Nairobi Trio. The most interesting piece—although it's not really a music video per se—is "Ear to the Ground." Made by John Sanborn, the acknowledged genius in the field, it follows percussionist David Van Tieghem as he rattles around lower Manhattan, tapping out his wild rhythms on parking meters, subway grates, and old cardboard boxes without missing a beat.

Alive From Off Center is determined to play Peoria and is nothing if not eclectic, mixing "downtown" performance artists Joan Logue and Ann Magnuson with dinosaurs like Joe Chaikin and Sam Shepard. Dance, with a few exceptions, falls flat—Japan's Sankai Juku seems merely ponderous, probably because slo-mo, which encouraged TV junkies to think of football as dance, does not necessarily improve dance.

Oddly enough, the most arresting work is the least classifiable. Neither traditional nor studiedly avant-garde, "Smothering Dreams," a surreal docu-drama by Vietnam vet Dan Reeves, is filled with nightmare imagery and matter-of-fact commentary—art and politics in one of their more successful marriages.

Alive From Off Center is too well-intentioned to be subversive, and Susan Stamberg seems an oddly strait-laced choice as host. But so many of today's performance artists have a love-hate relationship with TV as an artistic medium and repository of cultural archetypes that a satirist like Magnuson might find Stamberg's Edward R. Murrowesque persona wildly funny. A joke within a joke, which is what TV's all about.

Whatever its shortcomings, *Alive From Off Center* is less pretentious than most PBS culture-mongering. And after one too many seasons of *Brideshead Revisited*, *The Jewel in the Crown*, and all the other Anglophiliac "masterpieces," *Alive* comes as a welcome kick in the Khyber. —TRACY YOUNG

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MIND HEALTH

The best ways to relax…long-life attitudes… pornography—who gets turned on?

BY CAROL TAVRIS, PH.D.

Stress reduction: what works

An infinite number of problems and conditions produce "stress"; and today there is an equally large number of "stress-reduction" techniques, notably biofeedback and relaxation training. Do these techniques have different effects for different problems, or do they all produce a common "relaxation response"? Paul M. Lehrer, Ph.D., and Robert L. Woolfolk, Ph.D., editors of "Principles and Practice of Stress Management" (Guilford), have reviewed the effectiveness of stress-reduction methods. Some findings:

- *Disorders that involve mental processes (such as anxiety, fears, depression, anger, tension headaches) respond particularly well to cognitive therapies—which focus on correcting self-defeating, distorted thoughts —sometimes along with relaxation methods but often alone. Tense thoughts need to be calmed as much as tense muscles do.*
- *Progressive relaxation training is more effective when a person learns from an instructor than from tapes. Learning to relax is like learning tennis, piano, or any other muscular skill—a good teacher helps.*
- *Similarly, for biofeedback to work, the patient needs a therapist's contact and warmth. Machines by themselves are not enough.*
- *Relaxation and biofeedback help reduce psychosomatic symptoms, but work best when combined with other therapeutic methods.*
- *Relaxation therapy is more effective with menstrual pain that is caused by muscle cramps than that caused by fluid retention.*
- *Biofeedback training in combination with Lamaze training is more effective than Lamaze alone in reducing labor time.*

The goal in all stress-reduction programs is deep relaxation of mind and body; no single method can achieve this for every problem.

The stimulating truth about pornophobia

The acrimonious debate about erotica has produced two stereotypes of people who despise pornography and those who enjoy it. According to Kenneth Yuen, M.S., of the University of Wisconsin, and William Ickes, Ph.D., of the University of Texas at Arlington, the antiporno-graphy "prudes" are assumed to be sexually repressed conformists who publicly denounce pornography yet privately are aroused by it. The latter group—whom the researchers call "pornographiles"—are assumed to be self-gratifying hedonists who are unconcerned about the opinions of others.

To test these assumptions, the researchers selected, from a sample of 280 people, the seventy-two who were most opposed to pornography or most in favor of it. Each individual viewed and rated a series of nonviolent erotic slides, from least to most pornographic. Some subjects looked at the photos by themselves, but others did so in the presence of a peer who expressed a strong preference for or dislike of pornography.

Yuen and Ickes discovered that the stereotype has more than a grain of truth. The "prudes" thought the pictures were far more pornographic than the "pornographiles" did, but they spent just as much time looking at them. In the presence of an audience, the "prudes" 'equivocation became more apparent. When the peer was anti-porn, they barely looked at the pictures and gave them the highest pornographic ratings. But when they had a pro-porn viewing partner, they decided the pictures weren't so bad after all—and looked at them longer.

The "pornographiles," in contrast, were unaffected by the attitude of the person watching with them, and found the slides to be more arousing than anxiety-producing. Are such people independent of social opinion, the researchers wonder, or indifferent to it?

Yuen and Ickes cannot say whether the differences between "prudes" and "pornographiles" are a matter of personality, of degree of familiarity with erotica, or of sexual anxiety. But before either extreme denounces the other, they would do well to know their own motives.

Aromatherapy—sweet smells of happiness

Smell is usually considered the last and least of our senses; but Gary E. Schwartz, Ph.D., of Yale University finds that fragrance, like music, soothes the savage breast. In studies of three hundred people, subjects answered stressful questions while researchers measured blood pressure and heart rate before and after the exposure to certain pleasant fragrances. After a whiff, people had lowered blood pressure and heart rates, and they reported feeling calmer, happier, less angry and embarrassed.

Schwartz is excited about the benefits of this research. In case studies at Yale's Behavioral Medicine Clinic, "aromatherapy" has already been used successfully in stress reduction, epilepsy, panic attacks, and weight control. Schwartz sees further uses in the control of pain, insomnia, and cardiac irregularities. Perhaps, after all, the nose knows.

Coping with long-term illness—now, special relief

Coping with pain or illness is bad enough, but chronic ailments produce additional stresses for sufferers and their families. Now there is short-term help designed especially for coping with long-term illness.

Irene Pollin, M.S.W., has set up the Medical Crisis Counseling Referral Network, brief therapy that focuses on the individual or family crisis emerging from a medical problem. "This method particularly helps relieve the stress on women," says Pollin, "who are usually the ones who take on the responsibility of managing the illness and its effect on the family." In 83 percent of all homes, women are the primary care-givers and decision-makers about family health. Problems often occur when the care-giver herself needs care. "No one takes care of me," lamented one of Pollin's clients, "the way I would take care of them."

Anyone seeking help in coping with a sick family member, Pollin adds, should be sure the therapist understands the effect of chronic illness on the family unit. Pollin has organized a group of health professionals specializing in Medical Crisis Counseling in the Washington/Baltimore area. For more information, call 301-986-5910.

In New York, Robert H. Phillips, Ph.D., has opened The Center for Coping with Chronic Conditions. Its services include a multi-session "coping workshop," psychotherapy, a free monthly newsletter, reference material, and phone consultations. Write to 585 Stewart Ave., Garden City NY 11530 or call 516-222-8866.

Thoughts for living longer

What does it take to live to be one hundred? Perfect, life-long health is not the answer, according to a study of twenty-four centenarians by Charmaine Kirkpatrick, David Wekstein, Ph.D., and Robert Straus, Ph.D., all at the University of Kentucky. Most of the one-hundred-year-olds had survived major accidents, serious illnesses (including cancer), loss of jobs, and the deaths of spouses, siblings, and children. Yet they did not dwell on past or present problems, discounted the seriousness of their illnesses, and insisted that they had had healthy lives. As for diet and drinking— well, moderation in all things was the general practice. They key to long life, it seems, lies less in what life deals you than in your attitude towards life.

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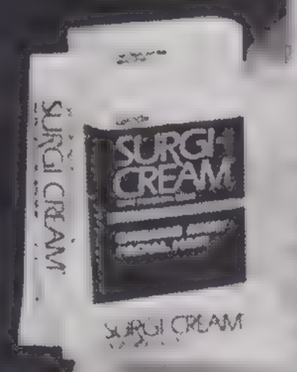

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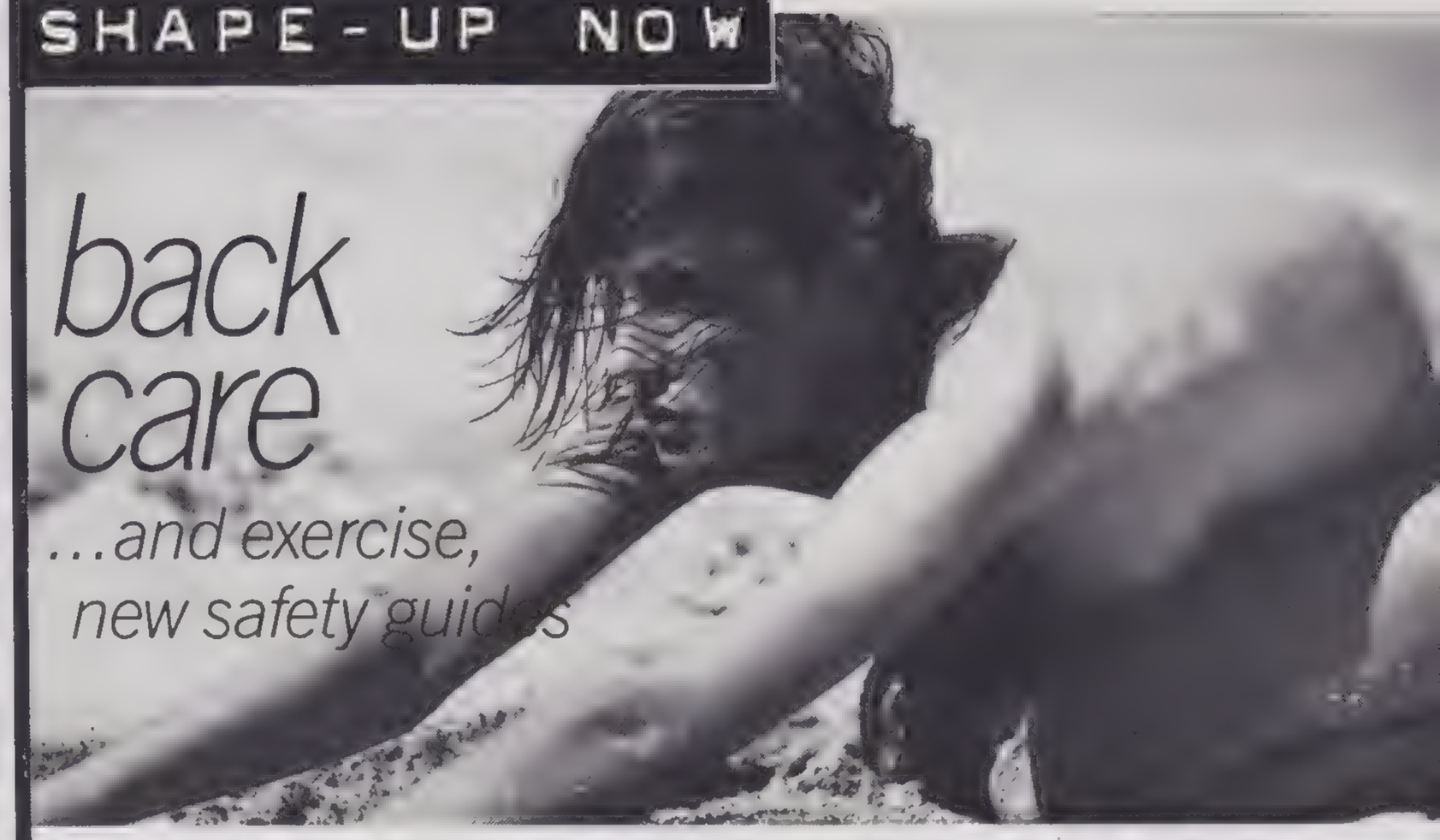

EDITOR'S NOTE: Just how much misinformation exists about back care and exercise is made obvious in the new book *Backache Relief* (Times Books, 1985) written by Dava Sobel, a former science reporter for *The New York Times*, and Arthur C. Klein. The book, based on a nationwide survey of hundreds of backache sufferers, explodes commonly held beliefs about exercise and back pain. Here, myths vs. facts. . . from the book.

- **If you are athletic and fit, you won't have back pain.** False. Lost playing time among professional athletes because of back pain is common in every sport. Incapacitating back pain among weekend athletes is too. Aside from regular back exercises, *walking* and *swimming* are the most therapeutic activities for a bad back. Tennis, squash, and racquetball have the highest casualty rates, according to the survey.
- **Any reputable book, magazine, or back-exercise program can teach you the back exercises you need.** True—and false. Roughly half the people who get advice this way are not helped much by it—and about 10 percent are actually injured. Anyone with chronically debilitating episodes of back pain needs an *individually prescribed* exercise plan.
- **Practitioners are interested in prescribing exercise programs, but patients are too lazy to do what they are told.** Mostly false. Surprisingly, many doctors have little or no training in the science of back exercise. The MDs most noted for providing individualized exercise instruction are physiatrists (doctors of physical medicine), doctors specializing in sports medicine, and orthopedic specialists with a special interest in musculo-skeletal problems. Other top-rated exercise experts: physical therapists, kinesiologists.

  People surveyed found relief from exercise done under the guidance of physical-fitness instructors with a special interest in back problems, including Yoga teachers. Yoga was particularly helpful for survey participants with osteoarthritis, neck pain, scoliosis.
- **No pain, no gain.** Especially false for back sufferers. Attempting to "go through" pain by overstretching is worse than not exercising at all. It can cause great harm, including torn muscle fibers, spasming, and pain. Only *you* can judge how fast and far you can go with exercise. Don't push to keep up with others. If you have to compete, compete with yourself.

Is exercise good or bad for backache sufferers? The answer: it's good and bad—it all depends...

New exercise guidelines

To determine how much exercise is safe to do in warm weather, a scientific standard has been developed for evaluating heat-stress danger. This temperature-humidity index (THI), listed below left, which is generally reported by the Weather Bureau, can be used in judging the amount of exercise you can do, right, at certain levels of heat.

Below 70°	**No danger.**
70.1-72.5	**No sweatsuits. Overweight individuals should reduce activity.**
72.6-75.0	**Reduce distance and intensity of running. Overweight individuals limited to easy calisthenics and slow jogging.**
75.1-77.5	**Very slow jogging and light calisthenics only. Be alert for distress signs, such as getting pale or overly red in the face.**
77.6-80.0	**Light calisthenics. Just a few laps of easy jogging. Swimming preferred.**
Over 80.0	**No gym workout. Swimming only.**

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ARTHUR ELGORT

Pictured: Spitalnick separates Jordache childrenswear, black lacquer mirror and table, all from the Spiegel Fall Catalog.

"MY DAUGHTER, THE QUICK-CHANGE ARTIST."

"Whoa! Guess who just blew through here? The *baby.* Wearing headphones, Reeboks and skintight blue jeans!

I don't know what happened. Or *when.* All I know is, I'd better call Spiegel. Have them pick up the size 6x Oshkosh jumpers I ordered last week.

Oh, the pickup's free. And then I'll check out the catalog for some Jordache sweatshirts and pants... size 8 this time. And while I'm at it, another Ralph Lauren blazer for me.

And a telephone answering machine. I have a feeling *someone* will be needing it!"

Hot off the press: the famous Fall Catalog! For yours, mail $3, applicable to your first purchase, with the attached card.
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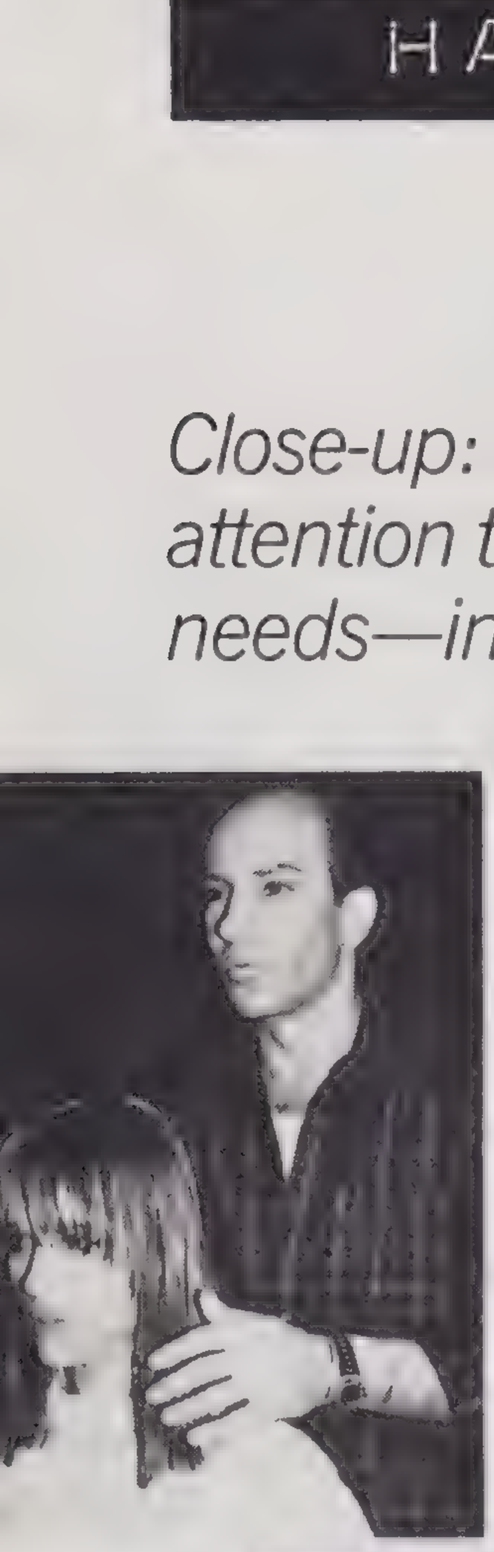
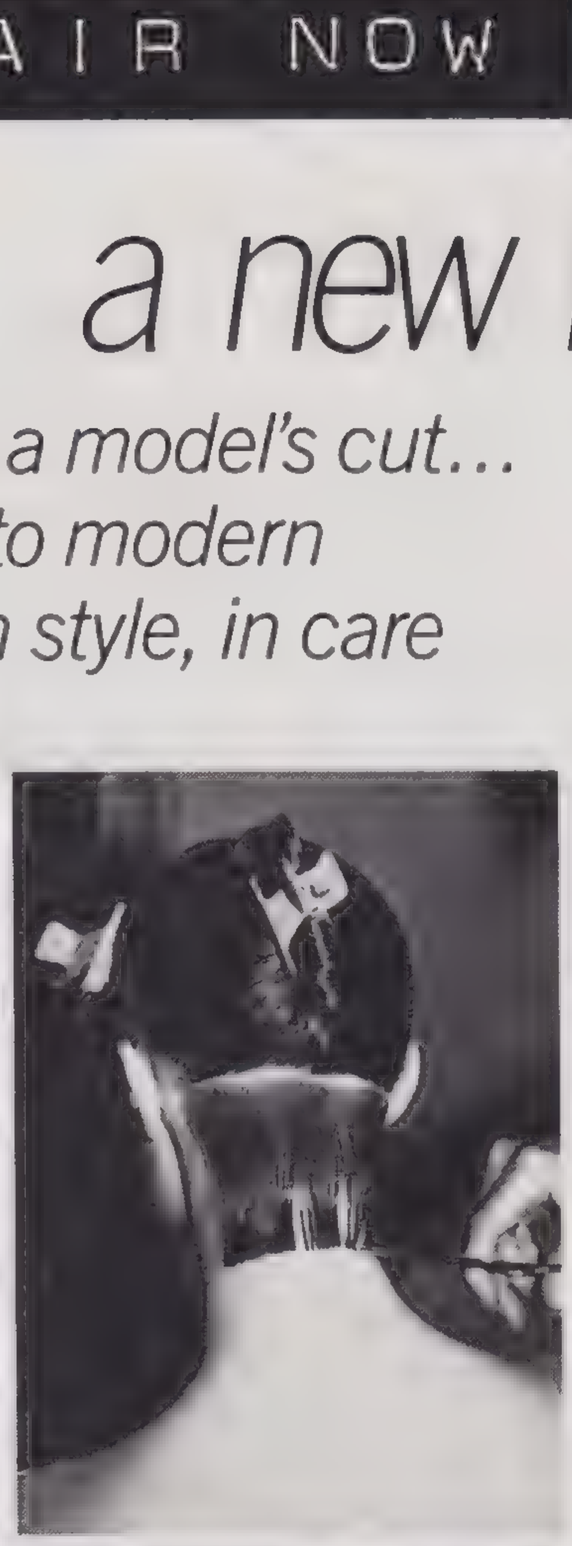
a new look

Close-up: a model's cut... attention to modern needs—in style, in care





Starting point of a style change: a stylist/client conversation. Far left: Garren and Jacki Adams "plot" length, line... Anatomy of a cut, near left: First, at the nape, blunt-cut layers for volume, "support."

"Fine hair looks fuller when it is layered, especially at the sides and crown," says Garren. Far left: The visible effect of layering—even, now "hidden" under bangs. Key checkpoints of a cut that works: that hair moves (near left), falls back into place...that it is changeable. Top: The "finish," achieved in minutes with spot-moussing.

A model rarely goes for a big change in her hair, so we took advantage of the chance to photograph Garren of Garren, NY, giving Jacki Adams—who has had below-the-shoulder, blunt-cut hair since beginning her career—a shorter cut. Apparent *above* (and on pages 200-201): that a cut can not only change hair's line but its look of fullness. Best of all, says Adams: "Although my hair is fine, it no longer looks limp."

quick fix

Everything from brushing to sun exposure to chemical treatments can damage hair. Fortunately, repair is just as accessible. "Because damaged hair is porous and absorbent, it should be cleaned gently," says Leslie Blanchard, technical director of the Leslie Blanchard Hair Care Collection. "Even the smallest abuses need the compensation of a conditioner," adds hair-care expert Paul Mitchell. Two choices: Mitchell's Super-Charged Conditioner "for crisis time," and Blanchard's Revitalizing Lotion Instant Conditioner (with sunscreens). Both add shine, moisture, help to improve hair's strength, its resistance to damage.

cross-country: style, realities

Consensus of women across the country: Hair trends are fine, but attractiveness and practicality come first. "The women I see don't want a fixed look," says John Jay, of John Jay Salons, **New Orleans,** and president of Intercoiffure, the international association of hair salons. "In New Orleans, comfort is a real concern: a short cut with spot perming helps hair to hold up through heat, humidity." In **Chicago,** too, a practical edge: "Shorter, layered cuts look as attractive outdoors, in the wind, as in the salon," says Jerry Gordon, owner of J. Gordon Designs. In **Philadelphia,** "Our clients want a style that takes the least amount of time," says Thunder salon's Michael Di Palma, "and may spend a bit more time in the salon, tapping the stylists for advice on fast, easy care." In **San Francisco**: "Most women here prefer a short, classic cut that works for business and sports. While it's nice if that style works for evenings, too, evening hair isn't a first priority," says Yosh of Yosh for Hair. In **Dallas,** equal emphasis on business and pleasure: "While one cut—a layered bob, for example—can meet both needs, many women come to the salon for an evening look," says Dayton Mast of L'Image salons. And Gene Juarez, of Gene Juarez salons in **Seattle**:"We're finding that women welcome pampering—from a pedicure, facial, or just a cup of tea—as long as it's fast."

Top: BILL KING. Hair, Ezel for Bumble & Bumble. Small photos, ROXANNE LOWIT Details, last pages

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art

The threat of a nuclear holocaust galvanizes artists to warn us of our potential annihilation

By Barbara Rose

American artists have shown a highly developed political conscience since the 'thirties. During the Depression they made posters and marched in demonstrations that culminated in the job program of the Federal Art Project. They worked vigorously during World War II, publicizing the need to resist Fascism. The Vietnam War elicited a deluge of anti-war art. Now the threat of a nuclear holocaust has galvanized artists to use their work to awaken the public to its potential annihilation.

Because the subject is so charged, it is difficult to imagine an exhibition with the theme of nuclear disarmament that would be a successful artistic statement as well. Yet *Disarming Images*, the exhibition touring the United States for the next two years, including works by forty-six American artists, is both a screaming alarm determined to raise the somnolent to a state of alertness and a show of quality art. None of the painters, sculptors, and mixed-media artists carefully selected by curator Nina Felshin has taken lightly the task of creating images that disturb and inform. As Felshin explains in her lucid and informative catalogue: "Given the prospect of nuclear holocaust and the dizzying doublespeak in which official dialogue is couched, coming to grips with the issue requires a real struggle and an effort of the imagination."

Not surprisingly, the horrifying image of the mushroom cloud dominates many of the works, including those by Robert Arneson, Robert Fichter, Keith Haring, Barbara Kruger, Adrian Piper, Juan Sanchez, Michael Smith, and Mimi Smith. Painters Alex Grey and Nancy Spero evoke an apocalyptic devastation in their paintings of Christ crucified against the smoky explosion of the Bomb, which obliterates religion as well as art.

Disarming sculptures: Red Grooms's "Nuclear Nuts" (top), 1983, hand assembled and painted enamel on wood; and Michael Smith's "Mike Builds a Shelter" (left), 1983, video arcade game.

Top: Greg Troup, New York State Museum, Albany. Bottom: Castelli Graphics, New York City

Some years ago, defense analyst Herman Kahn wrote a book about "thinking the unthinkable." That is precisely what these artists are forcing themselves to do. However, their conclusions are closer to Jonathan Schell's picture of a world bereft of humanity, left in cinders and ashes by man's own self-destructive urges than to Kahn's frigid mega-death statistics treating nuclear war as just another kind of combat that will yield the spoils to the "victorious." The artists who lent their works to *Disarming Images* are courageous enough to "think the unthinkable." Their conclusion, which is far more realistic, given what we know, is that nuclear war can lead only to the end of the world through chain reaction, genetic mutation, and other irrevocable processes that would be triggered by the first major nuclear interchange.

Disarming Images is not a political exhibition in the ordinary sense, since it does not take sides in any partisan manner. It is a remarkable, passionate, moving call for all nations to disarm and to dismantle the agent of man's death that man himself has developed and man alone can still choose to control.

As curator Felshin points out, the only artists in the show who look beyond the present threat to the future, contemplating what nuclear war could do to unborn generations, are women: Sandy Skoglund's terrifying "Maybe Babies" makes it explicit that we are responsible for the fatalistic dread so many of our young feel as they realize their fate is in the hands of powers who think in statistics instead of human terms. Some of the works, like Claes Oldenburg's model for an extinguished match monument, invoke the possibility of stopping short of the imminent catastrophe: the fire, Oldenburg seems to be saying, can be extinguished. Man appropriated fire; he can extinguish it through the same inventiveness that captured it.

Disarming Images is currently on view at the University of California, Santa Barbara through August 4th. From there, it travels to the Munson-Williams-Proctor Institute in Utica, New York, the Fine Arts Gallery of the University of Nevada in Las Vegas, the Baxter Art Gallery at the California Institute of Technology in Pasadena, the Yellowstone Art Center in Billings, Montana, and the Bronx Museum of the Arts. It is an important and moving show. ▽

This new show is a screaming alarm determined to raise the somnolent to a state of alertness

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Q&A

Coping with sunburn... bikini rash: outsmarted!

Q Despite my best efforts, I'm sunburned. How do I cleanse and care for my now very sensitive skin?

A Try to prevent further damage by avoiding irritation and by retaining moisture to keep peeling at a minimum. "Very alkaline soaps can loosen proteins in skin's top layer, allowing moisture to escape and letting irritants penetrate sensitive layers below," said James Bollinger, Ph.D., director of cosmetic research and development for Allercreme. "Better to wash with a cleansing lotion with a pH balance of 5.5 to 6.5, closest to skin's natural pH, to help prevent moisture loss."

Choosing the right moisturizer is also important. "Moisturizers rich in mineral oils and petrolatum form occlusive films that can stretch skin and increase pain and irritation; and they don't allow the skin's heat to escape," noted Dr. Bollinger. "Moisturizers made with triglycerides and vegetable oils—safflower, corn, or peanut oils—penetrate to lower layers of skin but still allow heat to escape through the top layer. Because they're not greasy, they work as well for oily skin."

If you want to use an anesthetic lotion or spray (such as Solarcaine) to temporarily reduce the sting of sunburn, Dr. Bollinger cautioned it should be used in addition to—not in place of—moisturizers and cleansing lotions. "Some people are allergic to anesthetic products," he adds. "Anything with the suffix 'caine' is probably an anesthetic. If you're allergic to novocaine, you should avoid these products, too."

Note: Allercreme's Normal/Combination Skin Cleanser has a pH of six; Lancôme's Nutribel Nourishing Hydrating Emulsion is made with the light, penetrating plant extract jojoba oil; Paco Rabanne Maintaining Color Tone is one way to get the look of a tan with*out* sun damage.

Q Whether I shave, wax, or use a depilatory, I always seem to develop a rash in the bikini area. How can I prevent this irritation?

A Such a rash usually has one of three causes, according to dermatologist Ronald Sherman, M.D., senior clinical instructor in dermatology at Mt. Sinai Medical Center, NYC: local chafing (shaving is most often the culprit); ingrown hairs (a common problem with waxing, but occasionally, a result of a too-close shave); an irritant reaction (most frequently caused by hypersensitivity to depilatories).

"Too much pressure during shaving can easily abrade the delicate skin of the bikini area," pointed out Dr. Sherman, and the irritation can be compounded by shaving against the grain. Use a light touch and a rich shaving cream; shave in the shower or bath or immediately afterward, since hair is removed more easily when damp; and shave in the direction of hair growth.

The painful, tiny red bumps that sometimes develop in the bikini area after waxing are often the result of ingrown hairs. Each time you have a waxing done, there is less regrowth of hair, but remaining hairs may have trouble finding their way out of the pores. Hair cut just below the skin during an over-close shave can also lead to ingrown hairs, particularly in women with curly hair. Ingrown hairs—in addition to being unsightly and uncomfortable—can easily become infected. A dermatologist can remove them by making tiny knicks in the skin, lifting out the hairs, and simply snipping them with scissors.

Some women are sensitive to the potent chemicals used in many depilatories to dissolve keratin, the protein that forms the principal component of skin, hair, and nails. "A cortisone cream prescribed by your doctor will treat the problem, but won't prevent it, so it's best to find an alternative method to remove hair in the future," said Dr. Sherman.

Finding the ideal regimen to remove hair from the bikini area is apt to be a matter of trial and error. Experiment with various methods until you find the one that's best for you.

Note: Clairol's Bathing Beauty shaver has a small head contoured to shave delicate areas of the body; Sally Hansen has a new Lotion Hair Remover Extra Conditioning Formula.

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HEALTH

New clue to how measles spread…chewable "lifesaver"…breast cancer: more choices

By Melva Weber

Something in the air: measles

Underlining the urgency of measles vaccination for every child and susceptible adults, the medical detection services of the Centers for Disease Control (CDC) have turned up a surprising fact: measles particles can float in air and infect other people as much as one hour and fifteen minutes after the patient has departed.

The discovery emerged from an investigation of a 1982 measles outbreak that happened in a pediatrician's office. Three children who arrived at the office between sixty and seventy-five minutes after a measles-infected child had left came down with measles. Infection researchers had believed measles was spread primarily by face-to-face contact with large droplets.

Airborne transmission may happen more often than previously suspected, said Patrick L. Remington, M.D., of the CDC. The new knowledge will influence medical strategies for stopping the spread of measles.

Tick talk

Campers, hikers, other summertime outdoor types need to watch out for ticks, those tough blood-sucking insects that attach themselves to skin or scalp. Ticks can carry such serious illness as Lyme disease, tularemia, and Rocky Mountain spotted fever. If ticks are removed soon after they take hold, chances of infection are low; but risk of infection is increased if the tick is pulled off leaving its mouth parts imbedded in the skin. Joseph M. Benforado, M.D., of the University of Wisconsin Health Service, Madison, shares his on-trail technique for removing a tick intact. You need a pocket knife (or any flat metal object), a good-sized (eight or ten-penny) nail, and matches. Heat the tip of the nail with a match. Slide the knife blade along the skin and beneath the tick's abdomen. Then bring the hot nail-tip down on the bug's back, holding the insect between knife blade and nail. He'll wiggle his legs and let go with the mouth pincers. Then, slowly lift the creature away from the skin and dispose of it, preferably by crushing.

Breast cancer: less surgery is in

Breast-cancer patients and their doctors can make better-informed choices in treatment thanks to results of a massive clinical trial comparing total mastectomy (removal of the entire breast) with segmental mastectomy (removal of the tumor with some marginal tissue), with and without radiation. The clear evidence: for many women with early-stage cancer, the less disfiguring surgery followed by radiation is just as effective as the extensive total breast removal. The tumors that qualify for the lesser surgery are those less than four centimeters, or about one and a half inches, in diameter.

Bernard Fisher, M.D., of the University of Pittsburgh, a leader in cancer research and chairman of the National Surgical Adjuvant Breast Project, presented two landmark studies on breast surgery in *The New England Journal of Medicine*. The studies, he says, "support the trends away from the debilitating Halsted radical mastectomy that was standard for almost a century, and toward breast-preserving surgical techniques."

Drug-free blood pressure control

If you've been on medication for high blood pressure for five years or so, is it safe to stop the drug without risk of relapse? Cheering news from medical centers in Mississippi, New York, Alabama, and Texas indicates that some patients can safely be taken off hypertension therapy, and that either a modest weight loss (about ten pounds) or restricted sodium intake can more than double the chance of successful "unmedication." About five hundred patients whose blood pressure was controlled by drugs over a five-year period were studied for the effects of withdrawing medications. Some were assigned to weight-loss programs, others to sodium restriction. The dietary programs were highly successful as aids to keeping blood pressure in line after ceasing drug therapy. Herbert G. Langford, M.D., University of Mississippi Medical Center Jackson, and member of the twelve-member research group, reports in *The Journal of the American Medical Association* that the encouraging results suggest a planned program of dietary change may be worthwhile.

In a crisis—the chew fits

A "quick-take" method has helped to get dangerously high blood pressures down to safe levels within minutes in medical emergencies at St. Michael's Medical Center, Newark, New Jersey, reported Jacob I. Haft, M.D., and William E. Litterer III, D.O., in "Archives of Internal Medicine." Patients were asked to chew on a gelatin capsule containing nifedipine, a calcium-channel-blocking drug. The capsule was punctured to permit the thick fluid to be pressed out so the drug could be absorbed by mouth tissues. Medical attendants took patients' blood pressures every five minutes to monitor the response. The punctured gelatin capsule proved to be safe and effective, said the cardiology team, providing swift treatment without injection.

Inner moisturizer

Dry vaginal tissues can interfere with sexual enjoyment, make intercourse painful, and even cause discomfort during urination. The condition is most common in menopausal women, but may also affect women following childbirth, after menstrual periods, after a hysterectomy or removal of ovaries, while having radiation therapy, and even during vigorous exercise schedules or while under stress. Gloria A. Bachmann, M.D., assistant professor at Rutgers Medical School, New Brunswick, NJ, estimates that forty million American women suffer from dry-vagina problems at some time in life.

A vaginal lubricant suppository, Lubrin, is now on nonprescription sale in pharmacies. It's nongreasy, easy to use (preferably five to thirty minutes before intercourse), water-soluble, and doesn't stain. The vaginal insert is not a contraceptive, but product information says it doesn't interfere with the effects of contraceptives.

Dr. Bachmann, an authority on menopause and sexual dysfunction, also serves as educational consultant to the vaginal-insert manufacturers. She says: "There is nothing abnormal about vaginal dryness. It can be physiological or psychological in origin." Many doctors recommend using a nonprescription product such as the Lubrin insert, says Dr. Bachmann, to avoid pain, discomfort, and possible bleeding with intercourse.

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BETWEEN US

Bankspeak: financing your dream…computers in the clubhouse…women worldwide—a progress report

BY LORRAINE DAVIS

In her own words...

"I would say to young women: 'You have to believe in yourself, that you can do anything; but at the same time you've got to recognize the reality of the world. To a large extent, sex bias still exists. You'll have to be aware that you not only are seeking personal success but you must be part of the feminist movement that struggles to improve the world for *all* women.'"
—Leslie R. Wolfe, Ph.D., chairman of the National Coalition for Women and Girls in Education and director of the Project on Equal Education Rights

"I feel strongly that payments made to and on behalf of people who provide child care in the home should be tax deductible. They're performing a very important job—taking care of our most precious investments, our children—yet they have to be held to a low socio-economic level because women have to earn twice as much in order to pay them. Certain child care is deductible now, but not very much."—*June Collier, president and chief executive officer of National Industries, Inc., Montgomery, Alabama, a multi-million-dollar firm where she started as a receptionist; married and the mother of five*

"A good leader has vision, is a good listener; she's a follower as well as a leader. She's tenacious—and consistent because, without consistency, one cannot be clear. If one is not clear, then followers are not certain where they're going."—*Glendora M. Putnam, civil rights attorney who is National President of the YWCA and Equal Opportunity Officer for the Massachusetts Housing Finance Agency in Boston*

"The wilderness does something very soothing to the spirit, but without nuclear disarmament and population control, there's not much sense in thinking about the wilderness. Now is the last decade in which we can really use wisdom about saving some of the wonderful natural world."—*Margaret E. Murie, lecturer, first woman graduate of the University of Alaska (1924), member of the governing council of the Wilderness Society, past winner of Audubon Medal and Sierra Club John Muir Award*

Talking the terminology

How to talk to bankers is an important skill Minneapolis women can learn at Women's Economic Development Corporation (Iris Park Place, Suite 395; 1885 University Avenue West, St. Paul, Minnesota 55104), a private nonprofit organization now well into its second year.

Kathryn Szymoniak Keeley, distressed about women's lack of economic self-sufficiency and their being turned down for bank loans for small businesses, raised funds to find out why. Then she started WEDCO to teach female entrepreneurs to cajole the money lenders with their favorite buzzwords; hundreds of women also have profited from its training in marketing, business plans, record-keeping, cash-flow projections—with ninety-eight new businesses to their credit the first year. While screening women's applications to its loan fund, WEDCO also teaches bankers new qualifying criteria, and sometimes they accept some unusual collateral.

Meanwhile, back in New York City (Room 405, 60 E. 42nd St., NYC 10165), another training group for female entrepreneurs, American Women's Economic Development Corporation (which is in part supported by government funds), with various co-sponsors, this year came up with its Fifth National Conference for Women in the Businesses of Fashion/Beauty/Fitness/Food/Home Fashion.

Speaking over luncheon, Sally Frame, president and chief executive officer of Ann Taylor, a not-so-small business that now has sixty stores in fifteen states, detailed her ideas about the life of the business owner: "I look upon the entrepreneur as a catalytic agent with the will to make things happen, break rules, turn barriers into challenges, philosophy into action. The biggest risk you will take comes from yourself; but when you take the initiative, it usually works. . . .

"Keep your options open; never be totally self-satisfied. Something better may be out there for you. And take the time to share what you know with those who work for you. Healthy success, in the long run, comes from a strong team effort. . . .

"You've got to have the will to take chances, the strength and, most of all, the courage to start over, and over, and over again."

Eyes on Africa

July 10-19, the city of Nairobi, Kenya, becomes the female focus of the world when Forum '85—an Independent Non-Governmental Organization activity planned to precede the World Conference to Review and Appraise the Achievements of the United Nations Decade for Women, also meeting in Nairobi, July 15-26—will bring together thousands of women from all over the globe.

The Forum will stage workshops, meetings, panel discussions, film showings, exhibits to provide the widest possible range for exchange of ideas and resources, training and strategy, with plenary sessions interpreted simultaneously in English, French, and Spanish. A daily Forum newspaper in English, with articles in Spanish and French, will report on the Forum and the UN Conference, in which only governmental delegates, representatives of intergovernmental agencies and official observers will take part.

All this activity will focus on the worldwide progress of women, especially in employment, health, and education. The achievements of the Decade of Women (1975-1985) will be reviewed and strategies proposed to continue the fight toward our goals of "Equality, Development and Peace."

See you at the club

"All this technology has pushed its way into people's lives; no one has stood on the people side," said Elaine Stevens Angle. "I'm a kind of people advocate." To help humans face computers without tears, Ms. Angle founded The Computer Club of Hudson (Box 669, 186 North Main, Hudson, Ohio 44236; 216/650-4751), largely woman-owned and -run, modeling it along athletic-club lines.

Members can hang out, make low-risk use of personal computers in a relaxed atmosphere (hunting prints on the wall) at the Club, and get one-on-one coaching by the club "pro." Besides this professional coaching in 5 x 6′ computer carrels, the Club offers members evening seminars, summer computer camps for kids, a newsletter, and even a Pro Shop—discs, books, software. . . .

Ms. Angle now is collaborating with a franchising firm to take her idea to other cities. "Founding this club has been extremely difficult, but I had two choices: Either I could go ahead with it, or I could not sleep nights while wondering if it would have been a success." It is.

Today's (very young) woman

We've heard about a five-year-old girl who, watching the space-shuttle blast-off with her scientist mother, said, "How come Sally needs those guys with her?"

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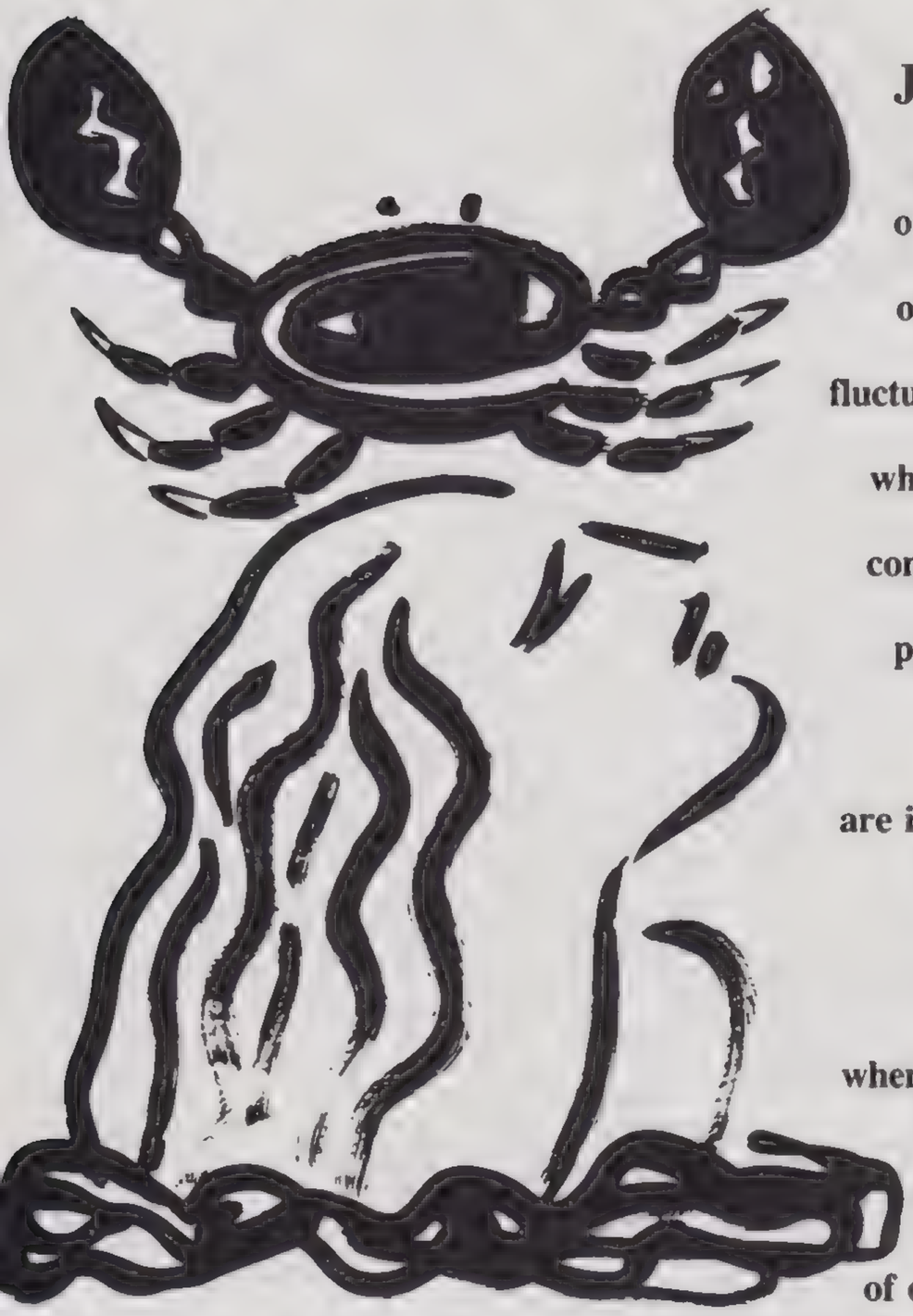
horoscope

By Rockie Gardiner



July's Astrological Weather

Emotions soar to a seasonal high—or sink to their lowest point—during the *two* full moons: in Capricorn on the 2nd, in Aquarius on the 31st. Since the moon rules Cancer, fluctuating moods will influence decisions, especially those made on the 17th when the Cancer new moon is colored by an overly aggressive Sun-Mars conjunction. Take time to think twice. Venus in Gemini prefers trivial pursuits, but she can bring a sudden windfall on the 19th. The celestial traffic jam we've been stuck in since spring—five outer planets are in retrograde motion—starts to ease up on the 11th, when distant Pluto turns direct; Saturn follows suit on the 25th. But what we'll notice are the mechanical mishaps and communication gaps caused when Mercury goes retrograde on the 27th. When the Sun and Mars enter Leo on the 22nd and 24th, the emotional storms they brewed in Cancer give way to bursts of energy, generosity, and enthusiasm.

Cancer JUNE 22–JULY 22 The emotional ups and downs you'll experience during the two full moons this month won't compare to your surge of excitement at the Cancer new moon on the 17th. Because your ruling orb is so strongly affected by the enormous power boost from the conjunction of the Sun and Mars in your sign, you will be in an excellent position to start a new venture, preferably one that you can direct yourself—one that makes full use of your relentless energy. The best birthday present you can give yourself is to stay in the public eye this year.

Leo JULY 23–AUGUST 22 An uncharacteristic spell of smiling cooperation can come from a Scorpio or Capricorn when you need help in household matters during the middle of the month. The pleasantries may last as long as two weeks before you're back to the old feeling of being manipulated. This time, however, you are able to resist other people's demands on your psyche because a resolute Mars stays close to your Sun ruler all month. Social events to bolster your confidence should be planned for the weekend of the 19th.

Virgo AUGUST 23–SEPTEMBER 22 Patience—not your strongest virtue—pays off on the 10th when your Mercury ruler aspects Jupiter and Uranus. That unconventional intellectual who has been prominent in your thoughts may suddenly admit that the attraction is mutual, but the complicated life of a friend can tap your resources or restrict romantic developments around the 17th. Remain unruffled, pretend you have the serenity of a saint, since you know that any setback caused by Mercury's going retrograde on the 27th is only temporary.

Libra SEPTEMBER 23–OCTOBER 22 Venus, everyone's favorite love goddess and your ruling planet, smiles on your irrepressible joie de vivre after the 6th when she enters Gemini, another free-flowing air sign. She'll offer her best in luxury, romance, and lucky spells around the 19th when she trines generous Jupiter and comes face to face with experimental, eclectic Uranus. Sagittarians and Aquarians will be delighted by your high spirits and aspirations; with them you can be as silly as you like, and still maintain their professional respect.

Scorpio OCTOBER 23–NOVEMBER 21 If you suspect that everything is about to happen for you, you're right. Pluto, your ruler, and Saturn, the two planets currently retrograde in your sign, finally go direct this month and allow you to forge ahead with the plans you've been merely nurturing for so long. Around the 11th, the combined powers of the Sun and Mars lift some of the responsibilities that may have limited your freedom to travel—but try to be around home on the 24th, when you may have to prove how deeply you are committed to your heart's desire.

Sagittarius NOVEMBER 22–DECEMBER 21 Since Uranus, in your sign, is aligned with your Jupiter ruler, you won't run into any obstacles this month. Clever Mercury glides you through potentially difficult financial encounters during the second week and Venus works her charm around the 19th to transform an unexpected chemical attraction into a fusion of fine minds. New opportunities confirm the wisdom of a recent decision. You win an easy acceptance from Geminis and Libras who can best respond to your far-reaching ideas. *(Continued on page 70)*

TIM SHEAFFER

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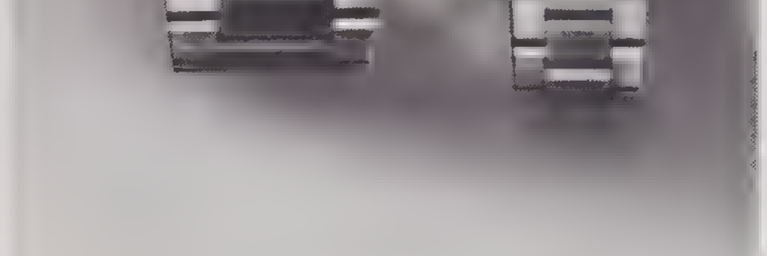

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KAREN ALEXANDER

horoscope

(Continued from page 69)

Capricorn DECEMBER 22–JANUARY 19 On the 2nd, the full moon in your sign makes you acutely aware of what your spouse and closest friends are feeling—a clue to how the rest of the month will progress. Your sensitivity will be rewarded around the 11th when a loving Cancer sun trines your Saturn ruler and brings more intimacy and warmth to your relationships. After Saturn, which has been retrograde since March, moves forward on the 25th, you can concentrate on your career and social standing again.

Aquarius JANUARY 20–FEBRUARY 18 Pay particular attention to news you hear on the 10th when Mercury, bearer of glad tidings, contacts progressive Uranus, your ruling planet, and protective Jupiter, which is in your sign. Sit tight until the 14th, when a harmonious sextile between Jupiter and Uranus presents you with a "perfect" opportunity to advance your personal and social goals. Then, when Venus aspects Uranus and Jupiter on the 19th, you have license to go as far out in your creative expression and romantic inclination as you dare.

Pisces FEBRUARY 19–MARCH 20 The Fourth of July is especially significant because a supportive sextile from Pluto, the planet of transformation, to your Neptune ruler gives you the power to achieve your highest ideals. This is a very strong but very subtle aspect, so don't expect fireworks to go off when you realize that you are much more effective in the real world than you thought you could be. What you may see, by the middle of the month, are results from an action you took with a Scorpio in April or the sparks of a new romance.

Aries MARCH 21–APRIL 19 The full moon on the 2nd may be a difficult one because, by opposing the sun as well as your Mars ruler, it calls attention to what you feel you *should* be doing (and aren't). Guilt can be assuaged when Mars trines stable Saturn on the 11th and offers an opportunity to prove just how responsible you are. But be wary of a single-minded passion that can dominate your dealings with partners, Leos, or anyone else who gets in your way during the highly explosive Mars-Pluto square on the 27th.

Taurus APRIL 20–MAY 20 Instead of attracting more people, your Venus ruler will start bringing more money your way after the 6th, when she leaves safe, sane Taurus for the diverse possibilities of Gemini. Make every effort to accept a sudden change of heart or mind that may occur on the 19th while Venus opposes erratic Uranus, because benevolent Jupiter in your midheaven will grant you whatever financial protection you need. Career advances can be made by shifting partners or investing in an idea whose time, a Sagittarian mentor says, has come.

Gemini MAY 21–JUNE 21 You can continue to play the belle of the ball this month because Venus in Gemini will draw a variety of admirers, especially from Aquarius and Libra, your fellow air signs. But you owe it to your financial future to concentrate on money matters from the 11th to the 17th, when the combined energies of Mars and a Cancer sun insist that you take the initiative and capitalize on past work efforts. Prepare yourself for the maddening mix-ups that start around the 27th, when your Mercury ruler turns retrograde and communications go haywire.

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eating for health

A nutritionist reports on the changes in dietary guidelines. Now, it's up to you...

By Judith S. Stern, Sc.D.

For the last two years the question of what you should eat to stay healthy has been hotly debated in Washington, DC, by a committee of nine scientists including myself. Our task: to review the latest scientific evidence and advise the secretaries of Agriculture and Health and Human Services how best to update the Dietary Guidelines issued in early 1980. In our report, submitted to Secretaries Block and Heckler in April, we suggested changes that included a corrected table of body weights (see *below*) and the following seven guidelines and proposed changes. To note: "These guidelines are intended for people who are already healthy. They do not apply to people who need special diets because of disease or conditions that interfere with normal nutrition."

Guideline #1: Eat a variety of foods

...including: fruits; vegetables; whole grain and enriched breads, cereals and grain products; milk and related dairy products such as cheese and yogurt; meats, poultry, fish, eggs; legumes (dry peas and beans).

This is as American as mother and apple pie (omit the apple pie); but the key word, more than ever, is *variety*. The greater the variety, the less likely you are to develop either a deficiency or an excess of any single nutrient. Many women, for example, when cutting back on calories eliminate dairy products (a rich source of calcium) and whole grains (a rich source of the B vitamins and fiber). Variety also reduces your likelihood of being exposed to excessive amounts of contaminants. Because of the increasing popularity of nutritional supplements and the dangers in taking toxic amounts, we cautioned that: "Megadoses of any nutrient should be avoided." We did not recommend that you plan your eating around the Basic Four Food Groups because they no longer meet our nutritional needs (see Vogue, May 1985).

Guideline #2: Maintain a reasonable weight

Because there is no easy arbitrary "ideal," we changed the title of this guideline from "ideal" to "reasonable." We also corrected the 1980 weight table, whose weights came from the original 1959 Desirable Weight Tables issued by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, weights associated with the longest longevity. In the 1959 table, weight was given in shoes (2-inch heels for women) and in clothing (4 pounds). The revised 1980 table referred to (shoeless) "nude weights," but someone forgot to subtract the two inches and four pounds. For example, if you are 5 feet 5 inches tall, in 1985, your "corrected" range is 114-146 (see table).

REASONABLE BODY WEIGHTS FOR WOMEN*

(height without shoes, nude weight)

HEIGHT (FEET-INCHES)	WEIGHT (POUNDS)
4'10"	92-121
4'11"	95-124
5'0"	98-127
5'1"	101-130
5'2"	104-134
5'3"	107-138
5'4"	110-142
5'5"	114-146
5'6"	118-150
5'7"	122-154
5'8"	126-159
5'9"	130-164
5'10"	134-169

**Adapted from the 1959 Metropolitan Life Insurance Tables.*

Owing to new evidence linking increased body weight with increased risk for heart attacks, we concur with the American Heart Association in choosing not to use the 1983 Metropolitan Table of Weights which are higher than 1959's (for a 5-foot, 5-inch nude woman, the range is 117-156).

Other changes: a new table for calories expended during exercise (see page 74) cautions against very low-calorie diets (less than 800 calories per day) unless under appropriate medical supervision, and against trying to lose weight by vomiting or purging. Frequent vomiting and purging associated with anorexia nervosa or bulimia can cause a chemical imbalance that can lead to irregular heart beats, even death. Frequent vomiting can erode tooth enamel.

Guideline #3: Avoid too much fat, saturated fat, and cholesterol

The "fat" was almost literally "in the fire" with this guideline. *(Continued on page 74)*

Judith S. Stern, Sc.D., *is professor of nutrition at the University of California at Davis.*

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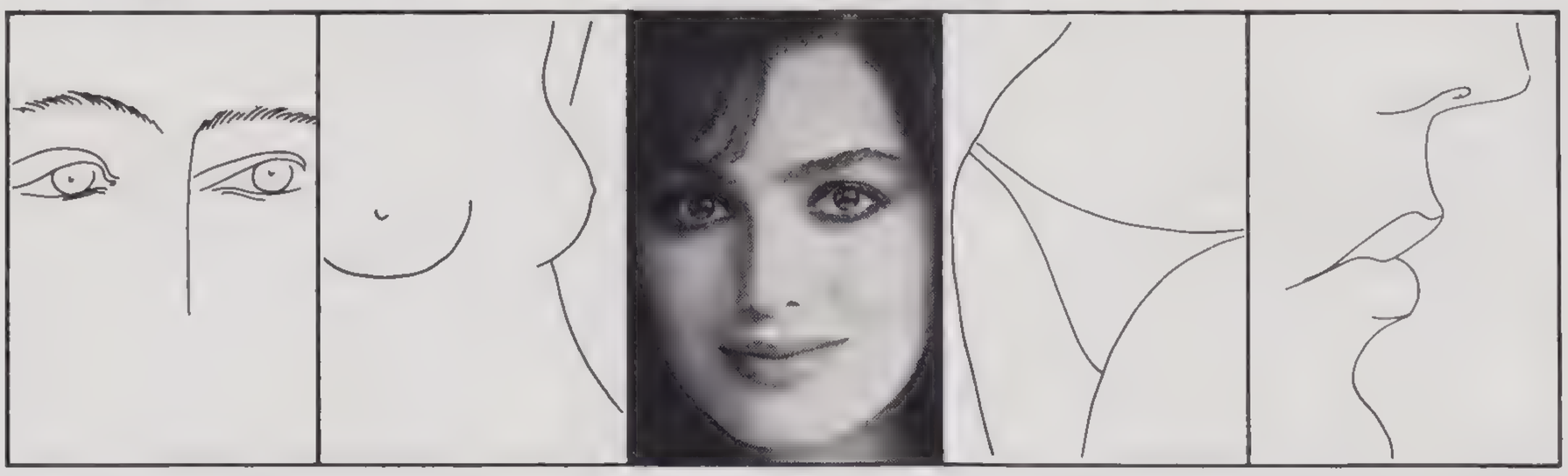

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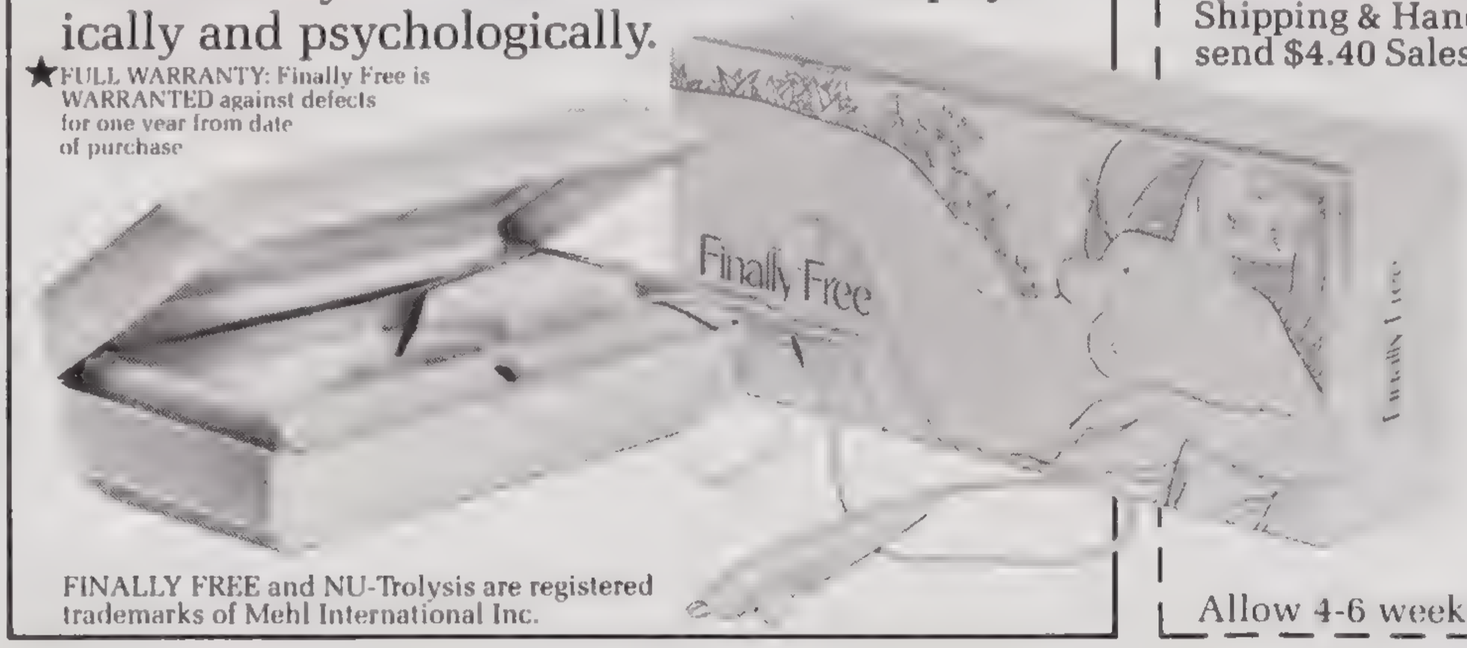

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YOUR DIET

(Continued from page 72)

Most committee members agreed that a high blood cholesterol level means a greater chance of having a heart attack. The great debate was the role of diet, and should all Americans be advised to modify their diet?

A compromise was reached. We agreed that eating extra saturated fat and cholesterol will increase blood cholesterol levels in *many* but not *most* people. Some members thought that dietary cholesterol was not as important as total fat and amount of saturated fat.

Adults are advised to maintain a reasonable weight (obesity is a risk factor) and to cut back on the total amount of fats and oils in their diets, especially saturated fat. This suggestion is especially appropriate for people with other risk factors such as family history of premature heart disease, diabetes, and for cigarette smokers and people with high blood pressure. No decision was reached regarding the possible link between dietary fat and cancer.

Guideline#4: Eat foods with adequate starch and fiber

Added is a definition of fiber: "parts of plant foods which are not digestible by humans. [There are] several major classes of fiber, each of which has . . . different biological effects. For example, wheat bran (which contains several fiber) has laxative properties but no influence on blood cholesterol levels." Some fiber such as pectin (in apples) actually lower blood cholesterol. "Whether dietary fiber once extracted from a foodstuff functions as it does in the intact food is a subject of current research." Noted: "Excessive intake of fiber may lead to trace mineral deficiency."

Guideline #5: Avoid too much sugar

The changes in this guideline are minimal: increased emphasis on total dental hygiene, especially fluoride, as a means of preventing dental caries. More emphasis on the importance of sugar consumption in the risk of caries—since foods that stick to your teeth are more cariogenic than those that don't—and on the fact that many foods, natural and processed, contain surprising amounts of sugar.

"To avoid excess sugars: use less of all sugars including white sugar, brown sugar, raw sugar, honey and syrups. Read food labels—if *sucrose*, *glucose*, *maltose*, *dextrose*, *lactose*, *fructose* or *syrups* appears first, then there is a large amount of sugar."

Guideline #6: Avoid too much sodium

In a 1978 consumer survey conducted by the Food and Drug Administration (FDA), salt was second only to sugar as a food ingredient consumers sought to avoid.

The major hazard of excess salt or sodium is for people with high blood pressure: "in the United States, approximately one in four adults." The discussion about this guideline is based on the clinical observation that not all people with high blood pressure respond to sodium restriction, and the fact that several other nutrients, such as too little potassium or too little calcium, are associated with high blood pressure. Nonetheless, since most Americans eat more sodium than is needed, I would suggest reducing your sodium intake.

Guideline #7: If you drink alcoholic beverages, do so in moderation—and don't drive

If the importance of a guideline can be judged by the amount of mail committee members received, #7 was out in front. Moderation is hard to define, but one or two drinks daily appear to cause no harm in healthy adults. However, heavy drinkers "frequently develop a variety of nutritional deficiencies, as well as more serious diseases, such as cirrhosis of the liver and certain types of cancer, particularly if they also smoke cigarettes." Some of this is owing to loss of appetite (poor food intake) and impaired absorption of some nutrients.

A major change is to caution pregnant women to abstain from drinking alcoholic beverages or limit their intake to no more than an occasional standard-size drink (see *Vogue*, June 1985). Although it had been known that excessive consumption of alcoholic beverages by pregnant women may cause birth defects, risks to the fetus from minimal consumption have not been established.

As a nutritionist and a committee member, I think for the most part the changes proposed in the Dietary Guidelines make good sense and reflect an increase in our knowledge base. My major criticism is that our committee was unable to come to an agreement as to the relative amounts of protein, carbohydrate, and fat a person should eat, as well as to decide how much sodium is too much, how much sugar is too much, how much fiber is adequate.

I support the recommendation of the American Heart Association that healthy adults try to limit their fat intake to 30 percent of their calories (for most of us it's over 40 percent). And I think we should try to eat about 30 to 35 grams of dietary fiber and limit our sodium intake to 3300 milligrams. I would also add *Guideline #8—Exercise in moderation* ▽

CALORIE BURN

Approximate energy expenditure for a 150-pound person in various activities. (If you weigh less, you will expend fewer calories; if you weigh more, you will expend more.)

ACTIVITY	CALORIES/HOUR
Lying quietly	80-100
Sitting quietly	85-105
Standing quietly	100-120
Walking (2½ mph)	210-230
Walking (4 mph)	315-345
Light work (cleaning house, office work, shopping)	125-310
Moderate work (cycling (9 mph), downhill skiing, jogging (6 mph)	315-480
Hard work (basketball, cross-country skiing, running (7 mph)	480-625

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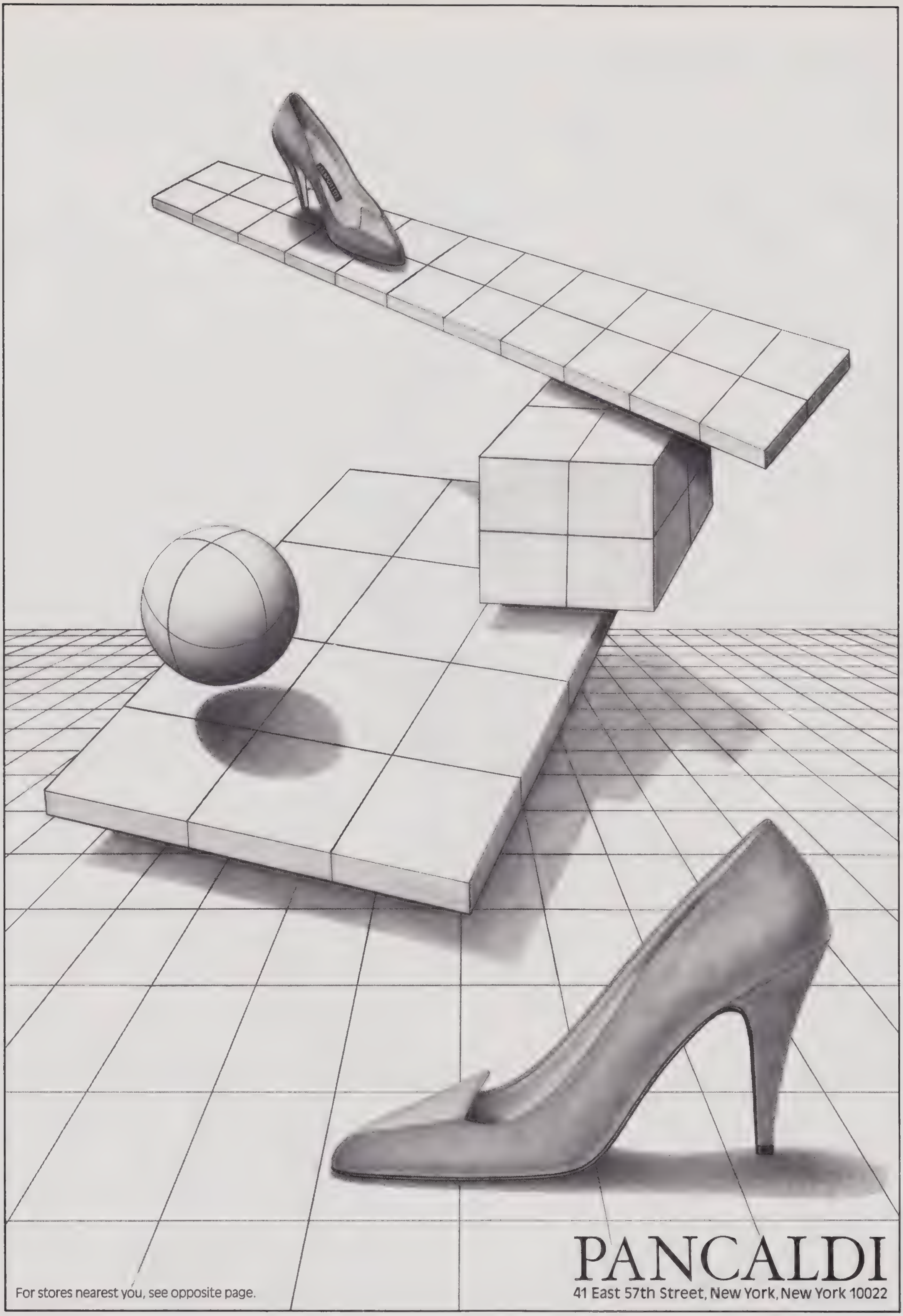
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Age 4

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what's news...

Rethinking breathing exercises... pregnancy...orthotics

BREATHING EXERCISES: FOR WHOM?

While resistive breathing exercises play an important role in the rehabilitation of postoperative patients and those with lung disease, deep breathing has never been proven to contribute to a healthy woman's fitness, other than as a relaxation technique. What helps a trained athlete to draw in more air—and oxygen—with each breath is the fact that she has developed improved aerobic fitness,'' said William Bell, Ph.D., assistant professor of internal medicine and physiology/biophysics, University of Nebraska Medical Center. ''Lung capacity is a combination of genetics plus fitness; with rigorous training, a competitive athlete can boost her natural lung capacity by 10 to 20 percent. This lung training, plus exercise's effect on the heart, contributes to increased stamina and endurance.''

Danger: Holding Your Breath

One area of concern: the tendency of many women to *hold* a breath while lifting heavy weights or doing the ''pull'' movement on a rowing machine—a move that can raise blood pressure to a potentially dangerous level, cause lightheadedness, vision problems, or, in the case of undiagnosed hypertension, even a heart attack. Best: to inhale on the push away from the body, exhale on the pull; *always accompany each repetition with one complete breath.* Is rapid breathing triggered by vigorous exercise outdoors in hot weather a sign that you're out of shape? Not necessarily. Along with sweating, fast breathing helps to lower body temperature. As air leaves the lungs, it carries water with it; the faster a woman breathes, the cooler her inner ''atmosphere'' becomes. When fast breathing is a sign to stop exercising immediately: when you feel as if you can't catch your breath or feel pain along with breathing. Even on a day when you're relatively sedentary, up to a pint of fluid can leave your body through breathing—all the more reason to increase your fluid intake when you step up activity.

pregnancy: latest fitness thinking

While most experts now agree that a woman need not completely give up physical activity during pregnancy, there is increasing concern that certain exercises may be dangerous for a pregnant woman and/or her developing fetus. Recently, the American College of Obstetricians and Gynecologists issued new safety guidelines for women who wish to continue exercising during pregnancy. ● Consult your doctor first. Certain factors—repeated miscarriages or multiple births, illnesses such as anemia or diabetes, a history of cardiac arrhythmia—may be contraindications to exercise during pregnancy. ● Limit your aerobic exercise to fifteen-minute sessions and monitor your heart rate regularly, being certain it does not rise above 140 beats per minute. Animal studies indicate that increased body temperatures induced by too-vigorous exercise can have adverse effects on the fetus. For this reason, skip exercise during hot, humid weather. ● Avoid ballistic—or jerky—stretches and exercises involving jumping or rapid changes in the direction of movement. One side-effect of the hormonal shift that occurs with pregnancy is a loosening of the soft tissues that link bones within the joints, making a woman much more susceptible to joint injury. When you stretch, don't push it. ● Drink fluids before and after exercise; stop immediately to drink if you become thirsty. Dehydration occurs much more rapidly than usual during pregnancy, so compensate for it. ● After the fourth month of pregnancy, don't do any exercises that are performed lying down on your back. The increased size of the uterus from this point on can interfere with the flow of blood back to a woman's heart—and to the fetus. ● Don't expect too much from exercise. While some programs promise to shorten or ease labor or delivery, there is no scientific proof that exercise can have this effect. What a safe exercise program can do: boost a pregnant woman's energy level, help her to maintain muscle tone, strength, and endurance, and lessen her chances of developing back pain.

To aid women in finding a well-balanced exercise plan, the ACOG panel supervised the production of two new exercise videos: *The ACOG Pregnancy Exercise Program* and *Postnatal Exercise Program* (from Feeling Fine Programs, at bookstores, pharmacies; or call 800/443-4040, in California, 800/531-1212). *(''Fitness Now'' continued on page 78)*

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(Continued from page 77)

ORTHOTICS: CONTROVERSY AFOOT

In many doctors' offices, it has now become routine to prescribe orthotics—custom-fitted foot–support devices that fit inside sport shoes—to almost every woman who complains of foot pain associated with running or other exercise. Now, a growing group of sports-medicine experts are questioning whether orthotics are the proper treatment for all types of foot pain—and if, at $200 to $300 a pair, women are getting any more relief than they could effect with exercises for which they need not pay at all.

"Orthotics are designed to compensate for a structural anomaly in the foot that makes it difficult either to withstand the pounding of running or jumping or to find a sport shoe that fits properly. In many cases, however, foot pain is the result of lack of conditioning of foot and leg muscles and not a reflection of a structural problem," said Charles J. Gudas, D.P.M., clinical professor of surgery, University of Chicago Medical Center.

Before prescribing orthotics, Dr. Gudas advises his patients to add five minutes of stretching and strengthening exercises targeted at the muscles and joints of the foot to their regular warm-up routine—and to continue for six months to see the results. He also emphasizes the importance of wearing sport shoes designed for the specific type of exercise you are doing, the intensity of play, and the surface you are playing on.

Joseph M. Lane, M.D., professor of surgery, Cornell Medical College, head of orthopedics, Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center, and chief, metabolic bone disease unit, Hospital for Special Surgery, in NYC, agrees. "Stiff orthotics can sometimes cause rather than relieve pain for women with flat feet; what they need is additional padding in the shoe, not a stiff arch support," he noted.

"Heel pain, another reason for which orthotics are often prescribed, can be caused by the breakdown of the fatty tissue that naturally cushions the heel, a consequence either of aging or of repetitive pounding on a hard surface. A woman should stretch her heel cords before exercise and wear a more padded shoe before getting orthotics. It is also a myth that you need to 'break in' an orthotic before it feels comfortable. If it doesn't feel right from the start, you'll suffer only more pain as time goes on." ▽

VOGUE, July, 1985

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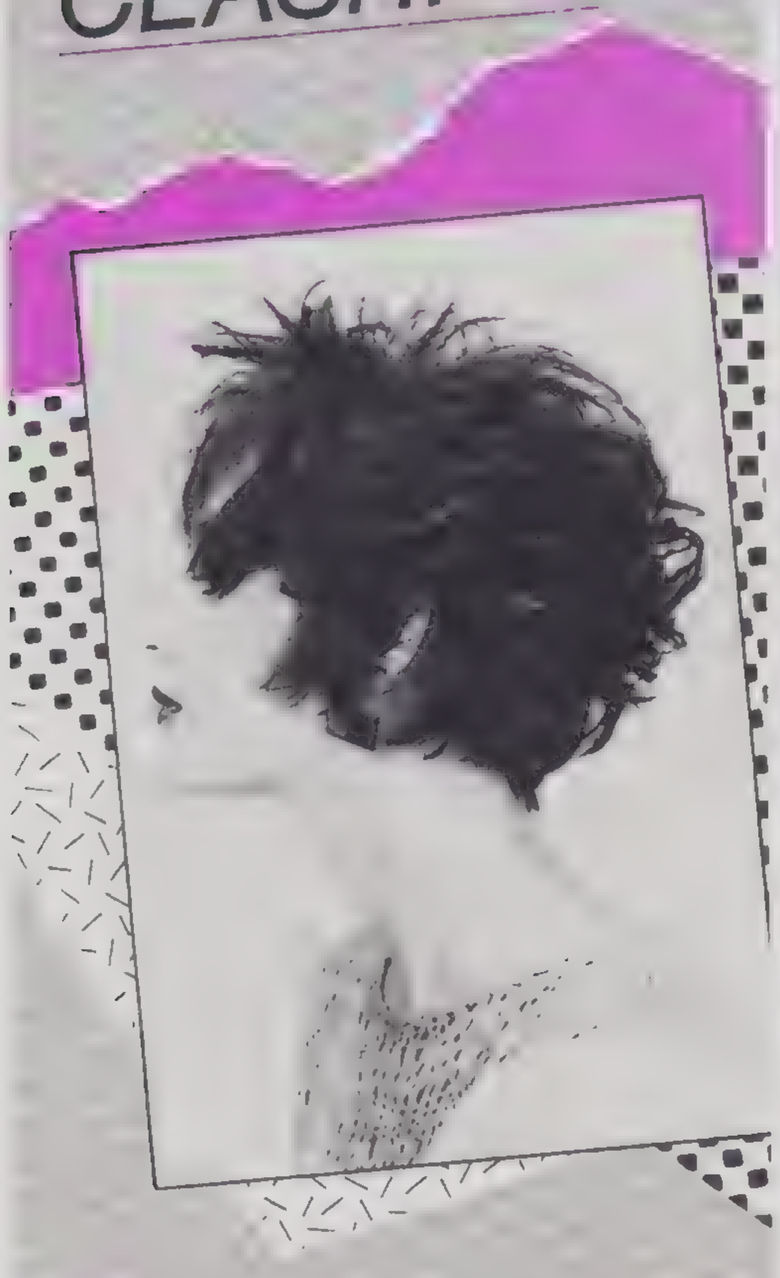

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Blond bombshells, clockwise from top: French film star Isabelle Huppert...British actress Theresa Russell (in Nicolas Roeg's film, "Insignificance," out next month)...Paris fashion designer Jean-Paul Gaultier...movie heartthrob Christophe Lambert opening in "Subway" this month...actress Miranda Richardson in the film "Dance with a Stranger."

underground blond

JEAN HARLOW STARTED IT ALL IN THE 'THIRTIES: A WHOLE GENERATION OF WOMEN WHO BLEACHED THEIR HAIR TO THE PALEST PLATINUM AND WORE IT BRUSHED BACK INTO SOFT, SOIGNÉ WAVES. NOW, IN PARIS, IN MOVIES, HERE AND ABROAD, THE BLEACHED-BLOND LOOK IS MAKING A COMEBACK—WITH A DIFFERENCE: IN THE PAST, GENTLEMEN WERE SAID TO PREFER BLONDS; TODAY, THEY'RE JOINING THE RANKS. ADMITTEDLY, IT'S NOT A LOOK FOR EVERYONE, BUT FOR THOSE WHO DARE, IT'S "GLAMOROUS!"

Clockwise from top, PAOLO ROVERSI. Hair, Régis for Bruno Dessange; makeup, Giana. DACOTAH © 1984; ROXANNE LOWIT; PATRICK CAMBOULIRE/SYGMA

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Talking about books

The best of friends (from left): Carol Matthau, Gloria Vanderbilt, Oona Chaplin

Matrimonial blitz: Vanderbilt, Chaplin, Matthau—the merry wives of whimsy . . . High Society Murder—the rich *are* different . . . Bill Buford, literary buccaneer . . . Elizabeth David's incredible, eloquent eggs . . . this season's bauble of idiocy . . . more

For Whom the Belles Troll

TRIO: Oona Chaplin, Gloria Vanderbilt and Carol Matthau. By Aram Saroyan. Simon and Schuster. 256 pages. $15.95
Reviewed by JOHN LAHR

Yeats prayed that his newborn daughter would not be too beautiful:

> It's certain that fine women eat
> A crazy salad with their meat
> Whereby the Horn of Plenty is undone

Trio is the impressionistic story of the friendship of three such crazies who parlayed the fortune of a face and a name into legendary lives. Carol Marcus married William Saroyan and then Walter Matthau; Oona O'Neill married Charlie Chaplin, the only theatrical genius more renowned and influential than her playwright father; and Gloria Vanderbilt married everybody else.

What distinguished these women even as debutantes was not just their beauty, which disarmed the world, but their raffish eye for the main chance. They were entrepreneurs of their charm. They had to be. They had all, more or less, been abandoned by their fathers. Vanderbilt was the "poor little rich girl" whose aimless father had died of drink at the age of forty-four. Eugene O'Neill, who disinherited Oona, had no real association with his daughter anyway; she refused to speak to him after her marriage at seventeen to the fifty-four-year-old Chaplin. Carol Marcus was in a foster home until her mother, a millinery model, made a fortunate marriage to a businessman who adopted Carol and installed them all in his Park Avenue apartment.

The insecurity of their past gave these w6men their peculiarly potent mix of glamour and tenacity. It made them shrewd, brazen, and irresistible. (Carol was forced to lie to her stepfather about the existence of a second sister, who was also later adopted by Mr. Marcus.) Their past was a history of betrayal. And they made sure their future was compensation: not only in family but in fame, which brought with it the illusion of control. "You're only interested in famous people," complained one brusque boy at a dance to the precocious fifteen-year-old Carol Marcus. "They're all terrific," she said, sticking out her tongue. "And you stink!" In later years, she showed more flair in straight-arming unwanted admirers. When Kenneth Tynan asked for an hour of her time to plight his troth, she took the lunch and also took along an alarm clock to keep him to his word.

Carol Matthau emerges as the zaniest of the group. Her originality, which made an instant conquest of Tynan (he proposed before he'd spoken two words to her on the basis of her dinner-table banter), also enchanted Truman Capote, who featured her in his story "La Cote Basque 1965." An actress and one-time author (her novel was published by Random House when she was thirty), Matthau has a high-camp humor that has delivered her from many a hard time.

Trio, an entertaining if overwritten homage by her own son Aram Saroyan, proclaims Matthau's dippy perspective, but doesn't display too much of it. Some of the best Carol Matthau stories don't get into the Official Anecdotes. Once, when Gloria Vanderbilt was sailing on the *Queen Mary*, Carol sent her high-society friend a wreath with a Star of David inside; another time, at Halloween, she sent her a broom. On her way to the hospital to give birth to her second child, Carol turned to her escort, a friend of Saroyan's who had agreed to look after her while her husband was overseas in the war, and said, "Why won't you marry me!" She played out the scene

John Lahr *is the author of "Automatic Vaudeville: Essays on Star Turns."*

Left UPI/Bettmann Newsphotos; *right* The Bettmann Archive

to the bemusement of her escort and the moral indignation of the taxi driver.

Carol's relationship with William Saroyan was always stormy; here *Trio* is at its most specific and amusing. She slept with him at seventeen, on the very first night they met, and ended up marrying and divorcing him twice. In her flop-sweat to snare the famous writer, she got herself into some hilarious predicaments. She never told Saroyan she was Jewish, or that the letters she wrote to impress him at basic training in Sacramento were embellished with paragraphs written to Oona by J. D. Salinger. In fact, Saroyan didn't like the smart-alecky tone of the letters, and sent Carol away when she came to visit him in the army, chaperoned by Oona. Two weeks after that memorable trip, Oona met Charlie Chaplin. And both girls soon became footnotes to history.

There's a strange poignancy in the allegiance of these pampered ladies who began as teenagers with only the ambition to spit from a penthouse and discovered that they had something far more valuable—the solace of friendship. Honeymooning in Wyoming with #2, the conductor Leopold Stokowski, Vanderbilt makes an epic journey, including pack mule, after a marital SOS from Carol to help her save her marriage to Saroyan. And years later, three months after Walter Matthau's heart attack, Oona—a mother of eight—confides to Carol: "Sometimes at night, lying in bed, I'll touch [Charlie's] foot with my foot and I'll think 'He's alive. Right now, this moment, alive.' " It was Oona who, soon after Matthau's heart attack, sent Carol a letter, which she opened to find a diamond bracelet with the note: "Darling, I couldn't bear you sounding depressed, so I'm sending you this to cheer you up." When Carol pondered how to reply to such enormous generosity, her friend Felicia Lemmon came up with a solution in keeping with the witty high jinks of the trio. "Send a wire," she suggested. " 'STILL DEPRESSED. KEEP 'EM COMING.' "

A POETIC TRIAD: When Leonid Pasternak sent his acquaintance Rainer Maria Rilke a greeting on his fiftieth birthday, he set in motion a correspondence among three of the greatest poets in Europe—his son Boris, Rilke, and Marina Tsvetayeva. Their exchange, which has been translated into English for the first time by Margaret Wettlin and Walter Arndt in **Letters: Summer 1926** (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich), is a rare window into the struggle each artist faced finding someone to understand his work and life.

For Rilke, contact with the two younger poets was a welcome resurrection of his time in Russia, which he hoped to turn into a book. For Pasternak and Tsvetayeva, Rilke was someone to be worshipped, the personification of poetry. He became an excuse for rhapsody, for passionate salvos on the nature of lyric poetry and the details of their intimate lives.

Reading the three-way exchange is seeing a little tragedy played out: between misunderstanding and injured feelings, all communication stopped after several months, and Rilke died shortly afterward, in the winter of 1926.

—NADIESZDA KIZENKO

LOVE AND WAR: Journalist Joan Wyndham kept "a wartime diary" of her life among some rackety London bohemians from 1939 when she turned seventeen until May 1941 when she left for special training in the WAAFs. **Love Lessons** (Little, Brown) is a sometimes hilarious, often touching coming-of-age memoir filled with funny lines.

An endearing innocent ("It was hell this evening. I kept thinking Mummy and Sid could notice something different about me, as if I had a brand on my face, saying 'I've been kissed' "), Wyndham gets lovesick crushes on a series of libidinous artists whose attempts at seduction are frustrated by her colossal ignorance of sex. Her upper-class mother "had sort of told me how it's done [while] driving around Hyde Park . . . with the engine revved up very loud to hide her embarrassment—actually, *her* own mother didn't tell her very much either, just to use lots of scent and not let her husband see her cleaning her teeth." Finally, Wyndham falls in love with Rupert Darrow, an elegant cad who "always has to have two girl friends, one for sex and the other to talk to," and loses her virginity at last.

At one point, Wyndham remarks to a friend, "what a life, never knowing if you're going to be bombed or seduced from one moment to the next." It is this reality of death and destruction running alongside love in bloom that saves *Love Lessons* from being jejune. Her graphic and poignant descriptions of the wreckage around her give the book an immediacy that makes it memorable: "There was the green door with the three bells, and after that two flights of stairs leading up to doors that opened on to nowhere. Below the stairs I could make out the splintered remnants of broken-down floors, Prudey's gum tree wedged upside down . . . and the bed I was seduced on hanging out over the street with three feet of solid mortar where Rupert's head should have been."

—PHYLLIS RIFIELD

("Books" continued on page 86)

Michel Molinare/Harpers & Queen

Joan Wyndham: death or seduction?

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Talking about books

Kiss Kiss, Bang Bang

James M. Cain meets King Lear: the true story of Frances Schreuder

Reviewed by MARY CANTWELL

Frances Bradshaw with her father, Franklin, on her fifteenth birthday. Twenty-five years later, she would order his murder.

Her address was one of New York's poshest. Now it's Utah State Prison

Frances Berenice Bradshaw Gentile Schreuder, a middle-aged divorcée who on her good days looks like Lily Tomlin and on her bad days like a spider who can spit, is the official cause of her father's murder and her younger son's criminality. She is the unofficial cause of her older son's madness, her sisters' vindictiveness, and her mother's manic protectiveness. On a happier note, Frances Schreuder is also the reason why **At Mother's Request: A True Story of Money, Murder and Betrayal** (Atheneum), by a first-time-out writer, Jonathan Coleman, is a Book-of-the-Month Club Alternate and a possible CBS-TV miniseries, and why **Nutcracker: Money, Madness and Murder—A Family Album** (Doubleday), by Shana Alexander, is a Literary Guild Featured Alternate and a possible NBC-TV serial. Both books have been sold to paperback companies for six-figure advances.

Mary Cantwell *is a member of the editorial board of "The New York Times."*

Frances Schreuder, who has given a lot of money to the ballet, is now busy propping up the publishing industry.

Frances Schreuder is the product of a remarkable family, remarkable in that its patriarch had a genius for making money and its matriarch an extraordinary talent for unhappiness. Franklin Bradshaw, a Utah Mormon whose deepest faith was in finance, parlayed an auto parts store into a chain and some oil leases into a fortune. He brought to money the dedication a Grand Master brings to chess. "Why," his wife Berenice says, "he didn't eat dinner at home for thirty-five years." Instead he lived on meatloaf, bran muffins, and hard labor. If he was stingy, and he was, it was because to him money was for breeding purposes. You crossed one dollar with another and eventually you got a sea of progeny whose sole role was to go on multiplying.

Berenice Jewett Bradshaw, the descendant of Huguenots—for her a mark of distinction—is the daughter of a drifter who squired his family all over the West, going from job to job. When she set out to snare Franklin Bradshaw, it was because another boy had broken her heart and because she didn't want to accompany her parents to California. And so they were wed, a hideous misalliance: he, a workhorse who turned into even more of one as her tongue lashed him out of the house; she, a lonely energetic woman eager to be loved and, better yet, to be given attention.

The Bradshaws had four children, three at a clip and, seven years later, Frances. Their son Robert was a sweet boy, but because he wandered, Berenice kept him on a rope. It was that or see him drown in the irrigation ditch that was on one side of the house or be pinned to the railroad tracks on the other. He resisted toilet training, too: he grew to be five years old, and still the sheets were soiled and so were his clothes. His parents grew desperate. Years later Berenice regretted their harshness with him.

Marilyn, their second child, was "other mother." She slept in the basement with Robert, witness to his emerging epilepsy. Elaine, their third, had rheumatic fever followed by St. Vitus' dance and spent her childhood in bed, moored by a weak heart. By the time Frances arrived, Berenice was worn out, and a monument to guilt. Frances was a bully from infancy, so cranky it took the entire family to sing her to sleep.

This, then, is life at the Bradshaws of Salt Lake City. Mr. Bradshaw is never at home. Mrs. Bradshaw is starved for attention and imprisoned in motherhood. The boy will one day be lobotomized. The eldest daughter is old beyond her years; the second, sickly; the third, frightening in her intensity. If ever a family needed air, it is this one, but there's no money to buy it. Or, rather, there is, but it's as inaccessible as the grail. So money will become the grail, not to Robert, or to Elaine who will escape into marriage and high-minded politics, but to Berenice, who just wants to have a good time. And to Marilyn, who has inherited her father's passion for watching dollars procreate. And above all to Frances, whose greed is murderous and whose mother is her slave. "Frances," Elaine says, "is playing for keeps. And Frances *always* gets what she wants. Always has. Always will. . . ."

What Frances wanted was a good Eastern college. She got one, Bryn Mawr, but did not graduate. Check forgery and dormitory thievery appear to be among the reasons. She wanted her father's death, and his fortune, and got there by way of her seventeen-year-old son who, propelled by filial devotion, shot his grandfather in the warehouse that was his true home. Frances wanted social acceptance and got that, too, by donating hugely to the New York City Ballet, whose school her daughter attends. It is truly wonderful how money can make up for a rotten personality.

Jonathan Coleman has been obsessed by Frances Schreuder ever since March 19, 1982, the day he heard about an Upper East Side "socialite" being arrested for turning her teenage son into a hitman. That obsession produced *At Mother's Request*, 590 pages of thorough reporting. Mr. Coleman has a remarkable head for detail, but not, alas, for the telling one. He is also long-winded: count the words it takes for him to say that Franklin Bradshaw, embarrassed by the shabbiness of his workplace, met his fellow businessmen elsewhere:

"But whenever a representative of one of the oil companies did want to meet with him, he didn't want them coming to the warehouse. He was embarrassed by where he worked, but he never did anything about it. So he tried to arrange meetings with these people in restaurants or hotels, appearing in the pressed blue suit he always kept hanging on a hook for occasions like these. But if they insisted on coming to the warehouse, he always met them out front on the loading deck and never invited them inside."

Where was the editor who should have said, "Can you compress that?" Who would have struck out the inappropriate similes and meaningless minutiae that dilute the impact of this terrible tale? Mr. Coleman is a dogged researcher with formidable material, and no book with the Bradshaw family at its center can miss. But he has not been well served by his publishers.

The Bradshaws are a legacy to Shana Alexander from Tommy Thompson, the author of *Blood and Money*, who died soon after he started researching Franklin Bradshaw's murder. Thompson's children made her a present of his notes,

From *At Mother's Request* (Atheneum)

and while this book is emphatically hers, she is forever in their debt. So is *Nutcracker*'s reader.

In the end it may be simply a matter of experience. While Jonathan Coleman restricts himself to a linear this-happened-and-then-that-happened, Shana Alexander is infinitely flexible. She knows what to color and what to leave pale, how to shape a scene and show character. She is best of all on life *chez* Schreuder: Frances literally locked her older son, Larry—who one day crushes a college roommate's skull—out of her life and their home. She and Marc, her father's executioner, spied on one another, stole from one another, and were as tortuously involved as nesting snakes. Her small daughter, by her second husband, was scrubbed and polished and pushed to perfection: during the Christmas season, she still dances one of the children in *The Nutcracker*. Frances herself is rather dirty, but money deodorizes. Her address was 10 Gracie Square, one of New York City's poshest. Today it's Utah State Prison.

Franklin Bradshaw left millions. Berenice, his wife, is a peppy octagenarian; clinging desperately to the idea of the Bradshaws as a "family" (if they are, it's a dirty word); still loyal to Frances to whom she could never say no. If she could have, Marilyn and Elaine say, maybe all this might not have happened. Maybe. "The main reason I stick to Frances," Berenice says, "is that she *needs* me." If only Franklin Bradshaw had.

The Hungry I

Eating disorders, Kim Chernin says, disguise the undernourished self

By PATRICIA HOLT

Though American women are enjoying unprecedented power and prestige in business, academics, politics, and the arts, they are also—no matter their age, race, background, or life style—suffering obesity, bulimia, and anorexia at epidemic levels.

The clash of self-development and self-destruction comes as no news to Kim Chernin, whose first book *The Obsession: Reflections on the Tyranny of Slenderness* surprised a lot of people several years ago. Bypassing diet and fitness fads, it challenged women to understand the American fixation on female slimness. Ms. Chernin, a counselor to writers suffering "block" as well as to women concerned about their weight, suggested that largeness, fullness, suppleness, ripeness, and abundance in a female body may reflect a deep, regenerative power, so entirely feminine that it threatens both men and women much more than fatness *per se*.

Ms. Chernin's new book, **The Hungry Self: Women, Eating, and Identity** (Times Books), takes off where *The Obsession* ended. Asked at her Berkeley, California, home to describe her latest work, Ms. Chernin, forty-five years old and herself bulimic for many years, responded, "I say in it that eating disorders are a disguise; if we strip that disguise away, we're going to find that an entire generation of women is undergoing a very serious, painful breakdown.

"I say, too, that just as there are so many different kinds of women—forty years old, sixty years old, educated or not, experienced or not—going back to school or starting a business or entering the corporate world, so are there new opportunities for them to bump up against entrenched taboos that forbid female development. Often this conflict and the internalized pain that goes with it are expressed in eating disorders."

Why eating disorders, though? Why not depression, say, or sexual dysfunction? "Freud says that human beings are obsessed with sex, and I think that's true with men: as boys grow up, they identify as well as compete with their fathers for possession of the female. But for women, the obsession is with food—girls bond with and then separate from their mothers around issues of sustenance and nurturing—and so their deepest problems often involve some kind of eating disorder.

"What we're witnessing, then, is an identity crisis: what is legitimate for women today? What is allowed to us? What can we be as women? How are we going to go about moving into society and still be women?

"Further, hidden in the desire to be slender is some notion that says, 'Oh, if we can only turn out to be skinny, lean, and angular, we'd be just like men, and there would be no problems; this very complicated issue of female development wouldn't confront us.' The current fashion to wear male clothes is very instructive in this regard. In fact, one day we may see a kind of spirited androgyny and playfulness in fashion, which will bring together traditional ideas of what it's meant to be feminine and new notions of distinctively female ways to act out qualities of independence, autonomy, and assertion.

"But before that happens, the next step is to say what's hidden behind the identity crisis—and there one finds a very deep and serious mother-daughter drama involving separation and the profound guilt that *(Continued on page 88)*

DAVE SHANNON

Patricia Holt *is book editor of "The San Francisco Chronicle."*

VOGUE, July, 1985

Talking about books

(Continued from page 87) women feel when surpassing their mothers by doing things their mothers weren't allowed to do. They're guilty to the point that they will break down while going on with their own development, and here eating disorders come in as a futile attempt to offer a kind of rite of passage.

"In tribal societies, the child's movement—from the mother, into adolescence, into the culture—is represented by a rite that almost always involves food—restrictions on eating, odd forms of food intake, fasting, vomiting, etc. What I see hidden in the obsession with slimness and in eating disorders is an effort to provide a rite of passage. It fails, because it's not real.

"This means that women can get trapped in the very restrictions and the penances and the fasts of a rite of passage that ordinarily would encourage development. And it means those women can't move forward.

"Once we stop regarding the eating disorder as a shameful thing, once we recognize that it is a very important thing, and once we understand how that eating disorder relates to fundamental aspects of identity, we have a chance of reclaiming that female power that has been denied for so long."

A MENU OF ANECDOTES: Now I know why Barbara Pym's characters are always sitting down to omelette dinners. They have read their Elizabeth David. **An Omelette and a Glass of Wine** (Sifton Books/Viking) is the comfy title of a collection of her magazine writings over the past thirty-five years. For those of us who shudder at the thought of supper eggs, we have only to read her: "What one wants is the taste of the fresh eggs and the fresh butter and, visually, a soft bright golden roll plump and spilling out a little at the edges....with the clean scent of the dairy, the kitchen garden, the basket of early morning mushrooms, or the sharp tang of freshly picked herbs, sorrel, chives, tarragon." Ah, yes. The pages of my review copy are already falling out.

Ms. David can summon up unworn memories of a dish of mushrooms with cream cooked in her nursery more than a quarter of a century ago, their pungent earthiness still intact. She can stave off the cold comforts of WWII rationing with a litany of the foods from the Mediterranean: "apricot, olives, and butter, rice and lemons, oil and almonds." The words roll off the tongue as if helped by a drizzle of olive oil. We are treated to tart snippets of essays—a harangue against proprietors who refuse to serve ladies a whole bottle of wine, or a disdainful sniff at a poor English escalope: "The escalopes could be veal. They could just as easily be the bedroom slippers I threw away last week."

Tucked in among the anecdotes are a few recipes, but wonderful though they are, it's her writing about food "with some sort of life, color, guts, stimulus" that pleases me, weary of endless food pretensions. When there is no longer any mystery to porcini, maybe the time has come to uneducate ourselves. —SUZANNE HART

BAUBLES, BANGLES, BOO-BOOS: A fast worker, Sally Rinard lets you know what to expect from the first page of her novel: "In memory of my father, Richard I. Rinard, who started a love affair with the written word, watered it and made it grow long enough to last a lifetime." And thereafter she doesn't let you down. Richard Rinard's daughter, whose word-love is as unrequited as his own was long and damp, has created on almost every page of **Pretensions** (St. Martin's) some new mutation of language, some wonderful bauble of idiocy.

Dashing, stalwart Miles Chandler is the editor of *IN*, a fashion magazine whose reporters' attention spans—to put it kindly—are so tiny that everything must be told them at least twice. The publisher explains an invitation: "He wants to have lunch, just the two of us—he and I—alone." One of his writers is Clarissa Griffin, a gentle waif who has to wait as long as two weeks before being "plucked from the scrap heap of lowly fashion assistants" and assigned a big story. Clarissa, though hampered by a certain naïveté (What is a homosexual? What is cocaine?) soon wises up.

Another star reporter, Foxy Thompson, who is a classy combo of Susan Sontag and Brenda Starr, "exuded perkiness and sex appeal.... She also had tits (an ironic counterbalance to her IQ)." But Foxy is probably being kept on for the even more unusual features of her anatomy: a slit skirt reveals a "flash of foreleg."

Poor Foxy! Centaurs, as everyone knows, have roughly one-eighteenth the brain capacity of humans, so it is not surprising that she is Cherries Jubilee in the hands of a slick interview subject: "When he kissed her, it was a kiss so sweet and so strong it was like tasting both fruit and fire at the same time." If Rinard's characters are low on smarts, though, they are relentlessly elegant. Confused by an unexpected remark, one of them "appeared to doubt his own aural ability." *Pretensions* may overstrain your ophthalmic-credulity capacity, but I'm afraid the people who publish books these days *do* love the written word as little as this.—**Rhoda Koenig** *is a senior editor of "New York" magazine.*

("Books" continued on page 90)

KATHY TODD

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Talking about books

Sometimes a Great Notion

Bill Buford's international coup: a high-toned, high-lit magazine

By DANA COWIN

Bill Buford is a cocky visionary, a thirty-year-old editor whose inspired hustling has made *Granta,* once Cambridge University's lit-mag, into one of England's best-selling and most influential literary quarterlies. This month *Granta,* published by Penguin, sold by subscription and in bookstores, will make its American debut with an issue commemorating the tenth anniversary of the fall of Saigon. It includes a novella-length piece by British journalist James Fenton about his antics in Saigon after most Westerners had fled, three essays collectively titled "Ten Years On," as well as many other articles, a few regular columns, and some tremendously spicy letters to the editor. "*Granta* is genetically androgynous," Buford says. "It's part book and part magazine."

American abroad: Bill Buford

If this sounds ambiguous, Buford's idea of what the magazine should be isn't ambiguous in the least. "We are not interested in publishing literature with a capital L. We're not interested in post-modern writing that is concerned with experiment, acrobatic formalism, or navel nit-picking," Buford says disdainfully. "We are interested in writing that addresses political concerns, that addresses what is out there. Our next issue is devoted to science."

Bill Buford has heard that *granta* means "text" in Sanskrit, though the famous oarsman and journalist R.C. Lehmann, who founded the magazine in 1889, probably didn't know that. He named it after the Granta River, which runs near the University.

The magazine has had an illustrious, and at times infamous, history. It published Sylvia Plath, E.M. Forster, and A.A. Milne when they were students. And then, in 1970, a *Granta* treasurer, so the story goes, absconded with the magazine's meager capital and flew to Paris with his girlfriend. *Granta* folded.

California-raised, Berkeley-educated Buford claims he got the idea to revive this terribly British publication in 1978, while supposedly studying at Cambridge, during "a very drunken session at the pub" with his friend Peter de Bolla. (He's now Executive Editor.) "Peter wanted to do an issue on the theory of the subject, which I didn't understand, so I suggested something much more obvious, new American writing." The first issue sold three thousand copies, "even though it was a disaster to look at. The guy who designed it used the phone book as a model."

It wasn't until the third issue, when *Granta* published two unknowns who have since become famous—Salman Rushdie and Russell Hoban—that Buford and Bolla decided that they would keep the magazine going.

Granta 15: The Fall of Saigon represents what the magazine has become: a harmony of howls from around the world. Each voice is strong and independent, sometimes fictional, sometimes journalistic, always talking about something larger than literature. *Granta* is the pinnacle of literary and political writing. It's surprising and pointed, often funny, never dry.

In this issue, Ted Solotaroff, editor of the now-defunct *New American Review*, a prototype for Britain's *Granta*, has written a piece on what becomes of gifted young writers. Ryszard Kapuściński, a Polish writer who's completing a trilogy on twentieth-century dictatorships, sends us thoughts crystallized by fear in "A Warsaw Diary"—"Be careful: they have arms, and no alternatives... Our salvation is in striving to achieve what we know we'll never achieve." Philip Norman, who has a book of portraits and profiles coming out in England in June, writes about royalty—"It's the first thing you notice: how carefully [the Queen] advances from the royal car or the royal train, not walking, rather floating on two identical tiny State cushions of air." The coup of the issue is Peter Greig's "Revelations," an article that discloses new information about the British sinking of the Argentine ship *General Belgrano*.

Controversial and entertaining, *Granta* is a great magazine. What a pity it only comes out four times a year.

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VOGUE, July, 1985

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food in vogue

After Tex-Mex: blistering Cajun...inventing an American food language

By Barbara Kafka

Winsome crock brimming with seafood stew—ruddy with beets and rhubarb

KATHY TODD.

These days when I go to the trendiest, the most Californian, Nueva Texan, or New York American restaurants, I get an eerie sense that I have slipped back in time to the days of New Jersey Tom Turkey and Fresh Garden Peas. It's not that the food isn't inventive and up to the minute; it's that we Americans have not as yet developed a language for menu writing. Our culinary history has not provided us with enough names of dishes, products, and pots—such as cassoulet, risibisi, and terrine—to keep our menu entries from being written in paragraphs. We do have skillet steaks, chiffon cake, and crab cakes, but it is hard to make such old-time regional appellations apply to today's food in the way the French update their classic dishes.

I don't know what the answer is. Partly, I think we must just take our courage in our hands and just slap arbitrary names on the dishes. As long as we call our cooking "cuisine" and our noodles "fettucine," it is going to be hard for anyone to take our Americanism seriously. Some hints may come from the way the French, for their nouvelle cuisine, have ruthlessly married classic terms with new dishes. We could have a seafood boiled dinner or a monkfish chef's salad. Anyhow, it's a problem we all need to start thinking about or we are going to turn off diners unable to imagine the unified achievement implied in endless lists of ingredients and preparations.

Recently, I was at a party and met John Sedlar, the talented chef of the St. Estephe Restaurant in Manhattan Beach, California. In a national newspaper, I had read his recipe for Green Chiles Rellenos with Mushrooms, Garlic-Chèvre Sauce and Indian Red "Paint" (chili sauce painted on the plate). I had been turned off; the recipe seemed to exploit too many cuisines, flavors, and techniques. I was wrong. John had made the dish for the party. I tasted it. It was terrific. The problem was with the name of the dish in conjunction with the French name of the restaurant. I suggest, instead, Sedlar's Stuffed Chiles.

Just as "every village and town" used to have Paul Revere, a blacksmith, and a Cantonese restaurant, now we are adding Louisiana restaurants to the ubiquitous pizza parlors, hamburger joints, and Tex-Mex heavens. The rich, multi-layered spicy seasoning—the use of garlic, chili peppers, bell peppers, and tomatoes in repetitive confusion—and the dominance of seafood are logical extensions of the American taste for mouth-burning foods and for "light" low-fat dishes.

I don't think all of this would have happened so quickly without the star presence of Paul Prudhomme. His restaurant K-Paul's Louisiana Kitchen in New Orleans has become a mecca for those wanting to learn how this food should be prepared today. He has also written *Chef Paul Prudhomme's Louisiana Kitchen* (Morrow)—a treasure trove for restaurants looking for ideas. He has appeared on television whetting the public's appetite for Cajun food; and he has trained the kitchen staff of Orleans, a restaurant in West Los Angeles. We understand that he will be involved in teaching his methods to staffs in other cities, notably New York, in the coming years.

In New York City, Abe de la Houssaye's La Louisiana and Texarkana predate the Prudhomme invasion. Lafitte, the very popular Washington D.C., informal eatery, came after—as did New York's Memphis. Both serve "Cajun Popcorn," Prudhomme's signature—shelled and fried spicy crayfish. In Chicago, there are several restaurants that serve only Louisiana dishes; but the action is at the American Grill in Glenview and the Winnetka Grill. Both places do Prudhomme's Blackened Redfish and so does everyone else.

This hot-to-trot cooking brings together many histories. The strongest influence comes from the Cajuns, such as Paul, who speak a patois adapted through the years from the French they brought with them from Nova Scotia. They combined their French food traditions with the seafood they found on the bayous and the seasonings from adjoining Texas. The Spanish arrived in New Orleans first with their cooks and contributed their taste for rice. Shortly afterward black cooks added their *gombas* (gumbos) flavored with okra to the rich stews. In this polyglot way, a new culinary style *(Continued on page 94)*

Essentially Cajun: okra, garlic, the free-handed use of cumin, a profusion of peppers—hot and sweet—and the inevitable crawfish

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food in vogue

(Continued from page 92)

came into being.

The "in" fish is definitely monkfish. It is turning up on all the trendiest menus. Traditionally used in French and in Basque cooking as *lotte*, it has been discovered in America through the frantic search for new ingredients. Monkfish is a supremely ugly fish, and for this reason you will almost never see it whole. What you buy is the tail meat, filleted. The flesh is firm and white with long fibers very much like the meat of lobsters, and some people think it tastes like lobster. I don't. It has become so popular that it is even available to the landlocked by mail order from Omaha Steak International (4400 S. 96th Street; Omaha, NE 68127). I understand that they sold out on it in the last catalogue.

I have developed what I think is a nice, light dish for summer that uses the tail whole and looks impressive. This, as with the other summer dishes that follow, is terrific for dieters—no oil, very low in calories, filling, and full of taste. You can entertain without blowing the diet—we all want to look good on the beach.

MONKFISH WITH BEAN THREAD NOODLES

(six servings)

One 7¾-ounce package Saifun Bean Threads (cellophane noodles available at Chinese markets and some supermarkets)
2 tablespoons corn oil
2½ pounds monkfish fillet, trimmed of the outer membrane
1 cup soy sauce
⅓ cup *agi-mirin* (sweet rice wine)
½ cup rice-wine vinegar
4 large cloves garlic, smashed and peeled
⅓ cup fresh ginger, peeled and sliced in nickel-sized pieces
Few drops sesame oil
½ cup thinly sliced scallions, packed (white and green parts)
½ cup fresh coriander sprigs

Bring 4 quarts water to a boil. Turn off heat and add noodles (bean threads). Soak for 30 minutes. Drain and cool under running water. Set aside.

Heat corn oil in a fish poacher or roasting pan over medium heat. Add the monkfish and sear on all sides. Add soy sauce, *agi-mirin*, vinegar, garlic, ginger, and sesame oil and bring to a simmer. Baste fish once and cover with lid or tightly with foil. Bake 15 minutes in preheated 350° oven and test for doneness (if not done, return to oven, covered, for 5 minutes). When done, remove and uncover. Add drained noodles and toss in liquid.

To serve: Carefully place fish on serving platter and surround with noodles with liquid from pan. Sprinkle with scallions and coriander sprigs.

Another diet dish for summer that's also fully satisfying in taste and looks is Ruby Seafood Stew. This stew turns a radiant color. Like an alchemist's mixings and pourings, the full glory doesn't become evident until all the ingredients are in. The alchemist's art is to make this robust dish approach calorie-lessness.

It is extremely important to turn off the heat under the soup as soon as the last ingredients are added or you will have rubbery squid. The soup can be made ahead up until the point the *mostaccioli*—a tube-shaped pasta—are to be added. This is a festivity rather than a dish. Add salad, cheese, and red wine for a meal. Serve the stew in huge bowls. Have an empty bowl on the table for shells. If your friends are squeamish, peel the shrimp before adding to the pot.

RUBY SEAFOOD STEW

(six servings)

2½ pounds beets, scrubbed and trimmed
1¼ pound lobster
4 stalks rhubarb, cut into thin slices to make 2 cups
4 good-size ripe tomatoes, cored and chopped (if not ripe, add 1 tablespoon tomato paste) or 1 one-pound can of American tomatoes in tomato purée
1 tablespoon salt
2 cups *mostaccioli* dry pasta or elbow marcaroni
6 small clams
1 dozen mussels
3 large squid
2 tablespoons lemon juice
½ pound shrimp, unshelled
1 pound sea scallops
1 cup (packed) fresh basil, cut into ¼" strips
Freshly ground black pepper

In a 6-quart stock pot, add beets to approximately 5 quarts water or until well covered and bring to a boil. Reduce heat and simmer until beets are tender. Take out the beets. Peel and shred, using the coarse side of a grater to make 2 cups. (The recipe can be done ahead up to this point.)

Put the lobster into the boiling beet stock and cook for 10 minutes. Take out the lobster and set aside. Add the rhubarb, tomatoes, and salt. Cook for 4 minutes. Put in the *mostaccioli* and allow to cook for 5 minutes. Add the tomalley, clams, and mussels. Cover and simmer until open. If necessary, add more water to cover seafood.

While this is cooking, clean the squid. Take out the pen and quill, saving the ink. Cut off the tentacles. Cut the body across in ¼" slices to make about 1 cup. Open the lobster over the pot to save all liquid. Cut up the tail and claw meat of the lobster. Add the lemon juice to the beets.

Add the lobster meat, squid, shrimp, and scallops to the soup. Turn off the heat and cover. After a few minutes add the beets, basil, and black pepper. Stir and serve. ▽

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entertaining

Summer style: artful meals—outdoors, with ease...

July Fourth at-home on the range...new ways

with food, flowers, tables By André Leon Talley

THE HEART OF TEXAS...

When Twinkle (Mrs. Bradley) Bayoud has five hundred to Rosemead II, an eight-hundred-acre pleasure ranch outside Dallas, for this 4th of July, it will be for traditional Texas-style hoopla—plus some surprises. "Quite often, we do parties at the edge of the lake on the ranch," she says. "What I love is to contrast exotic sprays of orchids on white tablecloths with the atmosphere of a down-home Texas barbecue." As Bayoud's favorite orchids hold up badly in the mad heat of July, she's substituting tall, tropical lobster-claw heliconias for this party. All food is being prepared in advance at Bob Wiley's barbecue, integrating TexMex (including tacos) with brisket, barbecue ribs, salads, and corn-on-the-cob served in the husks. The 4th of July bash begins at 3:30 P.M. and the feasting continues on past midnight. "Normally our parties begin around 11:00 A.M., and go on, but the heat is too intense in July for that." A barn with specially built loft to quarter Western bands serves for the square dancing.

Artists and writers have traditionally broken bread together; nineteenth-century diarists Edmond and Jules Goncourt describe, in their journals, meals shared by Flaubert, Delacroix, Alphonse Daudet, and Emile Zola. Today, to Les Combes, their year-round house behind the hills of Nice, artists Ann Madden and Louis Le Brocquy invite such friends as artists Francis Bacon and Paul Jenkins, philosopher Bernard Henry-Levy, Françoise Giroud, former French Minister of Culture.

"The terrace is our dining room all summer long," says Ann Madden, who sets up tables on a terrace *(photo, left)* flanked by what art critic John Russell calls "fringed curtains of weeping willow." Roses and jasmine, which cover walls of the house and surround the pool, are part of the sensuousness. "We never entertain at lunch, as we are working painters," says Madden, "but we have people over for dinner. The trees are hung with lights, and we sit for hours and hours in the open air. I have specially made, at a glass factory near here, candle holders that are like upside-down bells. Sometimes I float jasmine inside the holders, which gives a perfume to the evening."

John Russell and wife Rosamond Bernier are two summer visitors to Les Combes; their own entertaining takes place at their weekend house in Connecticut. Bernier—lecturer, critic, founding editor of the Paris art review *L'Oeil*—wants preparations kept to a minimum. Her time-saver: "A wonderful cook named Lisa Devore. What she does is prepare giant 'care packages'; meals arrive ready to serve. Even if John is at home alone, she sends one over."

For lunch on the screened-in porch—and guests such as architect Philip Johnson, playwright Peter Schaffer, artist Ellsworth Kelly—Bernier likes drinks set up at a garden bar, porch tables covered with vivid Mexican or Indian cloths that fall in generous folds around legs of tables. "I use simple pink flowers, but I also like, in the center of the table, chunks of crystal or amethyst I found on a trip to North Africa, a jaunty nineteenth-century Russian soldier inkwell, even a small Henry Moore sculpture when it's lunch for John and me. Even lunch for two is carefully arranged."

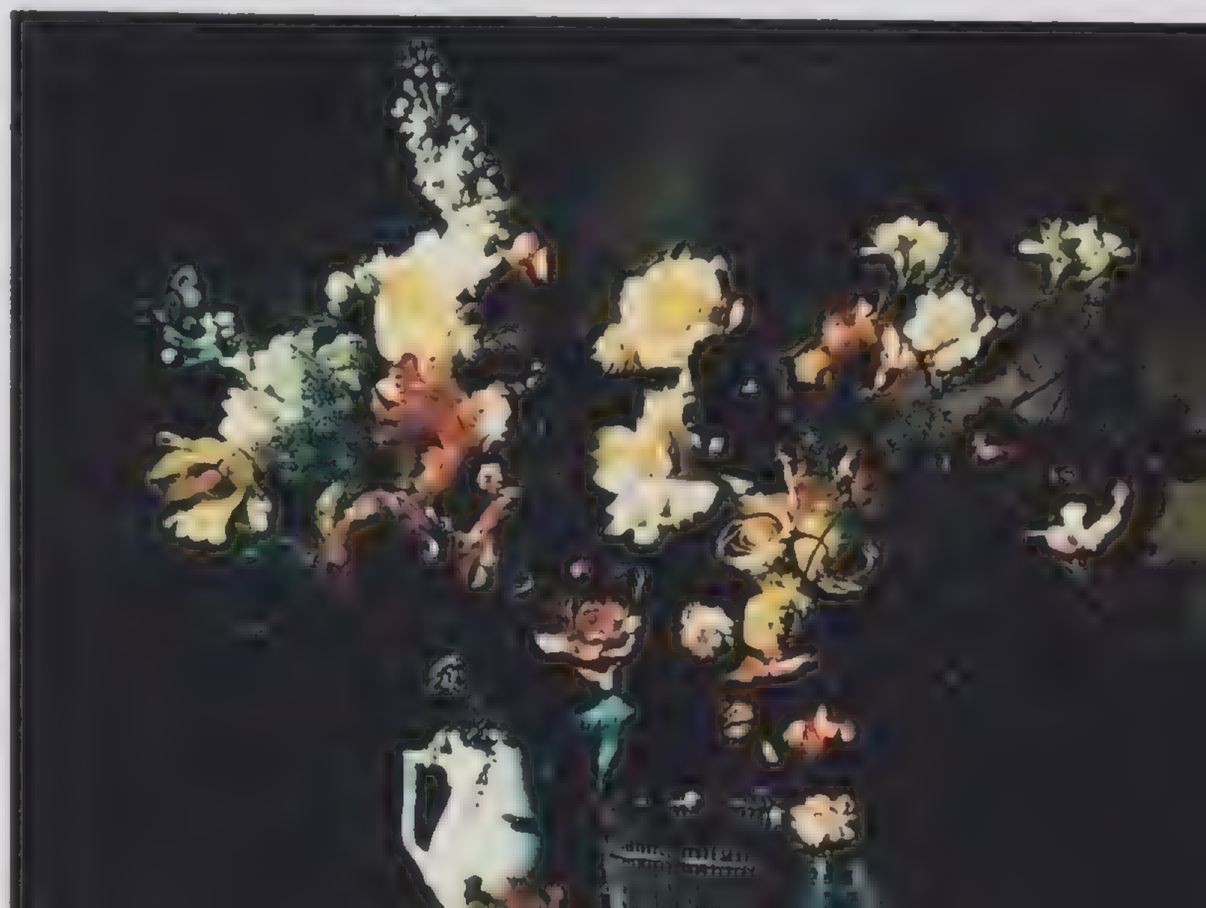
Favorite plates are Moustiers, faïence porcelain Bernier collected in France. Summer wines vary among German, Alsatian, and light Bordeaux: "I spent every Christmas and New Year's Eve for twenty years at Mouton, so I was lucky to be able to buy good Mouton Rothschild."

Standard summer luncheon: loin of lamb with raspberry and vinegar sauce, sauteed eggplant, tomato and zucchini, baby carrots. "I often serve cold soups, a mix of zucchini and cauliflower. My special inventions are sherbets: sometimes a colorful papaya and strawberry one." Then, what gets loaded on: "fresh, crushed raspberries to embellish."

IN FINE FLOWER

In eighteenth-century France, flowers were as pivotal to dress and entertaining as to the design of palaces. In Paris now, Arène and Moulié-Savart are two florists—used by Yves St. Laurent, Karl Lagerfeld, hostesses Hélène Rochas, Irene Amic—who stock flowers *(right)* with the extravagant allure of eighteenth-century style

KAREN RADKAI, PAOLO ROVERSI. Details, last pages



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the best of wines

Italian allure—lush, provocative, and simply great, the age-old wines of Mastroberardino tower over the ingenues

By Martin Gersh

The central Italian regions of Tuscany and Umbria, like those in the north, provide a galaxy of splendid red wines including Brunello di Montalcino, Chianti, Vino Nobile di Montepulciano, Tignanello, Sassicaia, Brusco dei Barbi, Rubesco, and San Giorgio. But venturing farther south in search of other top-flight reds is unlikely to yield even a single example of comparable quality until one arrives at the region of Campania, some three hundred miles later. There, in the province of Avellino east of Naples, Antonio Mastroberardino, the co-owner and winemaker of the Mastroberardino winery, produces Taurasi—very possibly Italy's greatest red wine.

Deriving from the Aglianico grape brought to Italy by the Greeks twenty-five hundred years ago, Taurasi deserves to be placed on an equal footing with any celebrated French, Italian, or California red wine irrespective of price. I would describe the wine's personality as invariably elegant yet monumental, marked by lovely, silken texture. Its manner is completely Bordeaux-like—a miraculous amalgamation of Pauillac, Margaux, and Graves stylistic elements. Taurasi is also probably unique among the finest Italian reds in that—exactly like those Bordeaux—its alcohol content is just 12 percent. A "normal" Taurasi receives about three and one-half years of overall aging; a Riserva, one more year at the very least.

Not content with this considerable achievement, Antonio Mastroberardino makes two whites, Fiano di Avellino and Greco di Tufo, plus a rosé, Lacrimarosa d'Irpinia, that are of true international stature. Also of ancient origin, they are polished, intellectually stimulating, astonishingly flavorsome, mammoth in scale yet comparatively modest in their alcohol level (11.5 percent), and among the best aging wines of their type vinified in the world today.

The creator of these spectacular wines is a shy, compact, classically featured, perfectly turned-out man who is a passionate appreciator of the arts and a student of ancient coins and manuscripts. In a very real sense, Antonio Mastroberardino carries the torch of antiquity into the fourth quarter of the twentieth century by preserving, through his vigilance and artistry, the Greco and Aglianico vines introduced by the Greeks, as well as the native Fiano vine grown in Campania for three thousand years.

RECOMMENDATIONS

Mastroberardino Whites and Rosé

Greco di Tufo 1983 Showing its characteristic, always intriguing touch of bitterness in a melon-like flavor—exuberantly youthful, full-bodied, beguiling! Vintage rating: Very Great. Best drinking: for the next 6-7 years. Aeration: 45 minutes-1 hour. $6-$8.50.

Fiano di Avellino 1983 A very grand, beautifully made, sumptuous white wine highlighted by a memorable lemony fruit component. Vintage rating: Very Great. Best drinking: for the next 7-8 years. Aeration 45 minutes-1 hour. $9-$13.50.

Lacrimarosa d'Irpinia 1981 Made from the red Aglianico grape, this is a distinguished, provocative, large-scaled wine of rosy-amber hue that comes into its own when served with delicate scallops of veal or breast of capon. Vintage rating: Excellent. Best drinking: for the next 4-5 years. Aeration: 35-45 minutes. $5-$8.

Greco di Tufo 1981 Truly glamorous, Greco di Tufo 1981 is cohesive, mellow, of abundant size, featuring a curiously toasty flavor element adorned by apricot nuances. Vintage rating: Excellent. Best drinking: for the next 4-5 years. Aeration: 30-40 minutes. $8-$11.

Fiano di Avellino 1981 An exemplary wine that is civilized, very subtle, with ultra-refined texture—fully the peer of any renowned and far more costly white Burgundy made from the Chardonnay grape. Vintage rating: Excellent. Best drinking: for the next 5-6 years. Aeration: 40-50 minutes. $14-$18.

Mastroberardino Reds

Evening after evening, as I conducted this "vertical" survey of thirteen vintages of Taurasi, my wife Gloria and I were amazed by the total absence of browning—a sign of age—in the vivid color of the older examples.

Taurasi 1980 Neatly structured, moderately large-bodied, with tangy red currant fruitiness—a beautiful young wine graced by remarkable finesse. Vintage rating: Good. Best drinking: for the next 16-18 years. Aeration: 6¼-6¾ hours. $9-$11.50.

Taurasi Riserva 1979 A perfect gem—superbly concentrated, of admirable size, revealing a delicious cherry-like flavor aspect further enhanced by a seductive sweet finish. Vintage rating: Excellent. Best drinking: for the next 20-22 years. Aeration: 8-8½ hours. $15-$20.

Taurasi Riserva 1978 Huge, powerful in its thrust, with a dense red currant fruit constituent—marvelous in all ways. Vintage rating: Good. Best drinking: for the next 20 years. Aeration: 7½-8 hours. $19-$24.

Taurasi Riserva 1977 Displaying a particularly fine fusion of all its components, this is a mysterious, aristocratic, somber, and titanic Taurasi with a fascinating combination of black and red currant flavor elements. Vintage rating: Very Great. Best drinking: for the next 22-23 years. Aeration: 7-7½ hours. $23-$28.

Taurasi 1975 A benign, charming, well-integrated example of substantial body featuring a most delightful, somewhat spicy fruit presence. Vintage rating: Excellent. Best drinking: for the next 15-16 years. Aeration: 5¼-5¾ hours. $23-$28.

Taurasi Riserva 1973 Thoughtful in manner, generous in scale, extraordinarily concentrated, with an enticing cherry-like taste element, Taurasi Riserva 1973 is superlative. Vintage rating: Excellent. Best drinking: for the next 15-16 years. Aeration: 4¼-4¾ hours. $30-$35.

Taurasi Riserva 1971 Big, perfumed, with rich plum-like, apple-tinged fruitiness that shows a ravishing sweet finish, this is a majestic wine of sterling quality. Vintage rating: Excellent. Best drinking: for the next 13-14 years. Aeration 3¼-3½ hours. $40-$45.

The state-of-the-art Taurasi Riservas that concluded our survey are admittedly scarce and would be expensive if you could find them. In my view, they epitomize magnificent wines that have aged gracefully.

Taurasi Riserva 1969 Gigantic, serious, perceptibly smoky, finely knit—a noble wine whose taste characteristics are remarkably akin to a Château Latour of comparable age. Vintage rating: Good. Best drinking: for the next 13-14 years. Aeration: 2¾-3¼ hours.

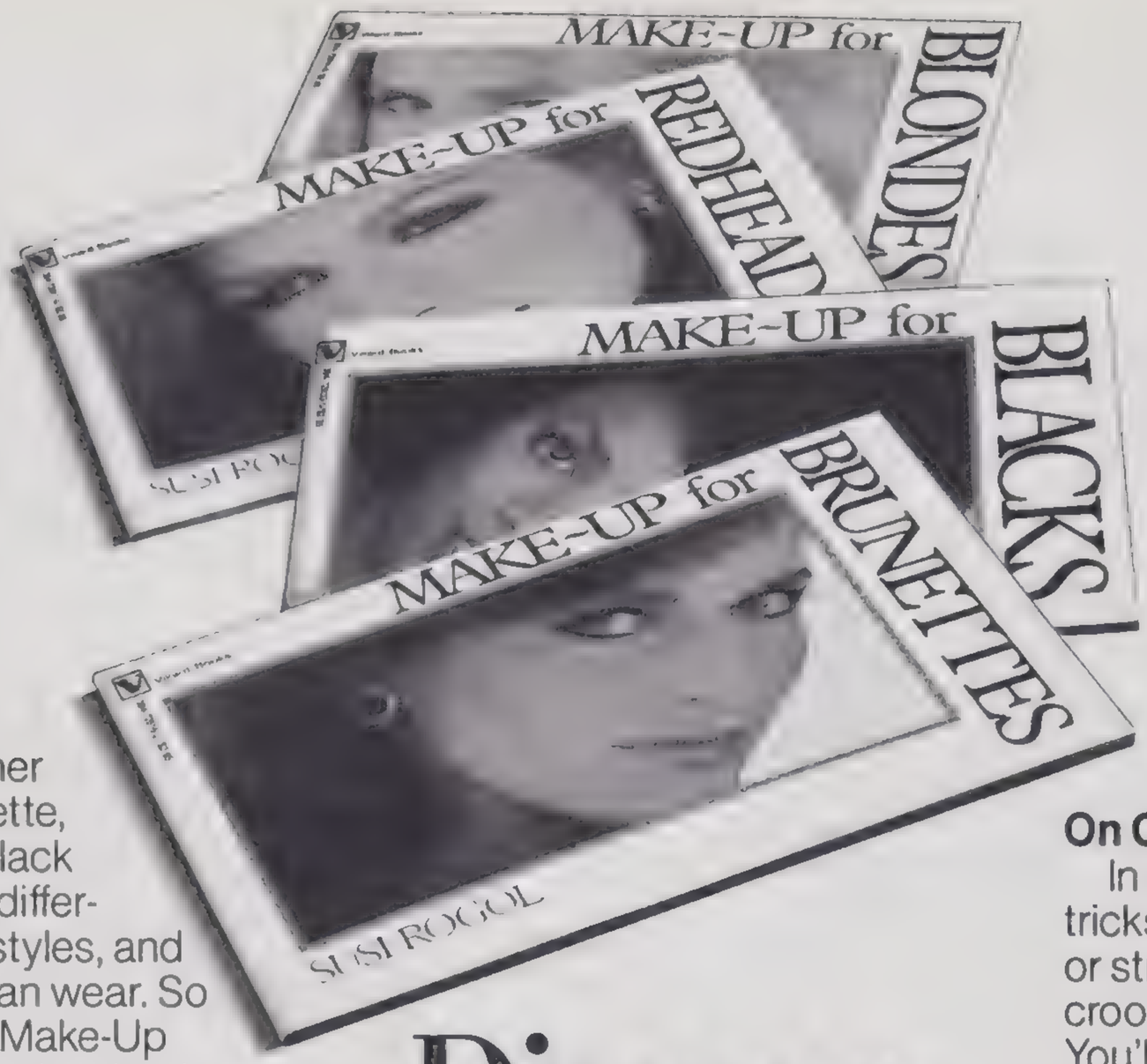
Taurasi Riserva 1968 Reminiscent of Château La Mission-Haut-Brion in an outstanding vintage like 1966, and—as is customary with that great Graves—blessed with an enthralling first taste, this may well be the definitive Taurasi. Vintage rating: Very Great. Best drinking: for the next 12-13 years. Aeration: 2-2½ hours.

Taurasi Riserva 1966 Meltingly opulent, vast in scale, with overwhelming, delightfully astringent fruitiness—simply staggering! Vintage rating: Excellent. Best drinking: for the next 14-15 years. Aeration: 3¼-3½ hours.

Taurasi Riserva 1964 No classic wine could have greater sophistication than this wonderful bottle of important size that displays a piquant red plum fruit aspect—and is still in a completely vibrant state. Vintage rating: Excellent. Best drinking: for the next 7-8 years. Aeration: 15-30 minutes.

Taurasi Riserva 1961 Immense, with velvety texture and a delectable cassis-like taste element, the vitality of this twenty-three-and-one-half-year-old masterpiece is phenomenal. Vintage rating; Very Great. Best drinking: for the next 11-12 years. Aeration: 1¼-1½ hours.

Taurasi Riserva 1958 An enchanting, electrifying Taurasi now at the summit of its powers, this towering wine is virtually as lively as its 1961 version, possessing irresistible nectar-like flavor with a long-sustained aftertaste. Vintage rating: Very Great. Best drinking: for the next 5 years. Aeration: 1-2 minutes. ▽



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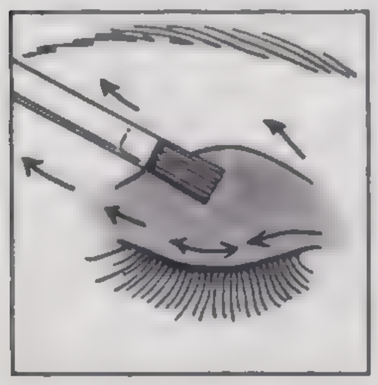

make-up, hairstyle, and clothing that help you look great. "Make-Up For..." is the complete beauty book for today's looks. Yet it's small enough to go anywhere for on-the-spot beauty fixes.

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"Make-Up For..." tells you how to shape, shadow, line, and define. And how to know which colors will make your eyes their most beautiful.

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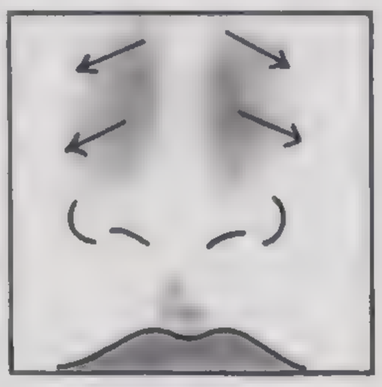

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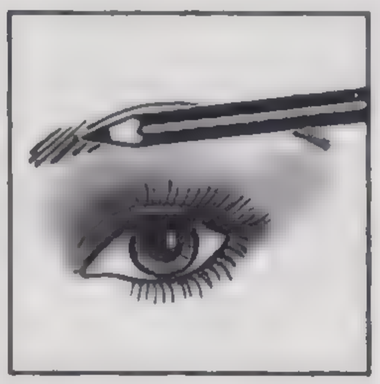

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living

Fancy freed:

witty images, sleekly imaginative style—undated designs of Piero Fornasetti

By Barbara Plumb

Fornasetti fantasy, above: "Malachite" bike, one of fifty signed and numbered pieces; $650. Left: Folding screen on wheels, "Renaissance Skyscraper," $600. Below right: Secretary is a redesign of a 1951 model Fornasetti created with Gio Ponti. The inside architectural scene is imaginary; outside details are of actual Italian buildings; $7500. All pieces, B.C. Holland, Chicago. Right: Four of Fornasetti's three-hundred-sixty Theme and Variation plates, based on the same woman's face; $150, Robert Homma, NYC.

Eccentric, fantastic, witty Piero Fornasetti, a seventy-two-year-old artist/designer/inventor and sorcerer of images, has always been ahead of his time. Discovered by the famous Italian architect Gio Ponti in 1948, Fornasetti, who lives in Milan, has proved his staying power. Even in the United States, his time has come with the new availability of his furniture and bicycles in Chicago and his Theme and Variation plates in New York City. Concurrently, his furniture of the 'fifties, specifically a chair and a screen, has fetched record prices at a Christie's auction in New York City.

In the 'fifties, Fornasetti began depicting architectural elements, both real and imagined, in his trompe-l'oeil creations. When decoration for decoration's sake went out of fashion in the 'sixties and 'seventies, he kept right on the same track, waiting for what came to be called "Post-Modernism" to catch up with him—which, of course, it did in the 'eighties.

As a craftsman, Fornasetti is both a mystery and a perfectionist. To this day, no one has been able to persuade him to reveal the secret of his printing process beyond these hints of what it is not—neither hand painting nor transfers. He is a fanatic about the qualities of any object or piece of furniture he makes, personally steaming and bending the tops of each of his writing desks into the desired curve.

Fornasetti bicycles all over Milan in every season, so it was natural that he should want to create the ultimate two-wheeler. And the height of luxury it is—with stainless-steel and lacquered mud guards, hand-sewn leather handgrips, striped Pirelli tires, and a musical bell. A non-believer in making one-of-a-kind pieces ("If a piece is good, it can't lose anything by being produced a million times"), Fornasetti will work on commission in a small series or vast numbers.

"Portrait" plates, screens, the ultimate two-wheeler

The designer sums up his genius modestly: "Ideas lead to ideas: it is the simplest thing in the world." *("Living" continued on page 104)*

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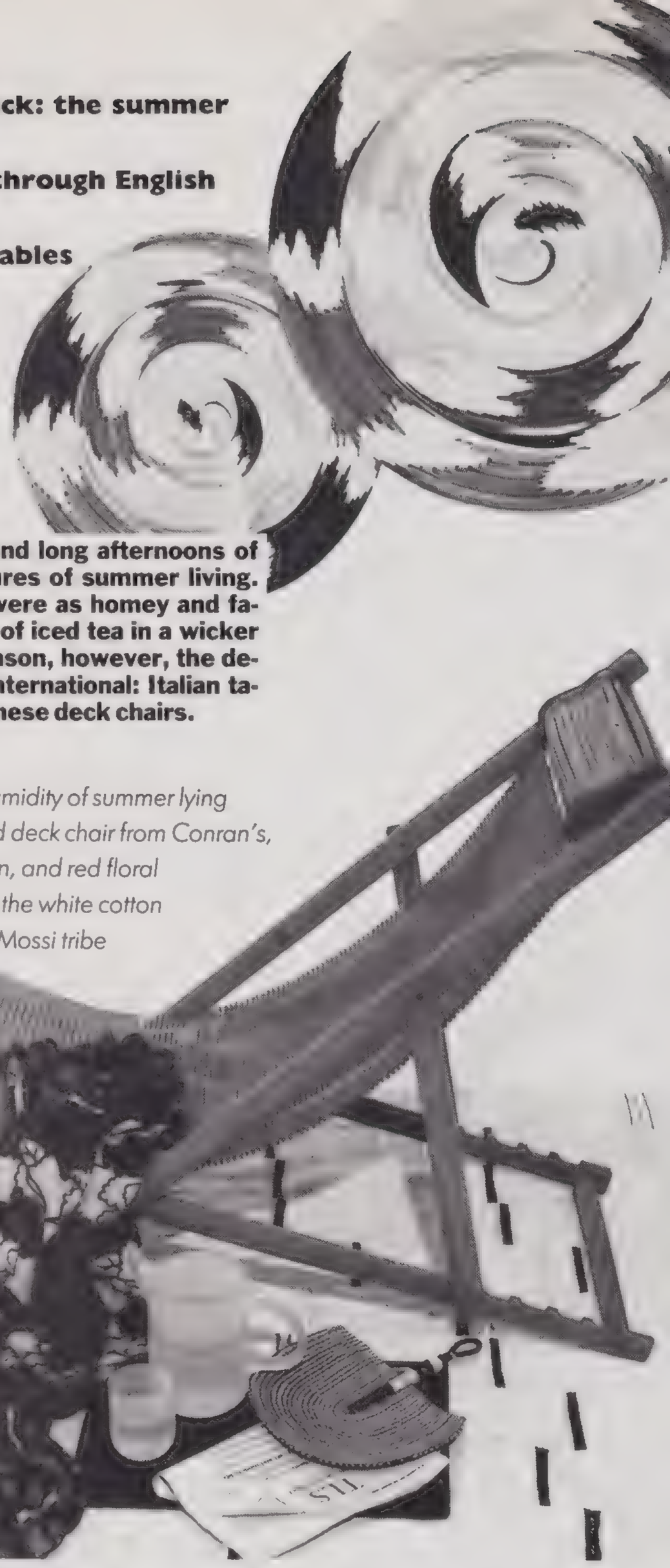
RANDOM HOUSE

living

On deck: the summer style—armchair traveling through English homes . . . fresh look for tables



Lazy lunches and long afternoons of lounging are some of the pleasures of summer living. Traditionally, such enjoyments were as homey and familiar as having a tall, cold glass of iced tea in a wicker chair on the front porch. This season, however, the delights become eclectic, exotic, international: Italian tableware, African fabrics, and Chinese deck chairs.

At right: One can take the heat and humidity of summer lying down in a Chinese "Chengdu" slotted deck chair from Conran's, $59. A Khanga cloth in a saffron, green, and red floral print is as lush as the Kenyan hills, $14; the white cotton mat with black stripes is woven by the Mossi tribe in Burkina Faso, $25; the essential summer fan, from Ghana, $4; at Craft Caravan, NYC. "Progetti" frosted glass and pitcher from Italy, $13 and $50, respectively, and the black tray, $33, at D.F. Sanders, NYC. Sketch, above: Hand-painted dishes with swirling colors, from Italy, $65 for the dinner plate, $35 for the salad plate; Henri Bendel, NYC.

BY THE BOOK

With *The English Room* (Harmony Books) nestled in your lap, you can avoid the crowds and the walking and still enjoy some of England's most glamorous houses. Derry Moore's photographs and Michael Pick's descriptions are almost as satisfying as visiting such national treasures as the former Sussex house of Vanessa Bell, the London house of Lady Diana Cooper, the Dorset retreat of Lawrence of Arabia, and the Windsor house of the Queen Mother. The selections range from stately homes to country cottages. Pictured, *left*, is Robert Adam's grand neo-Classical entrance hall of Syon, built in 1762 for the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland.

Photos, *top, middle* TOHRU NAKAMURA, *left,* DERRY MOORE

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Glamour on the California coast...a fabulous fortnight in Spain...the new, indispensable guide to Britain **By Richard Alleman**

Greek Odyssey

Setting sail in early autumn—when Greece and Turkey are at their loveliest—Sun Line's new "Grand Gala Cruises" will feature one of the most extensive Aegean itineraries the line has ever offered. Visiting nineteen well- and little-known ports, these two-week adventures aboard the small (172-passenger/110 crew) Stella Maris will take in wonders such as the cliff-clutching monasteries of Meteora (right), the dramatic Corinth Canal, the haunting ruins of Delphi—plus Hydra, Crete, Santorini, Rhodes, Kos, Syros, Mykonos, Delos, Paros, Istanbul, the Turkish west coast...and more. Despite the number of ports and places on the itinerary, these cruises have been carefully plotted to provide lots of time for sight-seeing, shopping, taverna-hopping. Cost—from $2290 to $3970, depending on cabin—includes shore excursions. Departures are set for September 16 and 30. For further information, see travel agent, Sun Line, or page 113.

Some of Spain's most enchanting and least traveled towns and cities will be the targets of an unusual tour (October 2-14) to be led by Spanish food/wine expert Penelope Casas. Arranged by New York University's School of Continuing Education, this surprise-filled journey will cover the country from Santiago de Compostela in the north to Cádiz in the south. In addition to introducing travelers to intriguing places like Astorga, Villadolid, Avila, Mérida, Zafra, and Trujillo (pictured *above*, with statue of native son Francisco Pissaro in foreground), Ms. Casas will initiate them into the joys of Spanish cuisine at her favorite restaurants and *tapas* bars. Accommodations in posh *paradors* round out the luxuries. Price—$2199—includes round-trip air fare between New York and Spain as well as an orientation session at NYU. See page 113 or call (212) 598-3346.

first-edition flash!

Bound for Britain? Don't leave home without Michelin's new green guide, *England, The West Country*. Covering the sights and delights of Avon, Wiltshire, Dorset, Somerset, Devon, and Cornwall counties, this new 232-page volume provides fascinating historical/architectural facts; has excellent maps, line drawings, color photos; and gives star ratings to top attractions (such as the cities of Bath and Bristol, which each rate three stars); $9.95.▶

A TASTE OF PARIS **Every Wednesday now through October, visitors to Paris can watch a chef from a top Parisian restaurant (Gerard Besson, Dequesnoy, Guy Savoy, Apicius, Morot-Gaudry, to name a few) demonstrate his art. Beginning at 3:00 P.M., these insider cooking classes last two hours, cost between $18 and $21, and end with a tasting of the meal that the chef has prepared. Write: Paris en Cuisine, 78 rue de la Croix-Nivert, 75015 Paris—or call, in Paris, 250-0423.**

california classic

Good news along Northern California's spectacular Big Sur coast: the completion of the multimillion-dollar redo of the 1916 Highlands Inn. Besides its awesome location on a pine-covered hillside above the Pacific, among the many splendors of this reborn inn are two excellent restaurants, a heated swimming pool, luxurious rooms and suites with wood-burning fireplaces, private patios, redwood decks, or balconies. Rates range from $120 per night for a double room to $400 for a two-bedroom Spa Suite with whirlpool bath. Call: (408) 624-3801 for reservations/information—or see page 113. (Pictured *left*: alfresco dining terrace at the Highlands Inn.)

WINDSURF CITY

If you'd like to try windsurfing on your next holiday—but don't wish to waste vacation time learning this tricky sport, Steve Colgate's Offshore Sailing Center on City Island, New York, gives a crash course that teaches windsurfing in six hours. Course costs $65, is offered through September. Call: (212) 885-3200.

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VO

travel The essential country weekend—

at Connecticut's Cotswold Inn By Jill Robinson-Shaw

When I was growing up in Los Angeles, we lived in a suburb called Brentwood. Our neighbors were Leland Hayward and Henry Fonda, who loved it there because it looked just like Westport, Connecticut, where serious theater people had their country houses. Westport was not only convenient to Broadway but also to America's best "out of town" theaters, to Yale, and of course it had its own Westport Country Playhouse, which today still attracts the biggest stars (Julie Harris, Colleen Dewhurst, Geraldine Page, Eli Wallach) and sells out just about every show.

I don't know of any really terrific place where most of the people (like Burt Lancaster in *Atlantic City*) aren't going around saying, "You should have seen it in the old days." For all the outrage over Arnie's video games center and for all the jokes about its wealthy residents, Westport has retained its character as an enormously appealing summertime town. Westport is also an enormously appealing writers' town. In fact, there are two sorts of summer people in Westport: writers who have their own country homes and writers who are their houseguests. In Westport, hotels are not permitted; but now when you're going there and you can't stay with friends because they're just finishing the last five chapters, there's finally a place to stay that's exactly like the Connecticut country home the Hollywood screenwriters invented. It's called the Cotswold Inn; and among its many charms is its location, ideal for those of us who think a walk in the country is best when it's right in the middle of town.

Each room at the Cotswold Inn is done in a different country print, is furnished with scrubbed-pine furniture, and has truly generous baskets of English soaps and lotions placed around its splendid baths (which work far better than those in actual Connecticut houses). In these rooms, one feels like the favored child in the sort of childhood that exists only in books—and fantasies.

The best part of a stay at the Cotswold Inn may be the breakfast: miniature croissants and sweet rolls baked right here, right now; the lightest French toast, waffles, omelets, fresh orange juice, fine coffee—all set out on really pretty china in a country kitchen. There are only four guest rooms—and people do not bring pets or small children.

Strolling around Westport is one of the nicest ways to spend gentle hours, filling the eyes, avoiding deadlines, major highways, and the exhaustion of trotting out the city gossip for friends who wait for it so eagerly, perched among their basil plants, plying you with tomatoes that look as though they've been hand-sculpted. These same friends will adore you when you actually invite them over to the Cotswold to share your afternoon tea, always set out in front of the fire—again just like in the movie notion of the country house.

For lunches or sporty suppers (the Cotswold Inn serves only breakfast and snacks), there's the nearby Ship's—for the ultimate in seafood chowder. And for dinner you go *only* to the superb new La Clé d'Or where the crisp potato pancakes with caviar and sour cream and the raspberry-chocolate cake are compulsory. After supper, you can stroll back to the Cotswold and sit in the parlour (for which there can be no other word—or spelling). Courtly Albert, who manages the Cotswold for its owners, Richard and Judith Montanaro, will see to cheese, biscuits, and tea.

Then, you're on your own. Just down the leafy road from the Cotswold is a super new "Y" (opens at dawn) for a swim or the gym

JEFF MCNAMARA

Cotswold Inn delights, left to right: flowers, fireplace, canopy bed, and, for breakfast, heart-shaped waffles on country china

. . . or wind around a bit and find The Remarkable Book Shop. Everyone working here has read every book in the place—which reminds me very much of what I dreamed a classic Greenwich Village bookstore would be like in the 'fifties. Then there's the Atticus Bookstore Café for pastas, cheese and fruit plates, the most alluring coffees and teas, all sorts of imported periodicals.

Almost across the street from the Cotswold Inn is a shop that in itself is well worth a visit to Westport. It's owned by Suzanne Daché—she is the daughter of Lilly Daché, Duchess of Hats—and while there are hats here, that's only the beginning of this inventive boutique. Then there's Miss Plum's Particulars, for amazingly put-together flowers (to send to writers when they're feeling depressed), and Kayne and Company, a store with a fresh identity—imported linens, house presents of great style. On Main Street, there's The Tack Room for Western gear (boots Roy Rogers never dreamed of) and real English riding things for the Connecticut nobility over in Southport (where you might be going to a horse show, in which case the Cotswold Inn would be an idyllic place to stay).

At Gold's Delicatessen, down past the lovely hilltop Saugatuck Congregational Church, proprietor Julius Gold discusses books and you can get the most serious deli sandwich there is—plus juicy lemon cake and overqualified brownies. For a slightly more vigorous walk, wander along Cross Highway, go right on Rose Hill to the Post Road, and stop at the Sherwood Diner—open all night—where someone's always finishing a novel or a play that someone coming up from the city this weekend has promised to read (or to show to a friend). Walk a little farther and you'll come to Hay Day, with its farmer's bread and pies that follow you to the car. How, you say, did this get into my hands? Such a thing. Such a place, Westport, Connecticut. And no sweeter way to see it, to be in it, than to stay at the Cotswold Inn. ▽

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travel

Exploring Sicily: a guide to one of the most mysterious, most beautiful islands on earth

By Eric Newby

Like Sicily extremely—good on-the-brink feeling—one hop and you're out of Europe: nice, that,'' wrote D.H. Lawrence to Lady Cynthia Asquith in the spring of 1920 from Taormina—and it is still true. One of the most mysterious, baffling, and inscrutable places in the whole Mediterranean, Sicily is *terra incognita* even for mainland Italians.

If you can contrive it, arrive here by ship. There is nothing more memorable than sailing in toward Palermo in the early morning with the sun coming up over an indigo sea, illuminating the half circle of ocherous limestone mountains that encloses a lush plain planted with groves of orange, lemon, and carob trees.

The best hotel in Palermo, one of the two best in Sicily (the other is the San Domenico Palace at Taormina), is the Grand Hotel Villa Igiea at the north end of the bay. With marvelous views seaward, it is a haven of calm, something beyond price after hours spent investigating the splendors and miseries of Palermo. For years a retreat of royalty, it now seems to be awaiting the moment it will be used as the venue for a Sicilian sequel to *Last Year in Marienbad*.

To see what should not be missed of this strange city—which has so much of Arab Africa about it—you need to sample Palermo as you would a pot of seething stew, testing it at various levels, but without digging too deep because you might get burnt. For many, the island's chief fascination has to do with its inhabitants. Some of them very rich, some terribly poor, they together make up an extraordinary mixture of those who have lived on the island since the beginning of recorded history: Greeks, Carthaginians, Romans, Vandals, Ostrogoths, Byzantines, Saracens, Normans, Swabians, Angevins of the House of Anjou, Aragonese and Catalans, Neapolitan Bourbons, Piedmontese—right up to émigrés returned from the United States.

Catania's cathedral, seen from the terrace of the Palazzo Biscari

DUDLEY REED

What to see in Palermo depends on the time available and on your stamina. Do not miss what is unique to Sicily: the great churches and chapels embellished by masters of Muslim Arab art and by the artists of medieval Byzantium. One of the best known and most magnificent is the Cappella Palatina, built between 1132 and 1140, with its great mosaics and its nave decorated with the stalactitic

Arab work known as *muqarnas*. Five miles west of the city, the Cathedral of Monreale stuns with some 6340 square meters of dazzling mosaics. Completed in 1189, this is the finest Norman church in Sicily. Farther afield, the stupendous mosaics in the extraordinary fortress-like cathedral at Cefalù, forty miles east of Palermo on the coast, literally overpower the beholder with their mystical beauty.

The center of old Palermo is the little Piazza Vigliena, otherwise known as the Quattro Canti, where the four quarters of the old city come together. Here, the roaring street life of Palermo can really be savored. Shops sell *pupi di zucchero*—colored sugar figures of knights, their ladies, and evil Saracens; and *frutti Martorani*—remarkable facsimiles of fruit and vegetables and meat and spaghetti in colored marzipan. Here, too, are areas of heartbreaking poverty, streets lined with sixteenth- and seventeenth-century *palazzi*, and markets with wonderful displays of fish, vegetables, and fruit. It is in these areas that the characteristic Sicilian eating places are to be found, famous for the fun and liveliness of the guests—places where you can eat such dishes as *pasta con le sarde*, the sauce made with sardines, fennel, raisins, pine nuts, and saffron. (Although these markets are among the safer places in the city, never carry a bag with valuables and never wear jewelry. The streets are hunting grounds of the *scippatori*, teenage thieves on motor scooters. Mere children work the buses. Remember that Palermo is *the* stronghold of the Mafia.)

If not squeamish, descend into the catacombs of the Capuchins and contemplate the eight thousand dessicated corpses and skeletons, most of them dressed in their Sunday best, some in tricorne hats. See also, if you have time, La Zisa, a rather ruined but beautiful pleasure palace built by the Norman kings. . . and the Palazzina Cinese, a tiny palace designed in the Chinese manner by Ferdinand III of Bourbon in La Favorita, his hunting park. Nearby, visit Villa Castelnuovo, one of Palermo's many beautiful seventeenth- and eighteenth-century villas, most of them now hemmed in by hideous modern buildings. Among others to see are Villa Lampedusa, built by the Prince of Lampedusa and mentioned in his book *The Leopard;* and in the southeastern outskirts of the city, Villa Palagonia, its curtain walls decorated with a horde of strange, some of them horribly deformed, sculptured figures.

Traveling counterclockwise around the island from Palermo, here are some of the places that, having come so far, it would be a bit dotty not to see: the temple at Segesta, forty-five miles from Palermo, is undoubtedly one of the surviving wonders of the ancient world; it stands on the slopes of Monte Rontanelle above the deep gorges of the Gaggara River and nearly a thousand feet above the Tyrrhenian Sea. Built by the Greeks in the fifth century B.C. for people called Elymians, the temple was never finished, and its thirty-six weatherworn travertine columns, each thirty feet high, still wait to be fluted. The temple and the windswept theater above it are all that is left of the ancient city.

South of Trapani off the west coast, the Stagnone is a weird land/seascape, more water than terra firma. Here, windmills with canvas sails lift seawater into evaporating basins. A place of mirage: everywhere dazzling truncated mounds of salt rise into the air. Lying further offshore is the island of San Panteleo, site of a Phoenician city called Motya, built in the eighth century B.C. and destroyed by Dionysius, Tyrant of Syracuse, in the fourth century B.C. There is a little harbor here called Cothon, not much more than a pond. Grapes are grown, and at the time of the vintage, horse-drawn carts cross the water via a submerged causeway to fetch them. The island is a magic place.

Southeastward along the coast from Marsala is Mazara del Vallo, the most important fishing port in all Italy—and a very lively place, especially when the boats are in. In A.D. 837, the Arabs took the town and made it the capital of this part of the island—and even today Mazara has a very Arabic air, an effect heightened by the presence of some five thousand Tunisians who *(Continued on page 112)*

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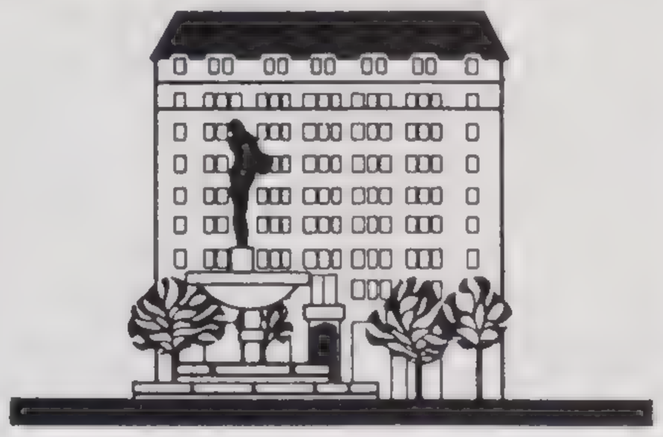

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sicily

(Continued from page 111)

work in the fisheries and live in the Casbah of the Pilazza Quarter. The best place to stay is Hopps Hotel on the Mazara waterfront; it is clean, modern, has a garden with a pool.

On the way from Mazara to the extraordinary ruins of ancient Selinus near the seashore, see the Rocca di Cusa quarries where the enormous column drums, some of them over eleven feet in diameter and weighing one hundred tons, were excavated. Of the temples of Selinus, the one dedicated to Apollo has only one of its 136 columns still standing. Never completed (it would have been equaled in size only by the Parthenon), it is a fantastic chaos of column drums heaped on a platform covering almost two acres. Beyond the temple among the dunes lies a vast necropolis from which bones still protrude and from which twelve thousand votive terra-cotta figurines have been recovered—a haunted place on a lonely shore.

On to Agrigento. Founded by Greeks in 580 B.C., destroyed by the Carthaginians, rebuilt by Timoleon of Syracuse, ancient Agrigentum was "the most beautiful city of mortals," according to the poet Pindar. It received a lesser encomium from Plato, who said of its inhabitants that "they built as if they were never to die and ate as if they had not an hour to live."

One of the greatest temple complexes in the Mediterranean, Agrigento is best seen early in the day or in the evening; otherwise, you'll have to share the site with great herds of visitors. The most beautiful time of year at Agrigento is February, when the almond orchards are in blossom. The supreme work of Agrigento, indeed of Doric art in all Sicily, is the Temple of Concord, preserved from ruination by having been made into a Christian church.

The best place to stay at Agrigento and to recover from "ruin fatigue" is the hotel Villa Athena in the Valley of the Temples, another haven of calm. From here, a pilgrimage can be made to the village of Caos where the ashes of Luigi Pirandello are buried at the foot of a pine tree. His house is now a little museum.

The next great treats awaiting the traveler in southeastern Sicily are the baroque cities of Ragusa, Modica, and Noto. All are miracu-

San Domenico Palace hotel garden, Taormina

lously untouched by mass tourism; all, when the sun floods down on them, seem to be fashioned of solid gold. Ragusa is two cities: an Upper Town on a ridge of the Ebeli Mountains—and a Lower Town, unbelievably picturesque. Rising above it all, the dome of San Giorgio is a miracle of delicacy and a masterpiece of Rosario Gagliardi, one of the greatest Sicilian architects of the 1700s; the superb façade of the San Giorgio church in Modica, the second of these baroque cities, is also attributed to Gagliardi.

Noto, the third baroque city, is a perfection of planning, with its noble main street traversing three piazzas and its flights of steps that lead up to baroque churches and to streets flanked by *enfilades* of palaces.

Syracuse. . . here, the first Greek colonists from Corinth built a seaport on the island of Ortygia. This settlement became the nucleus of mainland Syracuse, a city which, at the height of its power, was the equal of Athens and Carthage; its tyrants ruled all Sicily until the Romans succeeded in taking it and the rest of the island in 212 B.C. It was here that Archimedes meditated his Principle in his bath, set fire to the besieging Roman ships with magnifying glasses, and was slain, still engrossed in his calculations, by a Roman soldier.

In what was Ortygia, the church of Santa Maria delle Colonne now rises above the castle and the grey stone houses of this little world lapped by water. A wonderful example of eclecticism, this Byzantine church incorporates within its design the original columns of the Temple of Pallas Athene, one of the richest in the ancient world. On the mainland are the great theater, cut from the rock, which could seat fifteen thousand spectators; the enormous altar used by the Tyrant Hieron II for the sacrifices of scores of bulls; and the vast quarries—now full of vegetation, green and mysterious—that provided the stone to build the city.

Catania is Sicily's second city, the island's industrial and business heart and, like Palermo, a seaport. Almost completely destroyed by eruptions of Mount Etna, shelled and bombed by the Allies in 1943, Catania is a testimony to human resilience. The city is rich in baroque houses, palaces, and churches, more exuberant than those elsewhere in Sicily.

Taormina. . . the nice thing about Taormina is that after what may have proved an excess of culture, you don't need any background information to enjoy this dreamy resort town. The view over Etna and the Bay of Naxos from Taormina's Greco-Roman theater—one of the great views of the world—needs no guidebook to recommend it. There is little to do here except soak in the sun, or in a pool (ideally, the one at the fabulous San Domenico Palace hotel with its superb vistas and glorious gardens), or in the Ionian Sea hundreds of feet below the city. You can also go shopping in luxe stores in the company of what, in high season, seem like several hundred thousand people who are themselves part of the spectacle. Quite soon, you will be abandoning plans to make an excursion to the summit of Mount Etna, 10,959 feet above sea level (and at all times of the year more or less horribly cold and smelly). This is because by the time you have spent forty-eight hours in Taormina, you will have gotten yourself a walk-on part in that mixture of light opera and musical comedy which is what everyday life in Taormina is—and you will be unable to leave. *(For more on Sicily, see page 176.)*

Baroque beauty: a piazza in the town of Noto

ROBERTO GILI

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VIEW

BY ANDRÉ LEON TALLEY

Fall riches...hood-dunits...Carol Channing's personal style...answers from Ungaro...Beene hand notes...

TAPESTRY WORKS

or last spring, it was bowers-of-flowers power—chintz. This fall/winter, floral patterns will sprout in patterned, textured tapestry wools. Blooming in a big way in Paris, London, and New York ready-to-wear, tapestries are a new way to wear bold pattern and texture in everything from long coats to boots.

Jeffrey Banks works long chesterfield greatcoats and blazers inspired by the bygone opulence of Orient Express travel. "It's a modern sumptuousness," says Banks. "Women want a little more excitement this season, even in a practical, long coat that keeps them warm. What must be avoided is wearing tapestry florals like a costume. Shapes and proportions have to be dynamic."

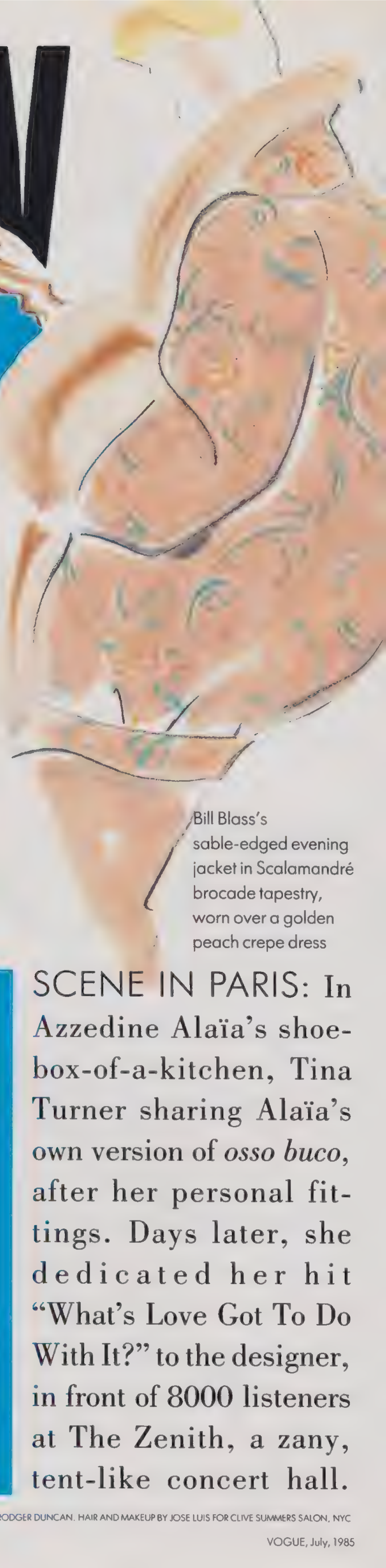
"With the absence of beading and embroidery around, opulent fabrics look right," says Bill Blass, who pulls his tapestry silk brocades from upholstery and interior-design textile resources. At Blass, a dusty-peach brocade comes from Scalamandré and is used in a new rounded shape, a luxe evening jacket that can go dressed up or down. Clarence House is another resource for the some half-dozen tapestry turnouts.

For tapestry fabric, Etro, a Milan-based house, is a star of the season. In Paris, Kenzo uses beautiful tapestry wool inspired by a nineteenth-century wall hanging in the country house of the Etro family. At Ralph Lauren, Etro tapestry becomes shawl-collared evening robes and "riding" vests. Emanuel Ungaro creates a whole scheme of interplaying pattern with six Etro tapestry fabrics, some originally designed for Etro's home-furnishings shop on Via Bigli in Milan.

Says Jacopo Etro, of the Ungaro magic: "It took special dyes and two-thousand patterns on combined looms to translate the fabric into these lighter weights for ready-to-wear."

("View" continued on page 120)

Jeffrey Banks chesterfield *(top)*, Kenzo's greatcoat *(above)*—both in Etro tapestry. Scott Crolla's riding boot, *right*: "Meant to be worn and aged, for luxury under trousers."



Bill Blass's sable-edged evening jacket in Scalamandré brocade tapestry, worn over a golden peach crepe dress

SCENE IN PARIS: In Azzedine Alaïa's shoe-box-of-a-kitchen, Tina Turner sharing Alaïa's own version of *osso buco*, after her personal fittings. Days later, she dedicated her hit "What's Love Got To Do With It?" to the designer, in front of 8000 listeners at The Zenith, a zany, tent-like concert hall.

CLAUS OHM, GRILHAULT DES FONTAINES, RODGER DUNCAN. HAIR AND MAKEUP BY JOSE LUIS FOR CLIVE SUMMERS SALON, NYC

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VIEW

Hands Up

As rich and opulent notes, evening gloves at Geoffrey Beene are outstanding. For fall, Beene has designed some five dozen one-of-a-kind looks—with gilded laces, trapunto quilting, tubular satin bracelet cuffs. Some wool-jersey gloves match dresses. Above, his sleek grey satin style; below, suede with lace edges

newswatch:

Nan Kempner, wife of Loeb Partners chairman Thomas L. Kempner, is always on the go, map-hopping from country to country, dressed in Saint Laurent, Valentino, Ungaro, Dior, Chanel, Blass—or Levi Strauss. Recently named international representative for Christie's, she will scout collections, entertain for the auction house. "It's like going back to school. I've got so many new horizons open with this job." Her other work: volunteering for American Ballet Theatre, The New York Association for the Blind, Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center. Below, Nan Kempner in jersey jumpsuit, a favorite from YSL.

("View" continued on page 118)

ERIC BOMAN, KATHY TODD, GRILHAULT DES FONTAINES
Hair and makeup by Jose Luis for Clive Summers Salon, NYC. Makeup by Alberto Fava

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VIEW

Hooded up

This season, the newest dramatic accessory, often integrated into the design of the garment, is the hood. Designers are making hoods ornamental as well as versatile headgear. At YSL, velvet hoods move easily from day to nighttime glamour, with mixes of velvet and leather.

Azzedine Alaïa has always liked hoods. Last spring, hoods were part of his beach coats-cum-city dresses over body maillots. Last winter, his sexy matte-jersey gowns had draped hoods that doubled as cowl shawls. "This winter, hoods embellish, create drama and a certain feminine *mystère*," notes Alaïa. "Hoods replace everything—shawls, scarves, hats." To note: Alaïa's irresistible—reversible—marten-dyed-as-sable coats come with outscaled detachable circular hoods of the same fur. They drape over shoulders like giant collars and can be rolled up like a cuff or wrapped into a muff.

Alaïa's fur pieces, lined in light goose down, are indirectly inspired by Louise Levêque de Vilmorin, French writer, friend of Cocteau—and of Alaïa. The designer made clothes for her for years. "As Countess Palffy, she had a leather greatcoat made in Hungary during the war. It was lined in sable. She had gloves with huge sable cuffs. But the luxury was two sable blankets, made light enough to wear wrapped over the sable-lined coat like scarves. This coat was truly marvelous; the blankets, extraordinary."

Hooded looks—Alaïa's marten dyed as sable, top; above, YSL's velvet hood: with jersey pieces, new headgear for city day dressing

YSL started it in spring couture: he showed outscaled hoods on slinky evening gowns; even day dresses had Berber-like hoods that draped into elegant folds. Left, for fall: the velvet hood switches to night glamour

© FABIAN, SYGMA, HELENE TRAN KIM, BERTRAND MARIGNAC

THE NEW UNGARO IMAGE: FRENCH FILMSTAR ANOUK AIMEE, ABOVE, CAPTURES FOR EMANUEL UNGARO THE ESSENCE OF UNGARO WOMEN—ELEGANCE, MYSTERY, HUMOR, SEDUCTION.

Ungaro's world

Emanuel Ungaro's fall/winter ready-to-wear collection is full of rich textures and patternings, a dramatic tour de force created in contemporary shapes. It is the sort of dressing that allows a woman to create "what I call a nuance of baroque drama," says Ungaro. "I want a sense of fantasy that is heightened, even in ready-to-wear; yet I am always working to develop a liquid line in drapery that enhances true feminine sensuality." Here, Ungaro shares his current thoughts—on evening-drama dressing, bright colors, his position in fashion, his muse Anouk Aimee.

Q What does this collection mean to you?

A It's not romantic; it is totally baroque. What I call the "Gobelin" tapestry wools and patterns were part of a gigantic research of fabrics and give a sense of richness to contemporary ready-to-wear. When I use the word "baroque," there is, for me, a sentiment of generosity of spirit and style. In these clothes, there is opulence with warmth, a sense of sensuality, an effervescence of my style.

Q Is that style Anouk Aimee? She travels with you in America when you go on promotional tours for your fragrance; she is currently in your print advertising photographs by Helmut Newton and Guy Bourdin—the "Ungaro Parallel" woman. How does Anouk Aimee inspire you?

A She symbolizes for me a universal woman. She expresses an extraordinary femininity that is astounding to me. After twenty years in films, she is still quite beautiful yet maintains a great sense of humor about herself. We had lunch with Federico Fellini in Rome one day. He said, "Anouk, time has been a gallant gentleman with you." I find that quite poetic.

Q In this collection, you showed black leather as easy-evening dinner dressing. How did that come about?

A I wanted to arrive at draping leather the same way I drape silk. Black leather dinner dresses are, to my mind, for dynamic women, women who enter the scene and conquer. They are for the sort of woman who seduces the man, rather than the other way around.

Q The alternatives to that are vivid printed short dinner dresses. Are they for another kind of woman?

A I went to a dinner in Paris recently, and every woman was in black. The party was a sea of black, but a friend of mine wore a peach dinner dress: suddenly, she gave the room an impression of freshness. I simply thought how great it would be for winter to have some women wearing printed floral brights when the little black dress reigns.

Q Do you feel there is a sense of yesterday in the romanticism of your collection, in the rich mixes of panne velvets, paisley patterns, tapestry wools and long silhouettes?

A I never think in terms of fin-de-siècle, Belle Epoque, or Edwardian elegance. It's nothing as literal as that, although people say I am an intellectual designer. I feel my job is to convey, in any collection, a sense of opulent fantasy, to extend my liquid draping technique, to give sophisticated, sensual concepts. *("View" continued on page 122)*

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VIEW

High-voltage CAROL CHANNING

As Lorelei Lee and Dolly Levi, she is famous worldwide. Yet, onstage and off, Carol Channing's personal style fuses drama, humor—and her own strong individuality. In private life, Channing (Mrs. Charles Lowe) wears Jean Muir, Perry Ellis sweaters and skirts, Galanos for formal, grand-gala evenings. "I look best in very tailored clothes, even at night. I would wear my black and white Galanos chiffon (sketch, *right*), what I call my Priscilla Alden look, to the White House."

By day, Stephen Sprouse provides her new "uniform," in what she calls "alarming, screaming blues, neon greens. Sprouse has great dignity," notes Channing. "You don't have to be a motorcycle kid from the West Side to wear his clothes. I find the tailoring is impeccable, perfect, and I like all the new wild-style colors, which I think even a dowager queen could wear. I intend to wear my fluorescent-green jacket and trousers (sketch, *above left*) from the set of *The Love Boat* to the Christian Science Mother Church in Boston, which I attend when I'm in that city." (This fall's will be her sixth *Love Boat* guest appearance; she will also be seen, this season, in CBS-TV's *Alice in Wonderland* mini-series.) Her dramatic evening Sprouse: a silver leather "Noel Coward" trenchcoat with hip-hugging slim jeans of the same leather. "I fell in love with that," she says, "but it is only for the opera on opening night. And only if it rains."

By day, Channing likes traditional classics with strong proportions. Besides Perry Ellis schoolgirl blazers and coachman coats for television appearances or press luncheons, she wears what she calls her favorite "strictly tailored" Hardy Amies suit. For private-life dressing, she pairs her favorite last-year's Sonia Delaunay sweaters from Perry Ellis with new stirrup-leg trousers in black that she found while strolling through a California department store. "For movies, Off-Off Broadway, or casual evenings, I pull on my Ellis sweaters and wear my favorite Jean Muir leather trenchcoat with boldly proportioned sleeves and shoulders over that. Jean Muir is a great clothes designer for me because she is able to make clothes that blend perfectly with my extreme characteristics. Her clothes in mammoth sizes look normal on me. I can easily take mammoth proportions although I am not a tall model size."

As she travels year-round, nonstop, she bases her wardrobe on a lending system that's worked from her California home. "I have a whole room there just for clothes. I call my secretary and say '9B' or '1A' and she then sends out complete turnouts by overnight express. Everything is catalogued, from shoes to ear clips." *("View" continued on page 124)*

MATS GUSTAVSON

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VIEW

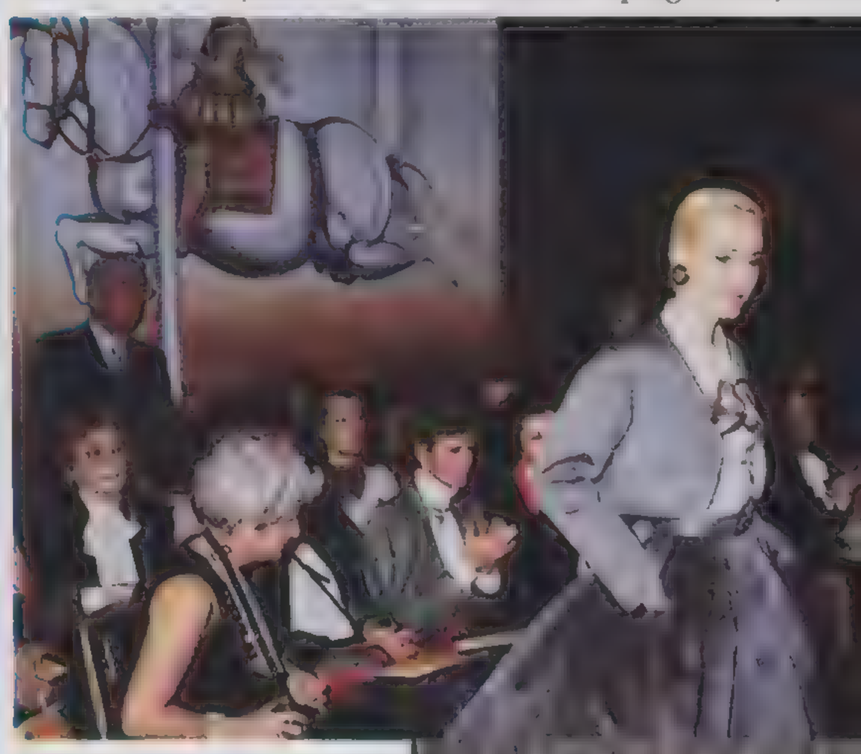
NEWSWATCH: Grés

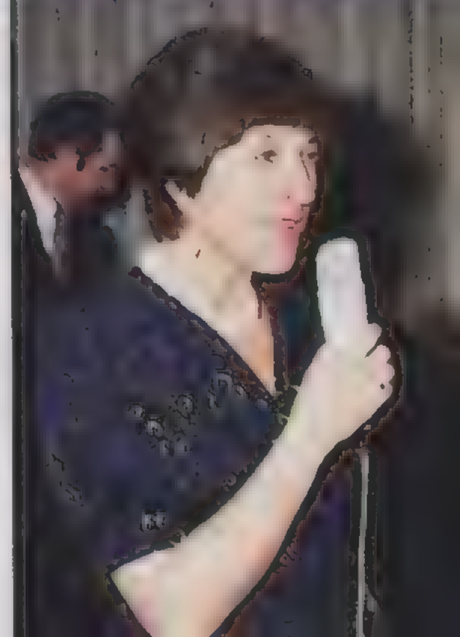
Soir, a first ready-to-wear collection of Grés evening concepts to be sold in the USA. "It captures the purity she is known for in couture," says Charles Gallay, of Charles Gallay, Beverly Hills, who bought the line in a big way.

Fashion Ambassador

My job is to build a transatlantic bridge between the U.S.A. and Austria in every facet—fashion, commerce, culture," says Helene von Damm-Gürtler, U.S. Ambassador to Austria, who invited Geoffrey Beene to show his collection in Vienna earlier this year. "It's the first time an American designer's work has been seen in a show here, as Vienna is not so directly linked to U.S. fashion." Beene traveled to Vienna with eight models for two shows at the American Embassy, his fourth ambassadorial trek to Europe (he showed at U.S. embassies in Rome, Paris, and Brussels in 1977, 1978—American firsts.) "There's always an exhilaration after these shows," says Beene. "Vienna is a gracious city, with what's very much like nineteenth-century living, today. The architecture is endless in fascination. It's a literary city of bookshops, a city steeped in tradition, a city that enjoys itself."

("View" continued on page 126)





Top: Geoffrey Beene with models en route to Vienna; *above*, in the American Embassy, the Beene fashion show. Hostess, *right*: Helene von Damm-Gürtler, U.S. Ambassador to Austria

HELENE TRAN KIM, STEFAN LIEWEHR

HARRY BENSON.

Who's got the best fitting jeans in these parts?

Levi's 505® pre-shrunk, zipper fly jeans give all your major moving parts a little more room to move.

Levi's Super Straight jeans, on the other hand, start a bit snugger around this part and get a lot snugger off to the left. But these are just two of the different fits you can get with great-fitting Levi's jeans.

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VIEW

people in fashion are talking about what's coming...

Choices: setting up a fall season...new designer moves, a world of shops...the ultimate in watches, hair jewels...what's coming: future fabric, great "sports"

New pleasures: One enormously attractive, evolving fashion thought of the moment clearly has to do with a changing look to hair...and what seems best, consistently, is hair with a bit more length, a shape that's softer. To hold it, new hair ornaments—wonderfully flirty "jewels"—are coming to add glamour to nighttime hair. Two charmers, at Paris collections: At YSL, a full-blown "flower" in black velvet and rhinestones; at Chanel, a black sequin headband held a pert sequined bow. By day, for Chanel cashmere sweaters and grey flannel trousers, Karl Lagerfeld tied a strip of cashmere around models' hair: a charming "ornament" idea, easily translatable almost anywhere....

Hikers never had it like this: One appealing, whimsical new handbag shape is that of a familiar knapsack...and new "knapsack" and backpack bags, now, are showing up in everything from gold leather to Sonia Rykiel's mock fur. One Maud Frizon "knapsack" comes in tapestry-weave fabric. Frizon was inspired, it seems, by the décor of her Italian country home—and new tapestry dining-room chair covers....

Once, sarong skirts meant strictly hot-weather dressing, the look of islands, Balinese prints, Dorothy Lamour. No longer: great "sarongs"—long, lean, fully wrappable—are coming for winter. Donna Karan does hers in charcoal-grey cashmere; Anne Klein's, for night, comes in paisley-print lamé. Ralph Lauren Roughwear has some of the best "country" ones around: neat, long sarong skirts—in rugged suede or Indian blanket-weave woolens.

People are talking about what's coming—quite specifically, talking about fall dressing. And after all the clothes are shown, after the designer bows and runway hoopla, now the second-guessing begins: What will women want, very much, to buy? One early winner, seemingly, are turtlenecks—and you'll find them in a host of new versions—small, fitted wool jerseys as a base for dressing or Ralph Lauren's standout gold or velvet turtlenecks. Gianfranco Ferre's "turtleneck": a heavy crepe white shirt with simple black pants for streamlined evening dressing; Comme des Garçons makes their sweater knee-length, with "Comme des Garçons" spelled out on the back. Teamed with a full tulle skirt, the notion is amusement by night. Even Capezio, this fall, has come up with a turtleneck dance top. The season's other favorite idea? Hoods—turning up on body suits, leotards: an '85 way to dress, for working out....New finds? Raincoats—newly polished, lightweight, in a fabric that easily translates to evening dressing. Mary Jane Marcasiano's trench comes in gunmetal or golden silk; Ferre's in fur-lined red taffeta. Ralph Lauren's trench in gold satin came down the runway over black velvet stirrups, for night.

"Now, the second-guessing begins: what will women want, very much, to buy?"

New York's Madison Avenue, it seems, each week becomes more of an international bazaar. What's new, now: a first New York City Krizia shop, right next to Ungaro. That means everything from whimsically knitted Krizia sweaters to fragrance to eyewear to men's and children's clothes—plus, of course: all the Krizia dressing pieces women invariably search out everywhere....Coming, too: come September, Isabel Canovas' uniquely decorative gloves, bags, belts, and "jewels," when the first Canovas shop in America opens on Madison Avenue. Even her signature smoky blue-glass decor is being exported to the new shop, a close replica of her popular Avenue Montaigne boutique in Paris....Shoppers in Paris this summer will find changes at Hermès—a revamped department with chic grey ostrich-lined cabinets, a brand-new collection of Hermès jewelry and watches there. A smaller number of those pieces will be sold, too, in the U.S.: chunky link bracelets, necklaces in silver or gold, new earrings, cufflinks, tank sports watches.

Great fakes: Big, fuzzy, they are the furthest things possible from authentically "animal," but fake fur coats are bringing extra delight to the coming fall/winter season in a variety of interesting, amusing "furry" shapes. Fake fur may translate, now, as anything from a psychedelic purply-pink anorak at Thierry Mugler to big shawl-collared "tiger" coats at Norma Kamali to black quilting that reverses to Sonia Rykiel's own version of polar bear. There are big jackets, cozy coats, new capes. In colorful stripes, Karl Lagerfeld works a brand-new synthetic from Japan—called Furtastic—in his new American sportswear collection. Unlike the other kinds of fuzzies around, this is an authentic "mink" look-alike.

Fine times: The demand for sophisticated sports watches keeps growing; for night, bejeweled versions of men's-style "sports" show up on women everywhere. That might be an onyx-faced Piaget Polo with diamond-trimmed bracelet, a gold-and-diamond Concord Centurion: fine watchmakers nearly all have their own version, increasingly ornate. One new Rolex Oyster comes with some fifty emeralds on the bezel, a pavé-diamond face with emerald markers at six and nine. In a man's size, with almost four carats of diamonds on the band, the price: about $81,500. For serious sports. —KATHLEEN MADDEN

Photo: Peter Leifer

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PAUL MITCHELL SYSTEMS

Calvin Klein Footwear

SOMETHING DIFFERENT IS HAPPENING IN FASHION THIS FALL...

. . .and it opens the door to a whole new way of dressing. To appreciate the difference, you have to think back to last fall. . .to what was essentially a season of menswear dressing; a season of pinstriped grey flannel trousers with oversized, overscaled jackets and coats; a season whose prevailing attitude was often described as "androgynous." What you're going to see this fall—something very different; fashion has taken a turn in another direction. And what you're going to see throughout this issue, the changes that count most.

What signals change first, fast—and it's the season's biggest difference—the new shape, the new close-to-the-body line of clothes, of *all* clothes (some, of course, "closer" than others, depending on the designer). This idea of shape changes everything: the way clothes look, the way they feel, the way they fit. The pieces may sound familiar—you'll still read about jackets and coats, skirts and pants—but they bear little resemblance to the classic definitions of those words. If you're looking for new answers to dressing, day and night, you can find them.

A good place to start looking—with jackets. The reason: their continued role as key elements in dressing. Most of us rely on a jacket to give a look finish, a certain presence. The news: the jackets to rely on for fall have been transformed by shape—they are not blazers or man-tailored jackets; they are not like anything you already own.

The newest jacket is shaped, small-fitting, with line that starts at the shoulder—rounded or squared-off. More often than not, it's a short jacket—a bolero that stops just above the waist, or an at-the-waist jacket. Sometimes, a waist-length blouson, but a much more controlled version.

The season's other jacket—a longer, fitted jacket, small on the body, "holding" the hip, to mid-thigh or finger-tip length. In either case, short or long, it's a jacket with a distinctly different shape and it instantly sets up a different look, a different proportion.

The change in coats: not only a difference in shape, but a change in the whole concept of "coat dressing." This season, a coat stands on its own as key piece; it doesn't have to match up with a skirt or pants to "make a look." Instead, coats are outstanding for their individuality, their strong presence, for their availability, as well as for their new shape. Indications of shape: line that starts (again, always!) at the shoulder—a rounded or squared shoulder; with a deeper armhole, narrowness through the body.

Proving to be early winners: the new shorter coats—the legginess of a new knee-length coat. . .or, more prevalent, more versatile—the new 7/8-length coat. The other coat length for day—below-the-calf, and at its best in two distinct new shapes. One, more tailored—a double-breasted coat, small through the waist, softly skirted. The other, a less-tailored, softer coat—a coat that wraps the body. But for all the softness, there's still a definite shoulder line, still a definite shape: it's the season's signature.

The differences in coats, in jackets are the most apparent. But no less significant, no less striking, the changes happening underneath. If this can be described as a season of body-consciousness, this is where it really starts—right on the body, and it starts with what can be called a new "base" of dressing. The idea: to achieve a long, lean unbroken line that focuses on the body in a new and very shapely way. The means to that end? It begins. . . with a new small-fitting top—a body-close sweater or T-shirt, or a new body suit (not a simple leotard, but an element designed specifically for shape, for line). Or—and it's the top you see nine times out of ten—a new turtleneck, also redesigned, carefully shaped.

Also part of a new base of dressing: the season's new narrower pants. How narrow—everything from second-skin knit leggings to long-lined stirrup pants to lean, ankle-cropped pants. But when all is said and done, the best new pants—the pants you're really going to want, to count on—are new narrowed, tapered trousers, often with a high waist (another of the season's body-defining devices).

Another way to achieve this new narrowness of line: with the right skirt. What looks best for day: a narrow, just-above-the-knee skirt, high-waisted or hip-slung. Where skirts are concerned, there is no in-between: the only other day length that looks new, that works with the other new proportions—a below-the-calf skirt (the best length for a sarong or wrap skirt). If you come across a skirt in a nondescript, "nowhere" length, it's a skirt to avoid.

Heightening the sense of change this fall—in all categories of dressing—different textures used differently. One reason: It's a season where fabrics have to provide definition and control; at the same time, they have to provide the ease and freedom of movement we expect from modern fashion. The fabric that does all of the above, and does it best—jersey; it's the star of the season, day and night. A close second, cashmere.

The other consideration: the more feminine, more romantic nature of the season. Partly in reaction to the sea of menswear fabrics that's been everywhere; partly, a natural desire for something new—and you find textures that are richer, highly ornamental. You find velvet and panne velvet, paisley and quilted paisley, fur and fake fur, tapestries, brocades, upholstery fabrics, gold-threaded fabrics. And you find them day and night, which is another important difference: the distinction between what's a strictly day and what's an evening-only fabric has blurred; there's a more sophisticated approach at work. The result: The most "basic" day skirt can be in black velvet; the newest dinner suit, black leather; and a paisley brocade jacket can become an anytime accessory.

Evening dressing offers clear-cut choices this fall. But out of all the ways to look at night, there are two important—different—"schools of thought": one, more tailored; the other, more body-conscious. In both cases, there's an underlying simplicity of shape transformed by the most luxurious, most opulent fabrics. It almost goes without saying: evening fabrics are always described as luxurious, opulent. The truth is, they have never been as ornamental as they are this season: beaded coupe de velours, velvet embroidered with gold lace, brocade with sequins, to name just a few. Where you see the most remarkable interpretations—a key to dressing at night—is in the season's new ornamental evening jackets.

This new sense of ornamentation isn't for evening only: clearly, one of the delights, one of the changes this fall, is a constant enrichment. Not surprising: against a base of sleek dressing, you want the play of wide, heavy gold cuffs or an armful of gold coin bracelets. . . against an unbroken line of dark color—the predominant look for day—you want the break of a jewel-toned leather glove, or the lift of a gold-embossed reptile bag. The temptation, the danger: going too far. The most obvious temptation (danger) has to do with the new hats you find everywhere. There have always been hats "in fashion"; this fall they have moved into real-life dressing, in a big way. With the right look—one that isn't too "done"—and with the right face, they can be charming; especially a soft velvet beret, a fake-fur toque. The idea: to know when to stop.

Every fashion season has to be qualified in some way; each one has its share of ups and downs. But it's fair to say that this fall there has been a shift in mood; a shift to a more appealing, more immediately engaging way of dressing, and it has made a difference. It's the difference between a woman wearing a too-big-for-her jacket and a strict trouser skirt, with a flat, lace-up shoe, and with hair definitely on the short side—a common enough image last fall—and a woman in a small-fitting black jersey turtleneck with a jersey sarong skirt to match . . .a high-heeled suede pump. . . and with hair, definitely longer, softer, "finished"—it's the image of a woman in fall '85. . .and it tells you everything you need to know about the season ahead.

From Geoffrey Beene: a wool coat with the news of the season—round-collared, fractions longer than seven-eighths in length, in a welcome shot of color. What's revealed when it comes off: very fitted dressing—his red cuffed cashmere sweater; a black satin-backed wool skirt. Coat fabric, Garigue. Skirt fabric, Corisia. Turnout, about $2720. August at Altman's; Nan Duskin; Montaldo's; Rich's; Frost Bros.; I. Magnin. What goes with it, close up: a few accessories of individual impact. Bracelet, Richard Minadeo. Bag, Aldo Zanette. . . . *Beauty Note:* The makeup that goes with it—soft, natural. From Estée Lauder: a hint of Sunlit Apricot on lips. These twelve pages: Hair, John Sahag; makeup, Kevyn Aucoin. Details, more stores, last pages.

newyork: A revelation! A sophisticated new approach to dressing, day and night, focusing on complete looks composed of movable pieces that reveal more knockout new pieces underneath. On these twelve pages: the best new total looks, with the individual elements—the fashion, the beauty, and the ornamentation—that go into their creation . . .

a revealing new approach

Andrea Blanch

a revealing new approach

The evolution of a body suit, its range and capabilities expanded by unexpected luxury...

Master of the leanest layer: Donna Karan. It's the hinge of a whole new —and first solo—collection; it's a body suit knit in deep grey cashmere. What turns it into perfect dinner dressing: the matching long, lean, sarong skirt that ties over it. Donna Karan New York. Top, about $450. Skirt, about $550. Bergdorf Goodman; Saks-Jandel; Linda Dresner, Troy MI; Balliet's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. What else goes on, close up: two huge cuffs by Wendy Gell, Carlos Falchi's floral gloves. Hanes panty stockings by Oleg Cassini.... *Beauty Note:* The makeup—barely there, it's so natural. From Christian Dior: sheer Bonbon glossing the lips, pale Irisé Rose on eyes. Details, more stores, see next to last pages.

Andrea Blanch

a revealing new approach

A key item in dressing right now: a coat with real tailoring, a coat with real shaping...

In a season of coats—one of the most directional: Ralph Lauren's square-shouldered, double-breasted cashmere beauty that's slightly shaped, a little more controlled. Revealed underneath: more closer-to-the-body shaping—his quite beautiful black silk velvet stirrup pants, his black cashmere turtleneck. Coat, about $1290. Sweater, about $378. Pants, about $278. August at Barneys New York; Polo/Ralph Lauren, Princeton NJ; Hutzler's, Baltimore MD; Polo/Ralph Lauren, Dallas and Houston. The additions, close up: a collection of bracelets, Rolex watch, Carlos Falchi's reptile gloves on hand to break the dark coloring.... *Beauty Note:* The makeup, from Ralph Lauren: a little Peach Sherbet Delicate lip color, a hint of Apricot on cheeks. Details, last pages.

Andrea Blanch

a revealing new approach

Very racy dressing, created out of Stephen Sprouse's terrific new take on a motorcycle jacket, *right*: zippered black crushed velvet. With it, a wonderful straight skirt sitting just below the waist, matching the jacket in zippered black crushed velvet. What's revealed underneath, *left*: his revealing version of a twin set—a silk chiffon tank and matching zippered T-shirt. Jacket, about $335. Skirt, about $150. T-shirt, about $110. Tank, about $80. Late September at Bloomingdale's; Nikki, Framingham MA; Ultimo, Chicago; Linda Dresner, Troy MI; Maxfield, Los Angeles. More raciness, close up: studded gloves, a studded belt, silvery bracelets. Gloves, La Crasia for Givenchy. Belt, Stephen Sprouse. . . . *Beauty Note:* The terrific new makeup, from Germaine Monteil—sheer Sunny Sienna on cheeks, an equally light touch of Pink Lights on eyes. Details, more stores, see next to last pages.

Knockout day/night dressing, separating to reveal an essentially evening element: a twin set that simply veils the skin...

Andrea Blanch

Irresistible: Calvin Klein's cocoon of a coat, in deep black velvet, with the length—and the hood—of the season. Equally compelling: his way with a turtleneck—in wool jersey, slightly padded, zippered up the back—it's that controlled—with his beautifully controlled slender wool barathea trousers. Coat, about $870. Top, about $130. Pants, about $300. September at Lord & Taylor; Filene's; Nan Duskin; Marshall Field's; Balliet's; Nordstrom, Seattle. ...Perfect complements, close up: the poetic charm of a beret; the lift of gleaming bracelets. Hat, Whittall and Shon. Coin bracelets, Isaac Manevitz for Ben-Amun....*Beauty Note:* An irresistible way to look—eyes defined with Revlon's black Super Rich Mascara; hair shined with Terme di Montecatini's new restorative conditioning treatment. Details, more stores, last pages.

A wonderful, softer, shorter coat; the quintessential black turtleneck; the best pants afoot—together, dressing that blurs the distinction between day and dinner...

a revealing new approach

Andrea Blanch

A riveting new way to look at night: a gem of a jacket, coming off to reveal a truly revealing, and truly enchanting, evening blouse...

From Geoffrey Beene: the key to his collection—a remarkable little bolero jacket, in black panne velvet ornamented with a gold medallion design, and reversing to gold Lurex striped panné velvet. When the jacket's off: the emblazoned motif repeated on his transparent silk chiffon top, tucked into his terrific silk black skirt—one of the best in town!—that hitches at the waist and shifts its length charmingly at the hemline. Fabrics: black velvet, Yves Gonnet; silk skirt , Marcel Banziger. Turnout, about $3645. September at Saks Fifth Avenue; Balliet's; Carrick's, Denver; Amen Wardy, Newport Beach CA. A dazzling finish, close up: "gold" earrings, gold-dotted gloves. Earrings, Mark Davis for Byzantium. Gloves, Daniel Silver....

Beauty Note: In makeup, the softer look extends into the night—Alexandra de Markoff's gentle Sienna Frost lips. For details, see last pages of this issue.

Andrea Blanch

a revealing new approach

shoes...

Reflecting the character of the season—and going farther: evening shoes that are nothing less than remarkable . . . for their luxury, for the level of ornamentation, for their unique, almost jewel-like quality. Even the words that apply evoke a different sensibility: tapestries and brocades, appliqués, beading, rich suedes, black-with-gold. On these six pages, the most romantic variations (and a rundown, a few pages ahead, on a standout shoe season, in general). . . . Perfect symbol of the romance, the pure delight of shoes this season, *left*: an evening pump in rose-colored, rose-patterned tapestry—the graceful shaping, the curved heel, the full-blown rose—everything about it is totally beguiling. Paradox by Zalo designed by Moya Bowler. About $105. Macy's, Herald Square and Houston; Joseph, Memphis TN and Chicago IL; Nordstrom, Los Angeles. Ruhlmann pedestal from the Primavera Gallery, New York. . . . Unmistakable—the heightened sense of ornamentation, the romantic character of the shoes, *right*—a mosaic of burnished, jewel-color leather appliqués, with a new slender toe, shaped heel, and the finishing touch—ribbon ties of blue silk! Shoes, Paradox by Zalo designed by Moya Bowler. About $118. Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC; Sakowitz; I. Magnin. Fortuny Delphos dress, from the collection of Mark Walsh. The seventeenth-century Flemish tapestry and pillows from Doris Leslie Blau.

romantic in nature

Sheila Metzner

Expression of a more decorative approach to shoes: the use of brocades and tapestries. From Walter Steiger, *above*, a beautiful gold-threaded floral brocade...and a beautiful new-shape pump. About $250. Walter Steiger, Madison Avenue, NYC; Burdines; Joseph, Memphis TN and Chicago; I. Magnin....In any season, there's a demand for a wonderful black evening shoe. A standout, *right*, from Yves Saint Laurent Footwear: a perfect black satin pump, the pleated crepe de Chine fan "tongue" held by a strip of rhinestones. And a new stocking of sheer black patterned with gold feathers. Shoes, about $162. Delman at Bergdorf Goodman; Neiman-Marcus, Los Angeles; I. Magnin. Stockings, Voila by Crystal Creations. About $15. Altman's; Neiman-Marcus; Sakowitz. Details, more stores, last pages this issue. *Above*, the pink Fortuny Delphos dress, and *right*, gilt-stenciled black velvet Fortuny coat—both, from the collection of Mark Walsh. Bugatti chair, *right*, from the Primavera Gallery, NYC.

irresistible in appeal...

Sheila Metzner

In a season of ornamentation, nothing has more impact than black-with-gold; it's a combination you find everywhere. At its most compelling: at Andrea Pfister where black-and-gold in luxurious textures is worked out in a variety of memorable evening shoes. Including the glorious, high-heeled pumps here.... *Above left*: Patterns of metallic reptile and rich, deep black suede. About $322. Delman at Bergdorf Goodman; Loretta Blum, Dallas; Capriccio, Scottsdale AZ and La Jolla CA; Amen Wardy, Newport Beach CA.... *Above right*: Appliqués of gold scrollwork on black. About $322. Delman at Bergdorf Goodman; Loretta Blum, Dallas; Amen Wardy, Newport Beach CA; I. Magnin.... And, *right*, the ultimate black-and-gold evening shoe—a high-heeled, closed-toe sandal, patterned in black and gold bugle beads and sequins! About $420. Bloomingdale's; Marshall Field's; Amen Wardy, Newport Beach CA. Gilt-stenciled Fortuny evening coat, from the collection of Mark Walsh.

By now it should be clear: this is an outstanding shoe season. Beyond the ornamentation and sense of luxury—all very evident on these pages—there's a marked change in everything from shape to color to texture. To begin with—and it's a big difference—shoes are distinctly feminine, un-heavy. Heels, whether flat or high, are beautifully shaped, never overpowering. Toes are slender, graceful.... Colors are rich, deep—wonderful jewel tones; most notable, most prevalent: purple, in all its variations, all textures, day and night .... Textures, themselves, have never been more appealing. Whether you're looking at evening shoes—tapestries, brocades, beading, satin—or at day. The most important texture, in fact, goes day and night—rich, deep-piled suede. Also noteworthy: reptiles—alone or with suede....As for evening—and these pages are certainly indicative—you'll find shoes at their most inventive, most enticing. What's here is only the beginning....More of a change: the news for legs. The key: a definite subtlety. For day, soft muted colors, subdued textures...in paisleys and foulards...geometric patterns in sheer and opaque mixes...tapestry stripes and florals. For evening, the same subtlety, with an emphasis on dark coloring and on luxury: laces updated with gold and silver Lurex or with the addition of color...or sheer, shimmered stockings with delicate floral or leaf or feather patterns.

...a dramatic difference for fall

Sheila Metzner

milan: a

What you see in Milan: the season's key themes—narrowness, fitted shapes, changing proportions; a new genre of coat and jacket dressing. The same components as everywhere else, but they add up differently here. Here, there's a stronger beat, a certain racier charm. The message—fast—on these two pages in one of the best, prophetic ideas of the season: a new standard of dinner-evening dressing that turns the look and ease of day into festive-but-undemanding evening with rich fabrics and ornamentation. And nobody does it better than Giorgio Armani. *This page*, his small-fitting black velvet top with embroidered, jeweled gold lace at the sleeves, tucked into narrow wool trousers lightly threaded with gold. Giorgio Armani Couture. Top, about $1100. Trousers, about $600. Sept. at Giorgio Armani Boutique, NYC; Burdines, Coconut Grove FL; Hattie; Ultimo, Chicago; I. Magnin,

Opposite: Symbol of the distinctly different look (feel!) of jackets now, in black-and-white-checked silk shined with square, clear sequins, a strong-shouldered, body-close (constants in the new shapes) mid-thigh jacket. Here, over Armani's perfect black velvet stirrup pants that cover the shoe. Underscoring the raciness: the white leather "ghette" (spats) under many of his pants. Giorgio Armani Couture. Jacket, about $2844. Pants, about $895. To order at Giorgio Armani Boutique, NYC. ...These fourteen pages: hair, Oribe, NYC; makeup, Lydia Snyder. Details, last pages.

different slant

King

More of Giorgio Armani's impeccable tailoring, *this page*, the long, lean, polished look of a square-shouldered, fly front (news!) wool jacket, belted over a white and black-striped silk blouse and black wool trousers that are narrow and tapered, but soft. Jacket and pants, about $1200. Shirt, about $450. Giorgio Armani Couture. September at Bergdorf Goodman. And, *opposite*, from another outstanding collection by another master tailor, Gianfranco Ferre, a new definition of a grey flannel suit. The jacket that opened his show (it came out over pants): big, soft shoulders, nipped lightly at the waist, buttoned all the way from the small black collar to mid-thigh. Here, over a straight, short leggy skirt slit in front. (With all the legginess, black or dark semi-opaque stockings toned to high or low heeled shoes.) Jacket and skirt, about $1465. Late August at Saks Fifth Avenue; Nan Duskin; Marshall Field's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Gianfranco Ferre Boutique at Torie Steele, Beverly Hills. Details, more stores, last pages.

King

milan: a different slant

milan: a different slant

King

There's no way you could put on one of these long, sleek, close-to-the-body jackets and feel the way you would in a classic blazer or one of last season's oversized jackets. Case in point, *left*, Krizia's feminine, fast-track brown-and-black tweed—long, collarless, very fitted, with a fly front. Adding to the raciness, a small, straight skirt of textured leather. There were strongly textured fabrics, stenciling, embossing, and stamping everywhere. Jacket, about $475. Skirt, about $550. Krizia Boutiques at Bergdorf Goodman; Loretta Blum, Dallas; Torie Steele, Beverly Hills . . . .

The ultimate texture: fur! Real and faux, it kept appearing. *Right*: Fendi's long, rounded-over-the-hip jacket in black Persian lamb and—in a season when pants went from leg-hugging to narrow-but-soft—the skinniest suede pants. Jacket, about $7000. Pants, about $595. Turnout at Bergdorf Goodman; Saks Jandel (mid-Sept.). Jacket at Neiman-Marcus, Los Angeles (mid-Sept.). Details, last pages.

milan: a different slant

There was no middle ground; jackets were very long or very short; just above or below the waist. In both lengths, the line was substantially the same: starting with strong shoulders, then moving closer to the body. More news in jackets and coats: collars and lapels are important, detailed, decorative; shaped in shawls, scarves, hoods. *Opposite page:* Gianni Versace's new-length black-and-white coat has a long, double collar, strongly shaped lapels. Underneath, the prevailing narrow black wool gabardine trousers. Jacket, about $795. Trousers, about $279. Turnout September at Gianni Versace Boutique, San Francisco. Jacket at Altman's; Gianni Versace Boutique, Miami; Claire Pearone, Troy MI. Trousers at The Gazebo, Dallas; Gianni Versace Boutique, Scottsdale AZ.

The most attractive short jackets were sometimes curved, sometimes straight at the bottom, often full in back. And, when they were in coating fabrics, looked like perfect, precisely tailored short coats...a concept very much around. *This page:* Gianni Versace's cropped short, dolman-sleeve jacket in navy wool gabardine, with a matching longer skirt that hitches, holds the body; and a hooded sweater. There were hoods on scarves, dresses, coats, everything! Jacket and skirt, about $780. September at Gianni Versace Boutique, NYC, Miami and Bal Harbour FL; Scottsdale AZ; Divino, Boston; The Gazebo, Dallas. For fashion details, more stores, last pages this issue.

King

milan: a different slant

One of the season's strengths: the new coats! Attractive, polished, light years from classic shapes, classic looks. The most versatile were a knee-grazing length, strong shouldered, ample but not oversized, with prominent, uniquely designed collars. *Left:* A soft-look, soft-shape wool/alpaca coat with a high cowl collar, a drawstring back, by Gianfranco Ferre ...in turquoise. Except for the bright coats, color here was deep, sophisticated, and sparingly used. Coat, about $1450. Bergdorf Goodman; Hirshleifer's, Forest Hills and Manhasset NY; Rich's, Marshall Field's; and Neiman-Marcus.

By Mario Valentino, another new-shape coat, *right*, hooded, in saffron shearling (more news!)...perfect proportion over dark suede skinny pants; over a short, slim skirt or dress. Coat, about $1100. Pants, about $400. Late Aug. at Bergdorf Goodman; Ultimo, Chicago; Holt Renfrew of Canada. Details, see last pages.

Standout of the season's abbreviated-coat jackets, Gianfranco Ferre's, *this page*, in fleecy "wool" melton—soft, full-sleeved, rounded—with interesting to-the-hem lapels. On the narrow black leather trousers, the high waist that prevails on pants and skirts. At Ferre, the high waists had a terrific hold-and-give on the body, sometimes achieved by tiny elasticized inserts. . . a small but potent difference. Jacket, about $1375. Pants, about $675. Turnout, late July at Bergdorf Goodman; Ultimo, Chicago. Jacket at Hirshleifer's, Forest Hills and Manhasset NY. Pants at I. Magnin.

And from Complice, *opposite*, a short wool jacket, rounded in the shoulder, with a black corduroy collar and black leather trim, in a black-white plaid over narrow wool pants—cropped and cuffed—in another pattern. Jacket, about $430. Pants, about $350. Bergdorf Goodman; Suzy, Great Neck NY; Serenella, Boston; Claire Pearone, Troy MI; Neiman-Marcus; Apropos, Newport Beach and Woodland Hills, CA. Details, more stores, last pages.

milan: a different slant

Regardless of whether color is or is not a strong element of the season, you always see strong color at Missoni—it's integral to the design. *Opposite page*: Their amazing jewel-colored wool mohair knit coat falling in a generously cut line from big shoulders. The narrowness underneath (a constant!): matching tights. Coat about $1585. Available mid-July at Missoni Boutique, NYC; Balliet's; Neiman-Marcus; Bullock's; I. Magnin; Nordstrom, Portland OR, Seattle WA.

And, in rich amethyst velvet, *this page*, Laura Biagiotti's jumpsuit (a way of dressing that keeps evolving). Here, a big collar that folds for a show of pink lining, a drawstring waist, narrow pants. About $690. Martha; Panache, Oakbrook and Chicago IL; Lou Lattimore, Dallas; Beaton's Scottsdale AZ; Amen Wardy, Newport Beach CA. Details, more stores, see next to last pages.

london: the modern romantics

Kate Harris

The Honourable Angela Rawlinson

There are elements at variance on the London scene today. A little Bloomsbury. A little Vita Sackville-West. A little Boy George, Betty Jackson, and Body Map. Add to that the cream of the season's titled young beauties, who despite their heritage have a distinctly modern outlook, plus a tradition of English chivalry complete with castles and kings, and you've got a sampling of the style coming from London 1985.

To be fair, London isn't a costume party. Not really. But year after year, it does seem to thrive on the British tradition of irreverent dress-up. The difference—proof is a stroll down any street—is that stylish young Londoners really *do* wear their clothes this way: with a proper regard for quality, and a bow to tradition well mixed with storybook charm. In fact, when it comes to creative inspiration, the young women on the scene are a prime source. And what you often find—young women whose centuries'-old titles co-exist with a totally twentieth-century life style: In the tapestry that's today's London, the Duke's daughter plays in a band.

The Honourable Angela Rawlinson, *left*, daughter of Lord and Lady Rawlinson of Ewell, and currently a drama student, is a perfect symbol for today's London spirit: her looks, classic; her personal style, that of a modern romantic. Typically, when not traveling, she haunts the Kings Row shops, pairing antique finds with Azzedine Alaïa. Turnout here, reminiscent of country walks and bridle paths: a fitted jacket, tweed jodhpurs tucked into saddle boots. Jacket and jodhpurs from John McIntyre. . . . Kate Harris, *above*, is another English beauty whose looks suggest dreaming spires and medieval romances (and, in fact, she's reading Classics at Trinity College, Cambridge), but whose taste in clothes is decidedly modern and runs to Issey Miyake and Katherine Hammnet. Here, in a tongue-in-cheek salute to the hunt, she's in Jasper Conran's classic red riding coat. Fashion details, last pages. These four pages: hair, Kerry Warn; makeup, Maggie Hunt. Backdrops, on all these four pages, by Graham Barkley.

Snowdon

london: the modern romantics

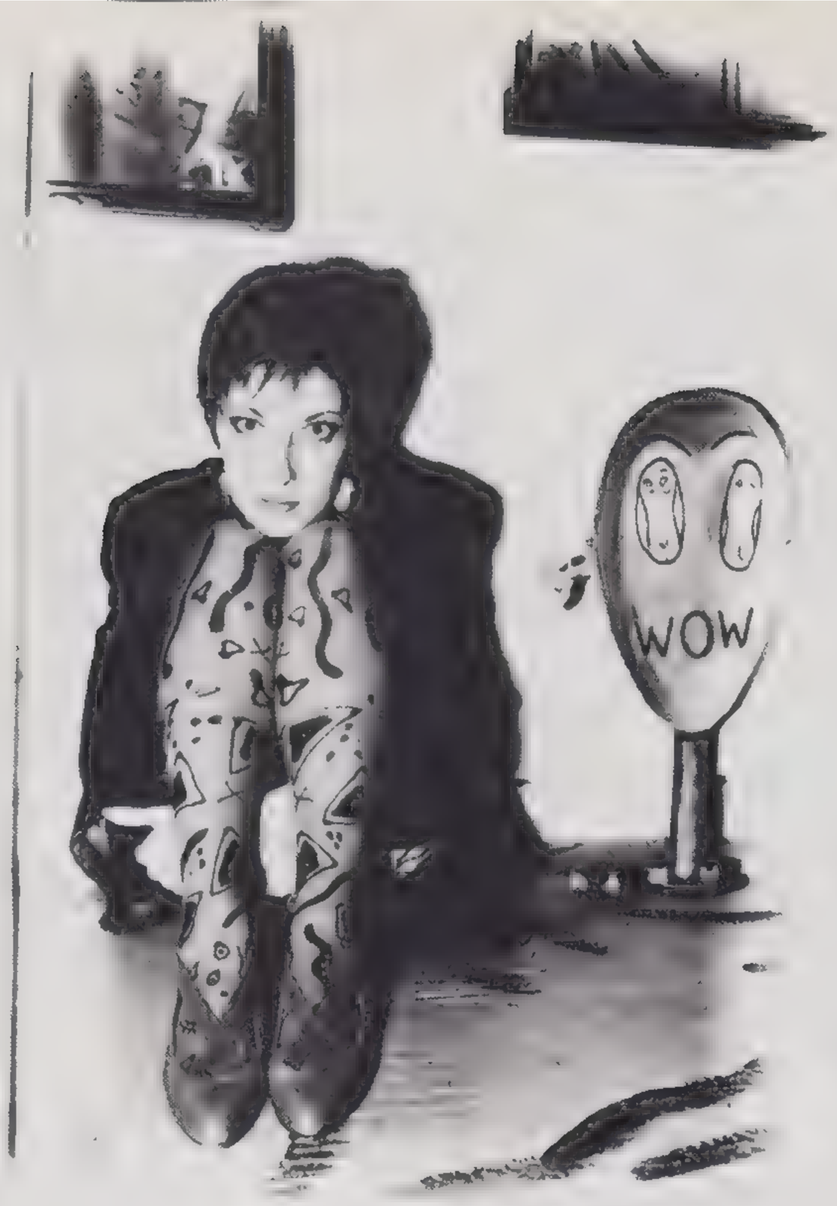
Kate Harris

Another aspect of London's creative ferment takes its cue from an increased awareness of the relationship between fashion and the decorative arts. It's a uniquely British style that begins with fashion, then extends to the whole environment with a richness of color and detail, depth of texture, a new appreciation of pure, unadulterated ornamentalism. And it's captured in the very individual style of young beauties like Kate Harris, *above*, in a setting that resembles Birnham Wood painted in Pre-Raphaelite colors, her silk paisley Jean Muir coat reflecting the same romantic tones. Embossed leather jodhpurs and leather top, also Jean Muir.... And, *right*, Lady Teresa Manners, daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Rutland and singer (with five friends) in a band called "The Business." Her look embraces a freewheeling diversity from Versace and Armani, to Maxfield Parrish, to Ralph Lauren. Here, against a background in the style of Bloomsbury's Omega Workshop, modern London style at its most fanciful: Rifat Ozbek's wool velours coat with a brocade under-collar; detachable "fur" muffs; Tom Binns's across-the-back pin. Fashion details, see last pages of this issue.

Lady Teresa Manners

Snowdon

1



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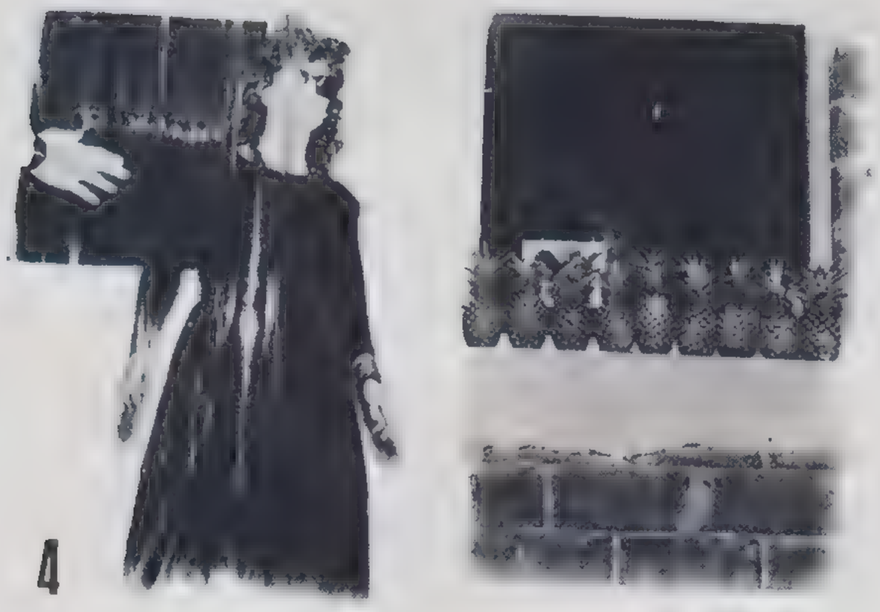
Art? Fashion? Business? "Downtown" is a sensibility shared by a new generation of artists (and camp followers), a rough beast slouching toward respectability. It now lives on Manhattan's Lower East Side, but it's spawned ideas from Madison Avenue to Milan



4

5

6

the downtown

7

By Margo Jefferson

(1) ***Prime East Village Real Estate:*** *Helen Miller, a longtime broker, says, "A building that used to be $15,000—old, broken-down, with no roof, no stairs, no plumbing, no electrical works—today they want $250,000, cash." (2)* ***Gracie Mansion****, the East Village's best-known gallery owner, named herself after Ed Koch's current domicile. She laughs, after hanging up the phone: "The guy wanted to know when he'd be able to see the mayor." (3) Bronnie Hindin co-owns* ***Retro Modern****, a 'sixties store where a lamp looks like lips and liquor cabinets like naked women. "Mod" is the hottest style for cultural cannibalization, but recent street sightings of Smiley Buttons portend a 'seventies revival. Invest in leisure suits. (4)* ***Hawaii Five-O****, a neighborhood bar with a great cast of regulars: a four-fingered Rastafarian tended bar and the bouncer was a gruff but gentle soul known as Ike the Dyke. Now it's an upscale restaurant with celebrity customers, blue drinks, a mesquite grill. (5)* ***Danitra Vance****, a character comic who recently completed a run at La Mama, believes "just doing comedy makes you politically more aware. You want to be sure they're laughing for one reason and not for another." (6)* ***Rodney Alan Greenblat****, in front of his work: "My work is about really attractive things. It looks like fun. It might not be fun, actually, but at first glance, it's about fun." (7) At Chandalier,* ***Ethyl Eichelberger*** *(center) stars in her "Mrs. Wiggs in the Cabbage Patch," a witty drag melodrama. She says, "Everyone in 'Mrs. Wiggs' does multiple work. It's collaborative, which is something very different from the 'sixties."*

At the start, it seemed a trifle absurd to me that the title of a Petula Clark song should be the name of a new art phenomenon. In fact, it's appropriate. "Downtown"—the phenomenon—is obsessed with mass culture of every kind: hip and corny, sanctified and sleazy. What now binds artists, critics, and the mass audiences once called the common people is a collective memory crammed with sit-coms, fashion photos, gossip rags, TV news, radio talk shows, Top Forty Lists, comics and cartoons, sci-fi and horror movies, Disneyland, pornography, chorus lines, and trade shows.

Traditionally, the avant-garde's companions have been disdain for the giddy commercial entertainments of consumer culture and contempt for its values. But envy often accompanies these emotions; commerce and convention command huge audiences. The result has generally been a standoff: High versus Low or Mass Culture; Art versus Junk; the Eternal Light of Immortality versus the temporal spotlight of Fame. But the last twenty years have wrought change. It was inevitable. When an irresistible force (an avant-garde reared in the heart of consumer culture) meets an immovable object (a consumer culture eager to understand and acquire art), something's got to give.

Go to the Whitney Museum of American Art Biennial and see the Kotex boxes, electric can openers, paper towels, and loaves of bread (Wonder, Home Pride, and Pepperidge Farm) mounted on the walls like emblems of an ancient civilization. Note that while painter Julian Schnabel basks in the kind of attention *(Continued on page 169)*

state of mind

Elaine Ellman

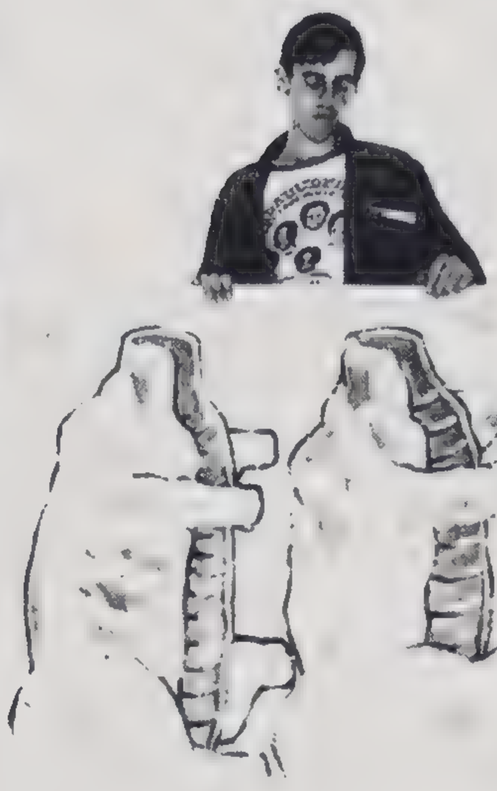
1

*(1) **Cornelius Conboy** and **Dennis Gattra** run 8 B.C., a nightclub known for its post-apocalyptic look and its wide-open approach to theater. Says Gattra, "We've brought performance artists and a lively audience together . . .finally." "It's the vaudeville tradition," adds Conboy. "It's 'The Ed Sullivan Show.' We've put on Chinese opera at 2:00 A.M." (2) Upscale Manhattan claims the farthest reaches of the East Village as its manifest destiny: **Anonymous Urban Pioneers** walk the not quite gentrified streets that once belonged to junkies. (3) **Carmel Johnson** and **Pilar Limosner** in their boutique, Batislavia. "What you wore," Carmel Johnson says, "used to say something about what you thought. Fashion doesn't say anything anymore, but I'm using it personally as a last retreat. It's all I have left." Pilar Limosner adds: "You can copy what I'm wearing today and mass-produce it and sell a million throughout the market, but tomorrow I'll be doing something different."*

2

The serious and the shallow get equal play Downtown. As Liberace said of Cyndi Lauper's wardrobe: "If you try to buy these so-called rags that she wears, they're very expensive"

3



4

*(4) Sur Rodney (Sur), a co-owner of Gracie Mansion gallery, and artist **David Wojnarowicz**, with his work. "I think the youngest artist who had a show down here was eleven years old. That's good," says Wojnarowicz, "because art really is just impulse and gesture. If you're thirty, it doesn't mean that you're any better than someone who's five." (5) Behind the bar at **The Pyramid Club**, a fun-filled disco/watering hole/performance space.*

5

the downtown state of mind

once reserved for rock stars, Police lead Sting, a rock *verité*, stalks high-art canonization. Downtown is a global village of styles, visions, and ambitions.

A literal map of Downtown would highlight the Lower East Side. The Ukrainian Liberation Front is across the street from the Orpheum Theatre, currently presenting the camp musical hit *Little Shop of Horrors*. The Turkish Baths are as venerable an institution as the Boys' Club. Bodegas, health food cafés, and Polish Home Cooking diners must coexist; so must flea-market stalls and smart boutiques. There's a sense of the boardwalk and the boulevard here. It's an urban collage, inspired by economic scarcity, social marginality, and creative improvisation. It's becoming a blend of museum and shopping center.

A walk across Tenth Street is a good introduction. You'll find grubby storefronts and discreetly handsome town houses; red and lavender bricks interrupting rows of functional brown. A banner inscribed "Two Dykes" (the title of a painting) waves a few doors down from a Church of Christ that advertises two services (one in Spanish, one in English). The tiny, meticulously decorated space that calls itself "The Oldest East Village Gallery of the New Wave, Established 1981" aspires to landmark status no less than the vast St. Mark's, the city's second oldest Episcopal Church, established between 1795 and 1799.

Every wall, or so it seems, is marked with images: dark graffiti hieroglyphics, supernatural birds and serpents, gleeful skulls and monster cats. A wall abutting a vacant lot is painted with totemic masks; nearby, an art gallery no larger than a tenement kitchen has covered its cement walls and floors with slogans and frieze-like figures. The floridly embellished wedding cakes in an Italian bakery, the floridly embellished jewelry in a new shop: both show the folk and commercial craftsman's will to adorn everyday objects. The neighborhood streets and their art sanctuaries are united in spirit, divided in investment value.

Because of this division, nothing is what it seems in the East Village. Grimy buildings that look like the ultimate in urban decay have been purchased by landlords eager to convert them into high-rent cooperatives. Are the black and Latin teenagers walking through Tompkins Square Park locals en route to the basketball court, or South Bronx graffitists on guest-worker-and-artist visas?

In any case, the now-famous New Wave fashions are everywhere: plastic jewelry, circus and streetwalker makeup; a foot-high Mohawk or a more conventional haircut dyed to mimic fun fur. Plaids, stripes, and lace comprise one outfit; army fatigues, a Brooks Brothers jacket, and a newsboy cap another. The black coat and boots of one boy are so architecturally severe that the black chair he carries on his back seems part of the ensemble. Like the streets, the costumes have attracted trendsetters and investors; a style devised in penury now yields high profits. As Liberace said of Cyndi Lauper's thrift shop wardrobe, "You know what? If you try to buy these so-called rags she wears, they're very expensive."

Our culture is a secular trinity of consumerism, technology, and media wizardry. Downtown can move uptown to Madison Avenue or Harlem, cross-borough to Brooklyn or Long Island City, or cross-continent to Paris and Milan as quickly as you can read *People* or watch *Entertainment Tonight*. Downtown has gone bigtime. Some call it cross-cooptation; others cross-fertilization. *Miami Vice*, the Indiana Jones movies, the windows of certain high-chic, high-cost shops: all have fed, and fed on, the downtown esthetic. The flamingos in the opening shots of *Miami Vice* are as riveting as the actors' faces. The tilt of Indiana Jones's handsome 1940s hat is far more riveting than the sound of his voice. Emotions and visuals are equalized; irony is ubiquitous.

How did the Lower East Side, once considered a rough outpost of New York civilization, become an arts center? In the late 1970s, it became increasingly clear that SoHo and TriBeCa, the reigning avant-garde capitals, were growing smug, plush, and rather staid. Artists noticed this first, when they lost their low-rent lofts to the professionals and businessmen who were drawn there by the scents of money, art, and fashion.

As SoHo-TriBeCa fugitives moved themselves and their work to a new neighborhood, they were met by a new generation. Such relocation is not a new phenomenon. It happened in Paris when artists congregated in Montmartre, then in Montpartnasse; it happened in Greenwich Village, Harlem, Haight-Ashbury, and early Hollywood. Real estate is cheap at a time when artists need a geographical and mythic space. That space always appears to be a wilderness at first—Drugs! Crime! A Resident, perhaps Hostile, Population!—and the Lower East Side, known as "Loisada" to its residents, was no exception. But despite its rough reputation in solid-citizen circles, it was well-chosen. Vigorous experimental arts centers like the St. Mark's Poetry Project, Ellen Stewart's La Mama Experimental Theater Club, and the Theater for the New City were securely established. So were the clubs and cafés and St. Mark's Bookstore, which gave shelter to a gifted, racially and culturally varied band of rebel-artists, some of whom had been closed out of the SoHo-TriBeCa elites.

Downtown's first controversial and marketable movement was Punk. Best-known as a look and a music, Punk took a Dead End Kids stance of anarchic rage. It spit in the face of bourgeois taste. Clothes were stripped of fine materials, lush colors, *(Continued on page 233)*

6

(6) At the Pyramid Club ***Miss Hapi Phace****—a.k.a. Mark Phred—gets ready to check coats and dance on the bar. (7)* ***Pat Hearn****, sitting in her gallery in front of a piece by Donald Baechler, comments on the East Village art explosion: "It's fashionable. A hundred years from now, there'll be a small handful of work that remains. I don't think it's really ever been any different."*

7

Elaine Ellman

SANDRINE BONNAIRE

These women are all French, and they are all actresses. They have recently played, in no particular order, a mad virgin, a virgin who gives birth, a tormented young nymphomaniac, a sensual girl martyrized by religious fanatics, a woman whose lover dies, and a nervous daughter. You'll count six parts for five women: that's because Sabine Azéma, the oldest and most successful, was in two major films last year and won the César (France's Oscar) for her role in Bertrand Tavernier's *A Sunday in the Country*. The spectrum of parts available to women in France is somewhat different, if not necessarily wider, than the American one (where it would read: a farmer's wife, a farmer's wife, a farmer's widow).

Four of them are very young: Sandrine Bonnaire and Emmanuelle Béart are eighteen, Isabelle Pasco is nineteen, and Myriem Roussel is twenty-three. Sabine Azéma is thirty-five. They all admire Nastassja Kinski, Fanny Ardant, and the younger ones are lyrical about Brigitte Bardot. Each of them expresses the contradictory insight that, while you must give yourself totally (passionately, entirely, without measure) to your work as an actress, acting is neither psychodrama, therapy, nor an opportunity to go insane.

It is within this contradiction that these actresses attempt to live, and most admit to spending time on little else than music, reading, or watching people when they are not acting. Pasco and Béart have not yet worked with great directors, and they express hope while waiting to find their makers. Roussel was formed by Jean-Luc Godard, and has an ironic cool that one could attribute to his influence. Bonnaire's first film was with Maurice Pialat, one of the great resigned depressives of the French cinema, and she is as honestly working class and down to earth as she must have been before her career began. You'd choose Sally Field to play her in the bio. Azéma, after fifteen years of comedic theater work, is grateful to Alain Resnais for having revealed her tragic side. In person, she remains a humorous, nervous adult.

The first four, the young ones, seem to be in a way ingredients for art: beauty, enthusiasm, ambition, passion, ready to be mixed with script. Sandrine Bonnaire has given proof of great talent; Myriem Roussel, of a magnetic presence; Isabelle Pasco and Emmanuelle Béart, of great beauty. Sabine Azéma, farther down the road, is less of an ingredient and more of a recipe. *(Continued on page 173)*

Left: Hair by Katia for Jean-Marc Maniatis; makeup, Giana. *Right*: Hair by Cyril for Faces/Paris, makeup, Giana. Details, last pages.

Paolo Roversi

Beauty, brains, talent, ambition, and five parts Gaul—these creatures define allure. And suggest that French actresses are a genre apart.

By Joan Juliet Buck

5 french toasts

EMMANUELLE BÉART

MYRIEM ROUSSEL

SABINE AZÉMA

Arthur Elgort

EMMANUELLE BÉART

Her eyes and eyebrows do not belong to this generation, and she is conscious of the lure of the past. "When my grandmother talks it sounds so wonderful, that period when women were women. I wish there were still a star system like that." Emmanuelle Béart is the daughter of the singer Guy Béart; her mother was a fashion model. Her parents divorced when she was small, and she was brought up in the South of France by her mother. She went to Canada when she was sixteen, baby-sat, worked as a receptionist, and was discovered in the street by a director. So far she has made three films: *Premier desir,* a David Hamilton movie that she says she did for money; *Zacharias*, a film with Charles Denner; and *Un Amour interdit* from a Kleist novella. "I die giving birth and quoting the Bible," she explains.

Her joy, she says, is to be with someone she loves by a fireplace. "It's in contradiction with my work, but that's what's important. My idea of heaven is a country house with animals, and hell would be to have nothing but work, to be alone. I want to get married and have children, I can't imagine life without children. But I'd be lying if I didn't admit I want to get to the top. I don't want to owe anything to anyone, or to have anything to prove."

Small and thin ("I don't like eating, it bores me."), Béart says she doesn't like being told she's pretty and is proud of her will, her courage. "I used to pay attention only to myself. Now I appreciate what I can give to others. We spend our time giving. I use everything that happens to me. You can't invent the memory of pain and pleasure. I've always loved to provoke situations, to see what will happen. I believe in sacrifices in the present for a thing to come. So few people know that—they live day by day and grab little pleasures. I believe in great happiness, and that you can earn it by little sacrifices in the present. I love to go to the end of things, to the end of my passions. It helps me in my work."

The actress she admires most is Nastassja Kinski—"so beautiful you could die, she's dream itself, fascinating." Her opinion of films and music right now in France is dour: "All this mediocrity on the pretext that that's what the public wants! Still, maybe you need both feet in the mud to get back to beauty." She reads a great deal—books, not magazines because "I don't like to read about other actresses in *Elle*"—loves Hesse, Rilke, Maupassant, and got stuck on page thirty of *The Second Sex.* Asked how she sees herself at thirty, she says: "a continuation of what I'm doing now, more womanly, I want to grow up, to grow . . . and once I get more known I'll leave Paris. I want to go to the States."

SANDRINE BONNAIRE

Earthy and grounded, Sandrine Bonnaire is the seventh of eleven children. Until she starred in *A Nos amours,* Maurice Pialat's bitter and moving film, she lived in the suburbs of Paris with her family. Her father makes airplane parts. She was about to take a hairdressing course. "Now they do my hair," she says. Just nineteen, she has already been in five films, and on screen she has a brooding presence, sensual and violent. She also seems tall: in real life she is short and rounded, sunny.

She describes Suzanne, the character in Pialat's film, as "a girl who has lots of hope that she'll find love, and also no hope. She goes from bed to bed and feels dirty." She got the part by answering an ad with one of her sisters, and professes some surprise that she was tested: "The other girls were so beautiful, and one of them could cry on cue." When told she had the part, she didn't believe it. "My father came with me to meet Pialat, and liked him. My mother thought acting was an unhealthy profession, but she and my father liked the film. It even improved my relationship with my father, because we were a bit like in the film, and we never used to talk. Now we're inseparable."

She has moved into Paris, where she lives with an uncle. "When I'm not working, I'm not interested in much. I listen to music, every kind, the B 52's, and write in my notebook; I wanted to do a script with one of my sisters and two girlfriends, but I lost it somewhere on a set." Her relationships with her sisters have changed since she began acting—some jealousy has crept in. "I don't have many female friends. I'd rather be with boys, talk to boys. I'd talk to a strange boy more easily than to a strange girl." She spent a year with an American boy she met when she asked him for a cigarette. The ending of the Pialat film shows Suzanne in a plane, going to San Diego: Sandrine Bonnaire explains that Pialat didn't know how to end the film, and since she was going to San Diego to see this boy, that's what he shot.

"I like people who have some mystery, strange people who say things I don't quite understand. I don't like people who hand themselves over at once. Maurice Pialat knew how to make himself important to me, make me care about how he felt."

Her likes and dislikes are simple: dogs, tulips, movies. She would like to have lived in the 'sixties: "The time of Bardot," she says with respect. Bonnaire has an easy giggle, a direct smile with one dimple. "I hope I'll change, progress in my way of acting and in my choices, but stay myself," she says simply. She doesn't trust the idea of marriage, thinks it demands too much respect, and sees herself thus at thirty: "I imagine only my physique—long hair, very thin, a bit more sophisticated—living in a very big apartment in the 14th with a girlfriend and having lots of lovers. Working with the best directors and also the new ones.

"Love," she says, "is eternal, it's just with different people." For all her seeming simplicity, she is a powerful actress. Of her role in *Blanche et Marie*, a wartime movie about to be released, she says: "She's got nothing of me, it was very difficult." A critic who has seen it says, succinctly, "She's extraordinary."

MYRIEM ROUSSEL

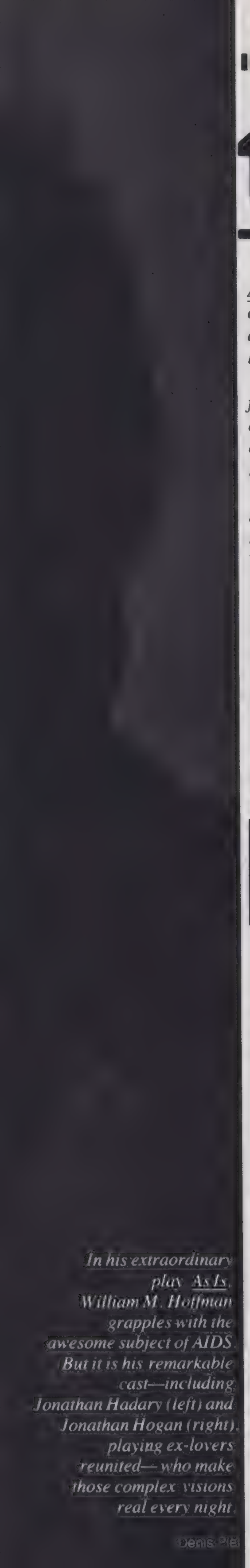
In Jean-Luc Godard's *Je vous salue Marie,* Myriem Roussel plays Marie, who may or may not be the Virgin Mary, but is definitely a virgin and definitely conceives after a bad-tempered angel announces to her that she is with child. She spends most of the film writhing naked on her narrow bed, asking God why he's done this to her. The film has outraged a wide selection of Catholics, including the Pope.

"It would be pretentious to assert that I played the Virgin Mary," says Roussel, a tall, twenty-three-year-old former dancer with the round, flat face of a Raphael Madonna. She appeared in Godard's *Passion* and then played the viola in his *Carmen,* and spent three years being tutored by the director. He took her to see films and talked a great deal. "I felt like I was in school," she says, adding "I always told him the truth."

The six months of shooting *Je vous salue Marie* in a small town in Switzerland were difficult. "We realized we were in an exceptional moment, but I lived most of the time on the defensive. Godard forbids you to *act.* I resisted him, he took things from me. There are no accidents with him. It took me months to get over it; I got sick after the film was over. I have to learn how to preserve myself, how to acquire a method that will allow me to give myself without destroying myself in the process. A movie set isn't a psychiatric hospital."

Roussel was born in Morocco, where her parents were teachers. They moved on, teaching, to Algeria, Spain, and New York, where she went to the Lycée Français. Back in France, she became a dancer. "Godard," she says, "was my second birth. He forced me to look at myself, observe myself, see myself. He revealed a great deal to me." She has come out of *(Continued on page 232)*

Hair and makeup by Ray Allington. Details, last pages.



In his extraordinary play As Is, William M. Hoffman grapples with the awesome subject of AIDS. But it is his remarkable cast—including Jonathan Hadary (left) and Jonathan Hogan (right), playing ex-lovers reunited—who make those complex visions real every night.

Denis Piel

Illness as metaphor, theater as cure

the way we are

As Is is thrilling theater. Authentic, unapologetic, warm, and very funny, it's a play about love and friendship, courage and loyalty. It is also a play about AIDS.

Since 1981, when the disease was identified, the number of people with AIDS has doubled each year. Three-quarters of the cases have involved homosexual men, but the rest were heterosexual. There is no cure.

The play, like the disease, is dangerous, tweaking our prejudices about illness, contagion, and death—a surprising hit (three Tony and four Drama Desk nominations, including those for best play) to make its way from a downtown workshop to mass acclaim on Broadway. But As Is reaches beyond the gay community to strike a universal chord. For the playwright, William M. Hoffman, it was therapeutic; for the audience it's a cathartic mixture of anger, grief, and laughter.

By William M. Hoffman

It must be the combination of quiche and leather,'' I think I joked to a friend over the phone the first time I heard about the mysterious new disease attacking gay men. It was 1980, '81, I'm not sure. I think it was early spring and I was sitting in my office, drinking my first decaffeinated espresso of the morning. I had just finished reading the previous day's *New York Times*. I like to have my news a little stale so I don't get too alarmed at the state of the world. I told my friend the article was absurd: a disease capable of distinguishing between homo- and heterosexual men? Come on.

At the time, I was in the midst of writing act one of the libretto to *A Figaro for Antonia,* which the Metropolitan Opera had commissioned, and when I wasn't writing I was jogging. So, for a period, I was totally immersed in work. When I came back up for air, it registered that my roommate's best friend Tim was dying in a hospital in San Francisco. He had a pneumonia that antibiotics couldn't touch, and wild viral infections of the brain. He finally fell into a coma and succumbed.

But was it really surprising, I asked myself, that Tim would get ill? A terrific person, generous, funny, warm, but definitely in the fast lane. And when Freddy went into the hospital, I told myself that he had been looking for trouble: I mean, he practically lived at the gay bathhouses. People like me were not going to come down with AIDS. I wasn't going to the baths. I didn't drink or take drugs. And I was running twenty to thirty miles a week. I felt invulnerable.

And then Larry took sick: mild ailments that wouldn't clear up, not bothersome enough to stop him from running the marathon faster than I could conceive of doing. Larry was younger than I, and he didn't drink or take drugs. A few months later he died.

And then Brian, who lived over in the East Village. And then George, the kid from the early Caffe Cino days of Off-Off-Broadway. And then Freddy the cellist. And then that guy who ran the flower shop on Sixth—what was his name?

I was busy writing a comic opera as daily the news got worse. My close friend Stephen came down with a chronic case of swollen glands, which was labeled an ''AIDS-related complex.'' It seemed as if the disease were closing in on me personally. I was reminded of the pre-Salk-vaccine polio epidemic of my childhood, when you avoided movie theaters and swimming pools. I remember Wally, the boy upstairs who liked to bully me, until the infantile paralysis made him weak and stupid, and I remember classmates who suddenly stopped coming to school.

But during the polio epidemic, as during the Tylenol and Legionnaire's Disease scares, the media and the government committed themselves wholeheartedly to the side of the victims. In the early 'eighties, with few exceptions, the main concern of people outside of the gay community was reassuring themselves that it was only happening to ''them,'' and not ''us.'' I felt isolated from society in a way I had never felt before.

As the mortality figures mounted, and as I heard stories of people with AIDS being abandoned by *(Continued on page 235)*

Dudley Reed

Savage, artful,
and eternally beautiful,
Sicily provokes the perverse notion that
every man is an island,
and pride is the supreme human passion

Sicily

Oberto Gili

LEONARDO SCIASCIA

Sicily is an island, but it is not island enough. Sicilians dream constantly of escaping their island; but, once away from it, they dream even more of returning. Sicily's leading novelist and essayist, Leonardo Sciascia, probes his homeland's essential contradiction...

Preceding page: Sicily's smoldering contrasts: the violent upheavals of nature, symbolized by Mount Etna, a 10,959-foot-high active volcano, and the sumptuous intricacy of baroque art, embodied in the Gallery of the Birds in the seventeenth-century Palazzo Biscari in Catania. More on Sicily, page 110.

When Jorge Luis Borges was visiting Sicily not long ago, someone asked him whether sentiment or reason had inspired his journey. For him it was a kind of pilgrimage, he replied, because Sicily is the place where man "stopped simply feeling and began to construct a system of doubts." This is what Cicero had also said, two thousand years earlier, in different words: Sicily is the place where rhetoric originated, among people "of keen and suspicious mind, born for controversies." And for contradictions, we might add.

The contradictions are many, and they exist not only in man but, even more, in nature. Sicily is an island, but it is not island enough; and this is the first contradiction. In it, as the Sicilian writer G.A. Borgese said, "is contained the historic theme of Sicily, its vital substance." The island is not sufficiently an island because of the slight distance, the less than four kilometers of the Strait of Messina, that separates it from the Italian and European mainland. There is also the fact that the sea, surrounding Sicily on all sides, has never been a defense. Indeed, the sea has been an invitation to invaders, because no one could be master of the Mediterranean without possessing Sicily.

As Goethe said, Sicily is the key to everything, or, in any case, the key to understanding Italy; and, as Courier repeated, knowing Italy is "nothing" without a complementary knowledge of Sicily. And so, in what might be called imperialistic thought, in the military, strategic ideas of every ruling nation, the conviction that possession of Sicily is the key to a whole system of domination has remained steadfast for centuries, from remote antiquity to our own day. For this reason, despite changes in the mechanics and methods of what used to be called "the art of war," despite shifts of those geographical sites necessary to ensure military victory and rule, Sicily continued, in our own day, to be considered an operative keypoint (and perhaps, as Cruise missiles are installed at Comiso, the concept continues). The futile expenditure is made out of inertia, the notion is a commonplace, an *idée reçue* of the political-military world. Thus, in the summer of 1943, General Eisenhower's army found itself fighting to occupy Sicily, when control of the island was no longer necessary to carry the war into Europe and defeat the Nazis and Fascists. We might also consider that a similar strategic notion, less anachronistic and more efficient, makes Sicily today the key of that vast, ramified, international criminal system that still goes by the Sicilian name of Mafia.

An island not sufficiently an island: and this contradiction in nature, having become a historical theme, a vital substance, generates the many other contradictions in the Sicilians. As Pirandello said: "The Sicilians, almost all of them, have an instinctive fear of life, so they live shut up in themselves, withdrawn, content with little, provided it gives them security. They sense and distrust the contrast between their closed spirit and nature open all around them, bright in the sunshine; and they shut themselves up all the more, because this openness, the sea that isolates them on all sides, cuts them off, makes them solitary, and is something they distrust. Each Sicilian is—and makes himself—an island apart, and in isolation he enjoys (just barely, if he possesses it) his scant happiness, and by himself, taciturn, seeking no consolations, he suffers his sorrow, often in despair. Still there are those who escape. . . "

But this is the point: those who escape, or who are ready and willing to escape, are the same people who distrust, who shut

themselves up, who in solitude savor their scant happiness and suffer their desperate sorrow. They are afraid of life, but they face it with courage and with violence. Death lurks in their every thought; but no thought of theirs ventures, religiously, beyond life. They love their island, their prison; but they constantly escape or dream of escaping from it. And when they are away from it, they love it even more and dream even more of returning. They believe their way of life is supremely intelligent, their family feelings are superior, and so are their feelings for friends, for possessions. But at the same time they sense that their life is without freedom, that family, friendships, possessions are their poverty, their existential and civil hardship. Social life is all a game of appearances, but the effective truth of things secretly tortures everyone's mind (and this contradiction is the chief theme in all Pirandello's works). In other words, Sicily, for every Sicilian, is, in the words of an ancient poet, a case of "nec tecum nec sine te vivere possum" (Neither with you nor without you can I live), a dramatic, difficult condition, which makes every Sicilian at once a prisoner and an escapee, a prisoner who dreams of escape and an escapee who dreams of prison.

Speaking of a character of Verga, D.H. Lawrence, after referring to other characters of the European novel, said at a certain point: Gesualdo (the protagonist of Verga's novel) is an ordinary man, endowed with exceptional energy. At least, that is the idea; but he is Sicilian, and this is where the difficulty arises.

He could not have put it better, the whole thing, than in that one word: difficulty. The difficulty of a way of existing, torn between reason and passion, between living and watching yourself live, between resignation and rebellion. And from the difficulty of accepting the Sicilian condition, of being Sicilian, another difficulty—that of being understood as a Sicilian—obviously arises. In the world's judgment, Sicily and the individual Sicilian who travels outside the island are, even today, in the situation of Montesquieu's Persians in eighteenth-century Paris. Read the thirtieth of the *Lettres persanes*, replacing the word "Persian" with the word "Sicilian," and you will have a fairly accurate picture of what people outside Sicily feel about its inhabitants: "If someone happens to tell the company that I am Sicilian, I hear a murmuring all around me: 'Aha! the gentleman is Sicilian? How extraordinary? How can he be a Sicilian?' And being Sicilian is exactly like this: it means being asked, constantly and dramatically, how can it be? What is it like?"

For years I tried to give an answer, to others and to myself. The only thing possible to describe is what Lawrence calls the "difficulty." And for more than a century, since the unification of Italy, this is what Sicilian writers have done. Sicilian life, Sicilian reality is so complex, there is such a tangle of contradictions, passions are so extreme, what La Rochefoucauld calls *amour-propre* is so subtle and so sophisticated that every Sicilian writer has felt bound to write about nothing but Sicily and being Sicilian, as if it were a kind of test. I have quoted La Rochefoucauld partly because we are indebted to him for the most precise definition of amour propre, self-esteem, pride, as the supreme human passion, and also because he sensed that there are unknown occasions and forms of this pride. "No matter how many discoveries have been made in the regions of amour propre, there are still many undiscovered lands." And Sicily was one of these uncharted areas of pride until the island's writers began to map it.

Pride leads the Sicilians to attempt to deny, conceal, reverse, exalt in a different way their existential, historic insecurity. But Sicilian writers have done nothing but reveal it, portray it, confess it. Thus Sicilian society considers them alien, as if writers in that society (a society without shape or stability, ever-changing; it could be called a non-society) were informers, spies, traitors. In recent years this attitude has been fading, but it was very harsh in the years when Verga, Pirandello, and Brancati were publishing their works. That pride, whose anguish, insecurity, weakness, and wretchedness the writers revealed, caused the writers themselves to be repudiated.

In the years when Verga, De Roberto, and Pirandello were known only to a limited circle of readers, the popular writers were men like Mario Rapisardi, a rhetorician, and Luigi Natoli, author of romantic novels in which secret organizations resembling the Freemasons and the Mafia acted to avenge the poor and oppressed. The phenomenon is comprehensible. "It's not the mirror's fault if your nose is crooked," Gogol said. And yet it is precisely the mirror, that mirror that is literature, that society blames when, wanting to hide its evils, it is forced to see their reflection.

This rejection and denial still persist in certain areas of the Sicilian population when it comes to the Mafia; these Sicilians deny its existence, consider it an invention of literature or journalism, or of the political opposition. And those who insist on denying the Mafia's existence always fall back on the quantitative comparison between the number of crimes committed annually in Sicily and those committed in other parts of the world—London or Marseilles—with the same population. But it is not a matter of quantity; it is the quality of the crimes that is different. For months, for years, the Mafia may produce no crimes at all, but this does not mean it is non-existent. It means rather that the organization is stronger than when it is producing crimes.

A calm, virtually invisible Mafia, a Mafia without internal or external conflicts, is far more dangerous than a turbulent Mafia. Thus today, when the Mafia is visible, committing a great number of violent crimes, we can perceive that it is undergoing a crisis, a phase in which the State—if it really wanted—could destroy it. But it would require more than just the determination of the Italian government: the Mafia is no longer a Sicilian phenomenon, though it presumably continues to be centered in Sicily. It is a multinational of crime, and all the nations infected by it must collaborate in its destruction.

Years ago I tried to formulate a definition of the Mafia. I wrote: The Mafia is a criminal conspiracy, aimed at producing illicit gain for its members, acting as an intermediary parasite, imposed by violence, between capital and labor, between production and consumption, between the citizen and the State. At the time, this definition was precise. It no longer is. The assassination of judges, police officials, and political figures—something that never occurred in the past—clearly means that the government now is not the accomplice it once was, and the Mafia is no longer shielded by certain men or offices of the government. And the Mafia is no longer an intermediary: it is a producer, especially in the field of drugs, administering on its own the capital derived from them.

Giovanni Verga, Federico De Robert, Luigi Pirandello, Giuseppe Antonio Borgese, Vitaliano Brancati, Salvatore Quasimodo, Lucio Piccolo, Giuseppe Tomasi di Lampedusa (to name only those who, with greater or lesser success, have been translated into other languages): in their work there is a portrait of Sicily, of Sicilian things (*De rebus siculis* is the title of one of the oldest historical works on Sicily, written by Tommaso Fazello), a faithful and merciless portrait. Sicily is seen there, in its individuality, in every aspect, vibration, nuance of its special way of existing. But while each of these writers was penetrating Sicily's individuality, tracing its most buried roots, revealing its most hidden recesses, he was also achieving a universality, evidence of Sicily's human, all too human quality. And above all of us, for all of us, Pirandello can speak: a writer who seemed so bold, deep, and new that, to explain him, critics had to call in philosophy, ignoring the fact that he was, on the contrary, depicting a reality, the contradictory, dramatic, exacerbated, desperate reality of that land—unknown until he appeared—that region of Sicilian pride, the ancient Agrigento.

Translated by **William Weaver**

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BARONESSSA ENRICHETTA BENEVENTANO DEL BOSCO

Sitting on a sofa draped in seventeenth-century lace, the witty, multilingual Baronessa surveys her once-splendid ballroom. Her sun-washed pink-and-white early baroque palace, the Palazzo Beneventano del Bosco, one of the most beautiful in Sicily, is situated on a square near the cathedral in Syracuse. To some visitors, the drawing rooms epitomize Sicilian eccentricity, being filled with a chaotic array of treasures accumulated over the ages—eighteenth-century furniture, ancestral portraits, antique brocades, piles of carpets, and vintage photographs in Belle Epoque frames. The Baronessa never allows anybody to straighten up the place. Everything must remain as it was when her beloved mother was young. Horatio Nelson once danced in this ballroom. And the melody lingers on.

FRANZ PATERNÒ CASTELLO, DUCA DI CARACI

With his ascetic, El Greco good looks, it's hard to believe that Don Franz is ninety-four years old. A descendant of one of Sicily's oldest families, he is a bibliophile, a scholar of heraldry, and the author of books on Sicilian aristocracy. His most rewarding hours are spent in his English-style study, perusing rare books and Old Master paintings from his comfortable, chintz-covered furniture. The Duca lives with his son, Ferrante, and daughter-in-law, Giuliana. Ferrante is a gentleman farmer who manages the family citrus orchards. The Caraci garden offers a spectacular view of Mount Etna and is inhabited by strutting peacocks. The family lives quietly on their vast property, but keeps in touch with everything and everybody and welcomes visitors with hospitality.

Dudley Reed Oberto Gili

Sicily

Sicily

ENZO SELLERIO

Outspoken Enzo Sellerio (left), who owns a small, but influential publishing house in Palermo, does not want to leave Sicily, but his love for it has a bitter edge. "Palermo today is reduced to a provincial Beirut," he says. "There are so many killings. Your hear people making appointments, saying 'Let's meet where they killed so-and-so.' This is a self-disintegrating society. It used to be based on the feudal system, with an aristocracy that dedicated itself to purely esthetic pastimes. When the aristocracy lost its position, all the power fell into the hands of Regional Administration—that is, the Mafia."

MARCHESE AND MARCHESA DI SANGIULIANO

The Marchese and Marchesa (left, below) are based in Florence, but whenever the spirit moves them, they zip down to Villasmundo, near Syracuse. There, their sprawling country house is literally their castle—a Norman castle with seventeenth-century additions. Fiamma di Sangiuliano (née Ferragamo) is involved in her family's footwear business. Giuseppe di Sangiuliano belongs to one of the most eminent and aristocratic families in Sicily; the Baronessa Enrichetta Beneventano (previous pages) is a cousin. Among his interests: gardening, and the maintenance of a landscape luxuriant with flowers and tangerine and lemon groves.

DONNA JOLANDA MONCADA PATERNÒ CASTELLO

A warm hostess and witty storyteller, Donna Jolanda (right, with her butler standing by) lives in Catania in a wing of the seventeenth-century Palazzo Biscari, built by her ancestor Prince Biscari, who was an archaeologist, writer, and ornithologist. His interest in feathered creatures is dramatically self-evident in the Gallery of the Birds, where portraits of various species, each carrying a ribbon bearing its Latin name, are painted on walls, doors, and shutters. With its Murano-made glass chandeliers and glazed terra-cotta floor, the Gallery is one of Sicily's most impressive interiors.

Dudley Reed

MARCHESA NINI CARREGA

The Palazzo Butera, overlooking the Palermo seafront, attained its apogee of baroque grandiosity in 1735, on the occasion of the marriage of Stefania Branciforti, Princess of Butera. It is one of the few Sicilian palaces that still belongs to the original family. Its present owner, Marchesa Caterina (Nini) Carrega sitting just outside the opulent ballroom, remembers family tales of two centuries of music and laughter. One of the ballroom's most glittery evenings was a dance given for Kaiser William II in 1905. The Marchesa opens the palace for many festivities, now mostly charity dances.

Dudley Reed

Sicily

The drama of light raking across
a burned cornfield

paris: a

FANNY ARDANT

new sense of shape

What comes across in Paris: a unique affinity for clothes that are almost "sculpted" to the body, a sixth sense for shape and fit... On these ten pages, key looks from the collections, pivotal pieces that emphasize the new body-consciousness, and reflect the evolution of each designer's own personal style...

In a season of contemporary dressing where "shape" and "fit" are key words, Yves Saint Laurent does it best...so well, in fact, that the fashion "message" never gets in the way of his own personal style.... A case in point: a terrific black pants suit—in satin!—*opposite page*, the perfect "dinner dressing" alternative, with a boxier—easier—jacket, glittering buttons up the sleeves, a dramatically large collar; pleated ankle-length pants. Worn here by alluring French actress, Fanny Ardant, who you'll see more of (and read about) on the following pages. Saint Laurent Rive Gauche. Jacket, about $1345; pants, about $695; wool turtleneck, about $375. August at Saks Fifth Avenue; Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutiques, Boston; Palm Beach; Coconut Grove FL; Birmingham MI; Houston....Another side of evening—and a look at other "elements" you've come to associate with Saint Laurent—the impact of total black; of a shorter, narrower leather skirt; of a black wool turtleneck, *right*. And more of Saint Laurent's signature style—carefully chosen accessories. Saint Laurent Rive Gauche. Skirt, about $550; turtleneck, about $195. August at Bergdorf Goodman; Jacobson's; Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutiques, Short Hills NJ; Washington DC; Houston; Costa Mesa CA. Hair, these ten pages by Yannick for Is, Paris. Makeup, these four pages: Thibault Vabre of Lancôme. Details, more stores, next to last pages.

Steven Meisel

paris: a new sense of shape

Fanny Ardant. Quite possibly one of the most beautiful women in Paris. Now. Ever. With smoky, depth-defying eyes, an almost mannish stature and jawline, a vaguely regal presence that announces her the moment she enters a room. She was, for François Truffaut—her companion, her champion—eternal woman incarnate, the reason he plucked her from the French television series *Les Dames de la Côte* and catapulted her into instant stardom in such movies as *The Woman Next Door*.

She is also a star of the stage, to which she would like to return, appearing in plays with real "passion"; plays by Tennessee Williams, Turgenev, Montherlant.

And she is, in a fashion sense, a careful, commanding woman who knows exactly what look she wants—and gets it—whether it be demure navy skirts and sweaters with little lace collars—a signature look in years past—or more daring looks today. She is a woman who, jokingly, "test drives" a new outfit with a stroll down the Champs-Elysées, quietly absorbing, measuring the reaction it gets.

Not surprisingly, she gravitates to a designer with an equally exacting sense of style, to Yves Saint Laurent, and the kinds of clothes from his collection that she wears here. Five years ago she needed a truly spectacular dress for a media festival in Monte Carlo. She telephoned his office. What she got—to her surprise—was a "very simple" electric-blue taffeta gown with big sleeves—on loan from the Saint Laurent archives! "I adore his style," she says. Now. Always.

In a season of coats—coats with real presence, real character of their own—one of the best, one of the most symbolic, from Yves Saint Laurent, *opposite:* an easy "trench" style, in taupe wool/cashmere, with very square shoulders, easy skirting at the bottom, a wider, more dashing lapel . . . over narrow suede pants, a black wool turtleneck. Coat, about $1495. Pants, about $540. Saint Laurent Rive Gauche. Turnout, August at Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC; Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutiques, Manhasset NY; Atlanta; Oak Brook IL; San Francisco. Coat at Dayton's. . . . An idea that Saint Laurent has become famous for, an idea that underscored the opening of his collection this fall: wool jersey. Specifically, the evolution of jersey in a variety of lengths and shapes that include wonderful two-piece dresses—"fitted" tunics and narrow skirts. Part of that very attractive day dressing, *right:* a dark-grey hip-length tunic, slim miniskirt, matching shawl. Tunic, about $415; skirt, about $230; shawl, about $155. Saint Laurent Rive Gauche. August at Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutique Femme, NYC; Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutiques, Philadelphia; Fort Lauderdale FL; Dallas; Palm Springs CA; I. Magnin. . . . Details, see last pages.

Steven Meisel

FANNY ARDANT

What many women appreciate most this season: the dashing look, the feel, the versatility of a shorter jacket! One that offers ultimate luxury—Azzedine Alaïa's mink-reversing-to-mink, *left*, with its new rounded shape, its exaggerated shawl collar that envelopes you—the way a hood does! One of many such furs he showed ...over his chocolate-brown, very finely ribbed wool ski pants and maillot. Fur, Alaïa by Les Fourrures de la Madeleine. To order from Alaïa, Paris. Pants, about $300; maillot, about $250. Bergdorf Goodman; Alan Bilzerian, Boston and Worcester MA; Caron Cherry, Coconut Grove FL; Linda Dresner, Troy MI; Ultimo, Chicago; Alaïa Chez Gallay, Beverly Hills....From a collection of sensational short jackets with a tapestry feel—a texture message that's everywhere this season—from Emanuel Ungaro, *right*—a square-shouldered wool/silk jacket with black velvet banding, and a cardigan-easy cut. Heightening the texture appeal: beautiful Prince of Wales plaid wool pants cut on the bias—for perfect narrowness without tightness—and an aubergine panne velours bias-cut top. Jacket, about $895; pants, about $650; top, about $695. Turnout September at Emanuel Ungaro Boutiques, NYC; Palm Beach; Houston; Nan Duskin; Loretta Blum, Dallas; Creeds, Toronto....These six pages: makeup, Kevyn Aucoin. For additional details, more stores, see last pages.

Steven Meisel

paris: a new sense of shape

In a season with a definite attractiveness in dressing, a season where accessories add finish and polish—real charm and color—to dressing, Valentino stands out. *This page:* His astrakhan hat—so soft, so pretty, it "crushes" into many different shapes—in Valen- With a matching red coat. 865. Sept at Bergdorf tino Boutique, hase MD e, Wash- Chica- oach to at Cha- ntler still alpaca ght, but t at the ere col- cuffed th just best cket, 690. late ever ing For-

<u>Shady Nile.</u> Another important

paris: a new sense of shape

Steven Meisel

The most emphatic sense of shape, the most influential on-the-body dressing—at Azzedine Alaïa. Perfect example, *left,* his charming redingote jacket that comes right to the top of the hips, nips in at the waist, over very soft, very narrow pants. Wool jacket, about $615; pants, about $300. Bergdorf Goodman; Caron Cherry, Coconut Grove FL; Linda Dresner, Troy MI; Ultimo, Chicago; Alaïa Chez Gallay, Beverly Hills....A hat is charming when it "works"—when it finds the right look, the right face—and there were many this season that moved off the runway into real-life dressing. One with particular appeal, one that expresses the best Saint Laurent "hat" thinking, *right*—a black velvet beret scattered with rhinestones; delicate, easy—an ornament in itself. To go with the season's other key ornamental accessory—the gauntlet glove, here in suede with rhinestones. Hat, Saint Laurent for Madcaps, about $165. Gloves, Saint Laurent Rive Gauche, about $420. Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutique Femme, NYC; Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutiques, Philadelphia; Atlanta; Houston; Hattie; I. Magnin.... *Beauty Note:* Another kind of ornamentation—dark smoked eyes smudged with black; Yves Saint Laurent Beaute's Eye Shadow Powder Duo—Shade #37, Ebony/Ivory; Eye Pencil—Shade #2, Black. Details, see next to last pages.

Steven Meisel

paris: a new sense of shape

a decorative edge...

Here, more of the news (the whole story, pages 146-151), more of the undeniable appeal of shoes this season. Starting, *left*, with the color of the year—purple—the prettiest way: Yves Saint Laurent's bow-front satin evening pump—vibrant, sophisticated, a perfect alternative to black at night. Yves Saint Laurent Footwear. About $169. Bloomingdale's; Neiman-Marcus, Dallas and Los Angeles; I. Magnin....And, *right*, the texture of the year—deep, rich suede—in an irresistible (and very neutral) shade of red: Calvin Klein's new high-heeled T-strap pump—beautifully shaped and proportioned. About $165. Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Continuing the leg news: a play of sheer and opaque black, day and night. *Left*: In a charming new floral lace (about $8). Macy's Herald Square; Marshall Field's. And for day, *right*, in a striking, modern geometric pattern (about $8). Henri Bendel; Marshall Field's. Both, Flash Legs by Stilnovo. More stores, last pages.

more of the change

in shoes

Penn

Great hair! '85

It's women who are making the difference... in the styles, the needs, the services they now demand. Here: news, changes...

BY DOROTHY SCHEFER

More than any other single feature, hair signals a woman's image, her style: today, she wants to look fashionable—not trendy. It's a fine line.

Achieving that takes trust and respect, "give and take" between a woman and her stylist. It's a delicate balance. Women no longer want to be dictated to (or intimidated) in the salon, but they do want to be informed about what's *best*, what works for them, how style changes each season; key to that, to finding the right hair*style*, women now acknowledge, is finding the right *stylist*.

For fall '85, with the seasonal change in fashion, what looks best is "short-to-shoulder lengths...a smooth, well-textured look...volume with more control...short or long bangs," says Suga. "And hair towards the face."

The change from last season: from a shorter length, from a spiky, more uncontrolled shape, from hair lifted off the face. It's what makes the difference, the transition from spring into fall.

In other words, what makes the difference, adds excitement now: nuances, subtleties. There are no sweeping fads. Women won't support them. The cookie-cutter days—when a woman left a salon looking like the woman before her—are over.

"There is no longer a single style—or length—each season," says Garren. But what looks new: "Hair with a bit more length, solid bangs." I don't think in terms of one look," says Kenneth. "There has to be variety."

That's key. So is the *adaptation of style* to a woman's particular hair type and texture. "For me, a woman is an individual," says Bruno Dessange. "When we discuss style, I think about *her* needs in relation to fashion."

Top stylists acknowledge that along with a woman's changing needs has come a reduction in the amount of time a woman can devote to her hair—in the salon and at home.

What's more difficult, today, than finding the right hairstyle is finding the "language" to describe it. And in an attempt to meet the needs of more demanding women, a whole new hair language—and better communication—has developed.

What *is* the essential conversation that takes place between a woman and her stylist? "You need to consider all-over proportion," says Suga, "how style will relate to your work, face, height, hair texture, clothes. You must also consider its maintenance." Pictures help. "A photo is a good 'map' for stylists," says Gad Cohen, La Coupe.

But *does* being "in style" *always* require seasonal change? Where hair is concerned the answer is yes *and* no. Few women (one of whom is Claudette Colbert) can wear the same hairstyle for years—and make it work. The trick, of course, is, over the years, making slight changes—a softer edge, a longer line.

But whatever the length, the style, what makes a hairstyle work: the scale, the *shape*. And shape is now determined by a revolutionizing new cutting technique that allows for more length with less weight, for built-in fullness and volume. This new cut—done parallel, not perpendicular, to hair—is a major innovation, providing women's number-two hair desire: thickness. (Number one is shine.)

"Hair will be lighter, airier, *more responsive*," says Christiaan. Which means more versatile and easier for a woman to maintain herself—top priorities now. "When a woman leaves a salon, she *(Continued on page 201)*

KEY SYMBOL OF CHANGE: SPOT COLOR SIGNALING A NEW APPROACH: HAIRCOLOR DEFINED AS A COSMETIC—A WAY TO "SHAPE" A CUT, EMPHASIZE A STYLE, HEIGHTEN THE ANGLES OF THE FACE. THE DIFFERENCE, NOW: COLOR, AS HERE, APPLIED AFTER A CUT, OFTEN TO DRY, STYLED HAIR...COLOR THAT IS BOLD IN TONE, MINIMALIST IN APPLICATION, TARGETED TO ADD LIGHTS JUST TO "SPOTS" OF HAIR—E.G., THE ENDS OF BANGS, "EDGES" OF LAYERS. A GIVEN NOW—THAT COLOR IS FORMULATED TO GIVE HAIR SHINE, IMPROVE HAIR'S CONDITION. CASE IN POINT: LA COUPE COLOR DIRECTOR LOUIS LICARI'S "WHIPPED" CREAM COLOR, LEFT, USING CLAIROL'S QUIET TOUCH HAIRPAINTING. THE MAKEUP: SHADES OF CHOCOLATE; SMOKIER EYES; MORE DEFINED LIPS. HERE, SHISEIDO'S MOISTURE MIST HOP SKIP JUMP BROWN SHADOWS, DAWN BROWN LIPS LINED WITH BROWN PENCIL. HAIR, EZEL FOR BUMBLE & BUMBLE; MAKEUP, ANDREA PAOLETTI FOR PUCCIO AND FRANCO. TOWEL BY MARTEX.

Denis Piel

AMERICAN HAIR REPORT

(Continued from page 199) is on her own," says Louis Gignac, of Louis-Guy D, "she must be able to do her own hair."

Just as women are taking more control of their lives, their diets, their finances, they are taking more responsibility for their hair. Changing attitudes have preceded changing styles. "Twenty percent of our clients," says Gignac, "use our self-serve bar—fully stocked with do-it-herself styling tools and products." "Women are willing to experiment," says Christiaan. "They are more comfortable with manipulating their own hair, with discovering its ability to change character."

"Many of our clients are busy, working women," says Marc Pipino, Pipino-Buccheri. "They need a haircut that requires little maintenance—that's what women are looking for today: a look they can wash and easily pull together. . . and be able to change into a simple evening look. A good haircut is key. . . so is versatility."

This interest in taking control is the reason for the undeniable, unstoppable appeal of mousse and of other "liquid tools," gels, setting lotions, sprays, in fact, which have replaced rollers, hot curlers, and irons. The mousse phenomenon has not only changed the way women respond to their hair and its increasing ease of care but has revolutionized the hair industry. It's a case of the Right Product at the Right Time (see page 205).

So why do women make hair mistakes? "Boredom," says Kenneth. "Damaging or wrong haircolor," says Bruno *(Continued on page 228)*

KEY SYMBOL OF CHANGE: VERSATILITY HERE, ON MODEL JACKI ADAMS, TWO LOOKS, TWO MOODS AT NIGHT. IT BEGINS WITH... HAIR NOW CUT FOR "LIFT" AND LENGTH (DETAILS, PAGE 54). WHAT ADDS TO THE CHANGE: A QUICK SHIFT IN HAIR'S DIRECTION, ACHIEVED WITH SPOT-MOUSSING, "WORKING" HAIR WITH HANDS— MODERN "TOOLS" FOR VOLUME, VERSATILITY, SHINE. LEFT: JACKI'S FINE HAIR MADE FULLER WITH MOUSSE, MOVED TOWARD THE FACE. RIGHT: MORE CONTROL, "STRUCTURE," THE CHARM OF A METALLIC GOLD HEADWRAP. BOOSTING HAIR'S SHINE: PHILIP KINGSLEY'S INTENSIVE ELASTICIZING CONDITIONER. MAKEUP, LEFT, ELIZABETH ARDEN'S BRONZE LAMÉ ON LIPS; RIGHT, THEIR NEW WAVE RED ON LIPS, BITTERSWEET BROWNS POWDER TRIO ON EYES. HAIR, LEFT: SAM McKNIGHT; RIGHT, EZEL FOR BUMBLE & BUMBLE. BOTH PAGES: MAKEUP, LINDA CANTELLO; MANICURE, ELISABETH DRABINSKI. CLOTHES, OMO NORMA KAMALI; EARRINGS, ISAAC MANEVITZ FOR BEN-AMUN. DETAILS, LAST PAGES.

Denis Piel

Bright over light—today's more natural, yet still totally alluring approach to haircolor say the world's color experts

BY SHIRLEY LORD

Bright, brighter, brightest haircoloring—that's the promise made by today's dazzling new brighteners and gentle new products that haircolorists everywhere hope will finally end the "one-color head of hair"—usually blond, often self-inflicted, and the cause of so much hair grief/damage.

As Louis Licari, color director of La Coupe hair salon in New York City (and consultant to Clairol), says: "Yesterday, haircoloring was used to *hide* something. Today it's used to *reveal* a woman's natural haircoloring in such a spectacular way it can truly be a revelation to her! It means using color primarily to achieve a *brighter* but not necessarily lighter effect, which in turn accents a wave, a style, a cut as well as plays up eye color or contours face shape because the impact of haircoloring doesn't stop at the hairline. The new brighteners can 'warm' face color and in fact influence a woman's total fashion look."

Natural hair color depends on how much or how little you have of two pigments: melanin (black/brown) and phelomelanin (red/orange/yellow) found in the hair's cortex, or inner layer. As you grow up, the cortex thickens and pigment concentration usually increases, which explains why ash-blond babies often change into medium-brown (mousey) teenagers. The enzymes responsible for the production of these pigments start to decrease in the body as you age, which explains every grey or white hair on your head—it's simply due to a lack of new pigment. To see natural hair color at its best, the cuticle, hair's outside layer, has to be in excellent shape to transmit the color (pigment) stored inside in the cortex. New products like the recently introduced Avantage by L'Oréal (eighteen shades from Light Ash Blonde to Natural Black) work by penetrating the cuticle, then depositing color *between* the cuticle and the cortex . . . in effect, in front of the color present in the cortex . . . so, rather like a stained glass window, it produces a different effect. In common with other advanced semipermanent or nonpermanent haircolor products, such as Clairol's Loving Care Color Lotion and Loving Care Color Foam Mousse, it does not contain peroxide or ammonia so does not affect natural color in the cortex but allows new color to shine through the cuticle. This kind of product has the ability to cover grey very efficiently as well as to brighten and generally enhance hair color. Because color is placed *between* the cuticle and the cortex, these products work best on hair that has not been previously lightened. Bonus: They also add body along with deep shine and conditioning.

Haircolorists *(Continued on page 229)*

KEY SYMBOL OF CHANGE: MORE LENGTH, LESS WEIGHT HERE, THE ESSENCE OF WHAT'S AHEAD FOR FALL: THE LENGTH—NOT TOO SHORT, OFTEN, MOST FLATTERING, JUST BETWEEN CHIN AND SHOULDERS... THE FULLNESS, THE MOVEMENT—A MATTER OF LAYERING, OF A NEW CUTTING TECHNIQUE THAT BUILDS VOLUME EVEN INTO FINE HAIR, TAKES AWAY "WEIGHT." UNDERSCORING THE NEW PROPORTION: THE FLIRT OF SHORTER, EYEBROW-BARING BANGS, THE SMOOTHER LINE OF HAIR THAT REVEALS, MORE THAN EVER, HAIR'S CONDITION AND SHINE, GLORIOUS COLOR. THE "LIQUID" TOOL USED, RIGHT, STYLING GEL—CLINIQUE'S HAIR SHAPER. MAKEUP, CLINIQUE: A SHADOWY EYE, AN EMPHASIS ON BROWS—TAUPE BROW SHAPER OVER BRONZE LIGHT PENCIL; A DEEPER MOUTH—GOLDEN BRANDY. HAIR, SAM McKNIGHT; MAKEUP, LINDA CANTELLO; MANICURE, ELISABETH DRABINSKI. GEOFFREY BEENE'S ONE-SHOULDER BLACK EVENING DRESS. RHINESTONE BRACELET, WENDY GELL JEWELRY. DETAILS, SEE NEXT TO LAST PAGES.

Denis Piel

PUTTING FAST STYLE CHANGES WITHIN EVERY WOMAN'S REACH: THE EASE OF MANIPULATING HAIR NOW...THE EMPHASIS ON "WORKING" HAIR WITH HANDS, USING "LIQUID" TOOLS—GEL, SPRAY, MOUSSE—TO ADD FINISH, GIVE SHAPE TO A STYLE. WHAT A CUT IS NOT ABOUT NOW, SAYS SAM McKNIGHT, WHO STYLED THE HAIR AT RIGHT: "LOCKING A WOMAN INTO ONE LOOK. VERSATILITY IS NO LONGER A LUXURY; IT'S A GIVEN."

American hair report '85

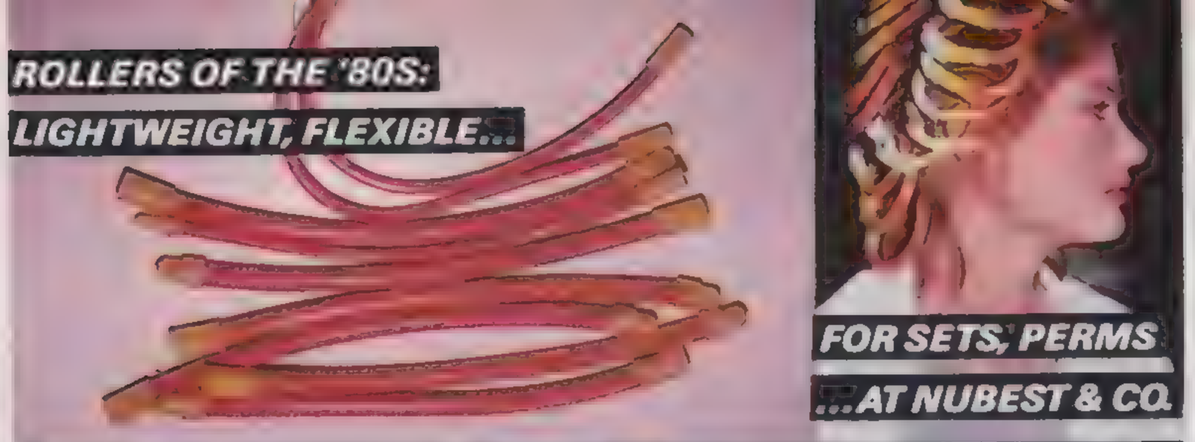
On these six pages: the news, the trends, the styles from top American hair salons and stylists. The new thinking: the focus on nonstop women, their demands for versatile, lush looking, easy care hair...By Dorothy Schefer

THE NEW BANGS—FROM SHORT TO EVEN SHORTER—GIVING HAIR A MODERN, MORE VERSATILE EDGE. AT BRUNO DESSANGE, SKETCHED ABOVE, THE WIT, THE SURPRISE OF BLUNT-CUT BANGS, LIGHTENED WITH BLONDING DONE AFTER THE CUT, "HIDDEN" UNDER LONGER LAYERS
FASHION DETAILS, LAST PAGES

Rodger Duncan

STYLE

Now, no more fads or "look of the season," but adapting trends to work for you...



Paul Lange

Roxanne Lowit

STYLE "MUSTS": ROUND BRUSHES IN SIZES; HERE, THE RANGE AT BRUNO DESSANGE
AT SUGA, WIGS... HAIRSPRAY PROTECTORS
AT BRUNO LE SALON: CURLS FOR VOLUME

MOUSSE MADNESS!

BY SHARI MILLER SIMS

Why is mousse so hot? Because it delivers what no other styling formula—gel, spray, or setting lotion—can: hold *plus* softness . . .*fast*. A dab of mousse works in seconds, "shaping" a style in the time it takes a woman to run her fingers through her hair.

"Mousse allows a woman to instantly change the look, the mood of her hair," says stylist Sam McKnight. "It's the styling tool of the '80s," adds Gad Cohen of La Coupe salon, NYC/Montreal. "Short of a perm, it's the *only* way to give fine hair lasting volume. But what sets mousse apart from other styling formulas is that it doesn't leave hair stiff or sticky."

This last point may be the deciding factor in mousse's overwhelming success: in one year, women have spent over $100 million on mousse (there are now forty kinds available).

Technological advantage

What *is* mousse? Why is it different? Mousse, setting lotion, spray, and gel are all formulated with polymers—long molecules, similar in physical structure to protein, that form a film on the hair, explains David Cannel, Ph.D., vice president of research and development at Redken Laboratories. (Some chemists use the word *resin* interchangeably with *polymer*, although resins—natural ingredients from plants or from gum—were replaced by lighter-weight man-made polymers in the fifties.)

The difference in mousse polymers: they are *electrically charged* (most are positively charged; hair is naturally negatively charged), which means they cling more tightly to hair strands, are harder to brush off, and form a more resilient film, enabling a woman to comb or brush her hair—even subject it to the heat of a blowdryer—without *(Continued on page 231)*

AMERICAN HAIR REPORT

SHINE...THROUGH CARE

"The biggest change today is that women have realized that they can do something about the condition, the luster of their hair—and that having healthy-looking hair needn't be time-consuming"—Philip Kingsley

At top salons, a new vocabulary—"preventive conditioning," "glazing," "hair remoisturizing"—indicative of new interest in the look, the feel, the shine of hair, all emphasized by the sleek line of the latest cuts.

"Strong" hair Everywhere, salon conditioning treatments that help hair stand up to modern abuses—daily shampooing, blow drying, pollution—and eliminate the need for complicated at-home care. At Gerard Bollei, the Galleria, NYC, polymer-based "glazes" applied *after* conditioning boost, "seal in" shine for up to two months . . . customized scalp masks—at Philip Kingsley, Bruno Le Salon—cleanse, invigorate.

Under-drying—stopping the blow-drying process when hair is still damp—is now routine at many salons. The reason, says John Dellaria: *over*-drying is a key cause of dullness, damage to hair's outer layer.

SHINE...THROUGH COLOR

"The three rules of modern haircolor: it must maintain or improve hair's condition... work with a cut... grow out invisibly" —Louis Licari of La Coupe

Innovative: not only the way haircolor is mixed up in the salon—now, bolstered with conditioners, custom-shaded for each woman's hair—but the way it is applied, with an eye toward using *minimal color for maximum effect.* At Jean Louis David, colorists Constance Hartnett and Hubert target color at the ends of bangs only—intentionally creating dark "roots"—by first teasing away the bulk of hair. The effect: color *(Continued on page 209)*

CUTTING WEIGHT, NOT LENGTH...NUBEST & CO.
CUTS are changing the volume, the look of hair: more length, less weight
BRUNO DESSANGE'S STYLE
"SLIDE" CUTTING... AT LA COUPE
INTERIOR: JOHN DELLARIA
NEW TOOL: "SPIKING" SCISSORS, LOUIS-GUY D
Roxanne Lowit
Paul Lange

HAIRCOLOR GELS...AT LOUIS-GUY D

STRONGER, FASTER
LIGHTS...AT LA COUPE

LATEST: IN COLOR,
IN APPLICATION
FROM LELAND HIRSCH

FAST SHINE: JEAN LOUIS DAVID'S
CELLOPHANE WRAP

"WHETHER
HAIR IS LONG
OR SHORT,
IT WILL BE
TAPERED
AT THE SIDES
AND CROWN,"
SAYS SUGA
OF NYC'S SUGA
SALON. HERE,
HIS WAY

COLOR

now, minimal use for maximum effect...

SERVICE...AT DAVID DAINES

COLOR, APPLIED AFTER
CUT, BRUNO DESSANGE

LOUIS LICARI'S
POST-STYLE COLOR...

INSIDE KENNETH'S

TEN MINUTES:
"COLOR ROLLING"
AT ROSE RETI

THE
DIFFERENCE
WITH HATS,
NOW, WORN
LOW ON
THE BROW—
AND AN
ATTRACTIVE
CHANGE IN
THE LOOK OF
HAIR: MOVING
FORWARD,
SHOWING
WISPY
LAYERING—
AS LEFT,
BY BOB FINK
FOR PIPINO-
BUCCHERI.
FASHION
DETAILS,
LAST PAGES

WIGS! NOW,
IN SPOTS, IN
COLORS—WITH
YOUR OWN
HAIR PULLED
THROUGH.
FROM PIPINO-
BUCCHERI

Rodger Duncan

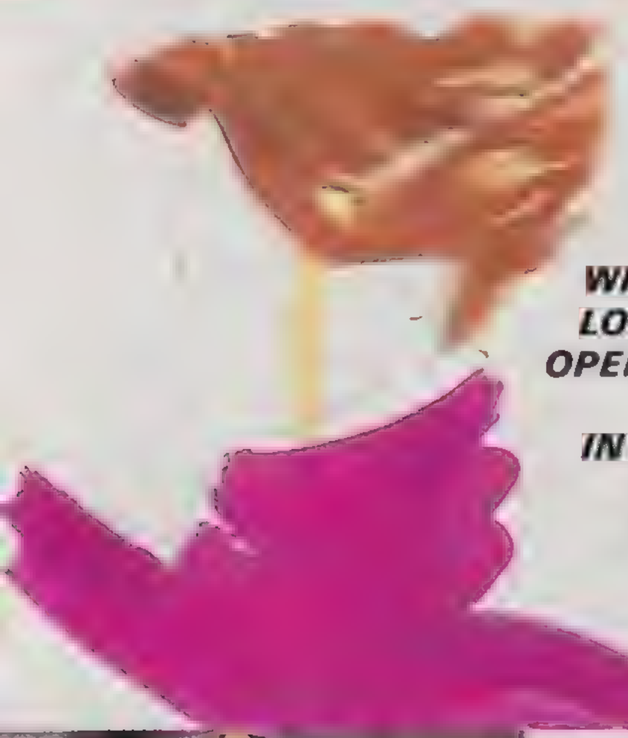
AMERICAN HAIR REPORT

COMPUTER DRYER... AT PIERRE MICHEL

WHILE YOU WAIT, AT NUBEST & CO.: EXERCISE VIDEOS

Roxanne Lowit

'80s DRYERS AT JEAN LOUIS DAVID



ULTIMATE SERVICE/ STYLE: SERGIO VALENTE, WHO DID THE LOOK, AT LEFT, OPENS HIS NYC SALON IN BERGDORF GOODMAN THIS FALL...

Paul Lange

BEYOND THE BOB: '85 UPDATE— CHIN-LENGTH CUTS, NOW, WITH A ROUNDER SHAPE, WISPIER LAYERS THAT MOVE FORWARD, ONTO THE FACE. HERE, STYLED BY SAM McKNIGHT. FASHION DETAILS, LAST PAGES

Shine...shine...shine! and thicker-looking hair

CONDITION

KING OF CARE, CONDITION: PHILIP KINGSLEY

NEW MOOD: JUNGLE RED'S CHINESE BED

RIGHT: MODERN TOOLS... LEFT, TO RIGHT: NATURAL-BRISTLE, RUBBER-BASE BRUSH; WIDE-TOOTH COMB; CLIPS (FOR WAVING); CONTROLLERS (HERE, POMADE, MOUSSE)

NYC'S BEST WIG "SALON/STORE": THERESA WIGS, WHERE THERE'S EVERYTHING FROM THE SPIKED-OUT PURPLE WIG, LEFT, TO REAL-HAIR WIGS, COSTING UP TO $3000. WHATEVER THE PRICE, EVERY WIG IS FITTED AND CUT

Rodger Duncan

(Continued from page 206)

"floats" on hair edges, disappears with one or two cuts. **Fast color** The days when color was a time-consuming, rigidly scheduled, precisely patterned process are over. Now, colorists use fingers to place color, often on dry hair, "guided" by the light and shadow created by an overhead spotlight. Even faster: a mini paint roller used to "glimmerize," apply natural-looking highlights in ten minutes flat—whatever the length of hair—at Rose Reti. **Brown on brown on brown** The answer, now, for women with dark hair who don't want a big change, do want more depth of color, more shine, says Elsa Serra of Louis-Guy D, who uses gels "color-coded" for the "strength" of color to achieve this effect. At Gerard Bollei, their "cola glaze" gives soft—not harsh—red highlights to dark hair.

WIGS: EVERYWHERE

"The fastest change to make at night is to add something false—a chignon, a hairpiece"

—Sergio Valente

At salons, a new interest in wigs, in pieces to fill out hair...in obviously fake colors that allow for daring, dramatic, temporary changes. At Pipino-Buccheri, small lace-based pieces in a range of colors to add on "bangs," at the side of hair at night. At Suga, wigs are cut, shaped to a woman's head to add fullness where needed. Where to find the best wigs—from good, handmade ones to fun pieces, and all custom-fitted: in NYC, Diane Valvo at Bergdorf Goodman; Kenneth; Theresa Wigs; Ruth Regina, Bay Harbor Island, Florida.

MODERN SALONS

"A stylist must be able to tell—by touching a woman's hair—what type of cut works, even the shampoo to use"

—Sergio Valente

Along with expertise, what counts now in New York City: **ambiance.** At Sergio Valente: the "uniform"—blue blazers, grey *(Continued on page 229)*

ALL TOGETHER NOW

A WONDERFUL WARDROBE-TO-GO

What women today are consistently looking for: clothes with a certain kind of ease and presence. That ease can be achieved most quickly by pulling together pieces from one designer, pieces that are made to work together. It's done on these four pages, in a fall preview for Vogue Patterns, with just a few inter-relating pieces to sew, all designed by Calvin Klein.... The shirts in the "collection," *right*: one, in peach silk crepe de Chine with a small crossover collar; and, *opposite page*, a wrapped variation in silk charmeuse. The pants, *right:* new, higher-waisted pleat-front trousers, here in a russet worsted wool herringbone. Blouses, Calvin Klein for Vogue Patterns #1625; both silk fabrics, Horikoshi New York. Pants, Calvin Klein for Vogue Patterns #1626; Forstmann's worsted woolens, by J.P. Stevens & Co. Details, sewing information, last pages...*Beauty Note*: Makeup in colorings as carefully keyed together as the clothes. On these four pages, from Cover Girl: Bold Spice/ Soft Spice on cheeks; Sugar 'n Spice lip color; plus Chestnut and Cashmere eyeshadows.

Calvin Klein
for Vogue Patterns
#1626

Calvin Klein
for Vogue Patterns
#1625

Bert Stern

Calvin Klein
for Vogue Patterns
#1627

Bert Stern

ALL TOGETHER NOW

From Vogue Patterns and their series of looks-to-sew from leading American designers: more easy but polished dressing in a wardrobe of key pieces designed by Calvin Klein. First, paisley, *opposite page*, an important fashion element this season. Here, softest wool challis paisley in tones of tobacco, rust and green in a softly gathered skirt to below mid-calf. Combined—for the finish, the look of a suit—with a short, tobacco-colored wool/nylon melton jacket, cut slightly wider, with a widened lapel and in a heavier almost "coating" weight. Jacket and skirt, Calvin Klein for Vogue Patterns #1627. Wool challis, Ratti 7. Wool melton, Forstmann's woolens by J. P. Stevens & Co....*Right:* Another variation on day dressing, on paisley. The pivotal blouse—a full-sleeved fly-front version in silk paisley, with a skirt that has all the body-consciousness of the season: below mid-calf, in tobacco-colored wool flannel, off-center closing. Skirt, Calvin Klein for Vogue Patterns #1626. Blouse, Calvin Klein for Vogue Patterns #1625. Silk paisley, Ratti 7; wool flannel, Forstmann's woolens by J.P. Stevens & Co. Patterns available in September. Details, sewing information, last pages. These four pages: hair, Ezel for Bumble & Bumble; makeup, François Nars.

Calvin Klein
for Vogue Patterns
#1625

Calvin Klein
for Vogue Patterns
#1626

dressing now:

here's a whole new way of dressing this season. The key: a streamlined base—body-close, uncluttered, black—that works day and night on its own or as the starting point for the season's new proportion, new-shape jackets and coats. The basic elements: a small-fitting spare top (a sweater, blouse, bodysuit); pants that go from leg-hugging to narrow-but-soft, or a short, narrow skirt. On all these six pages, the same Michael Kors black wool jersey turtleneck top—small, fitted, appealing, *left*. On these two pages paired with Esprit's black corduroy pants with the season's hallmark "based-on-ski-pants" look. Two pieces of this kind are easy to wear but have the sophistication to cope with busy days, low-key evenings and to work with all the other standout elements of the season. One of the new coats, for instance—knee-length, with soft, rounded shoulders, an important collar ...color!—like the brilliant blue one, *opposite near right*, by Steve from Searle Blatt. Michael Kors top, about $200. Bergdorf Goodman; Ultimo, Chicago; Balliet's; Neiman-Marcus. Esprit pants, about $50. Mid-August at Saks Fifth Avenue; Marshall Field's; Macy's, San Francisco; Bullock's. Searle wool coat, about $235. Saks Fifth Avenue; Woodward & Lothrop; Jacobson's, Michigan and Ohio.... Another standout signature shape to top the same base pieces, *far right*, a short, strong-shouldered wool jacket, nipped in at the front, fuller in back. By Anne Klein II. About $220. Lord & Taylor; Montaldo's; Gidding-Jenny, Cincinatti OH, Indianapolis IN; Jacobson's, Michigan; Balliet's; The Broadway, Los Angeles. These six pages: hair, Oribe NYC; makeup, Sophie Levy for Pipino-Buccheri Salon, NYC. Details, more stores, last pages.

Paul Lange

a new base...

new elemen

If you start with the same Michael Kors turtleneck, but the trousers are in wool gabardine, a little softer, pleated in front, and slightly tapered, like Barry I. Bricken's, *this page*—the line is a little easier, the orientation a little more ''dressed.'' . . . The long and short of how the silhouette changes with a change of top, *opposite*. Escada's full-length, soft-shouldered, generously cut wool coat, *near right*, in creamy yellow. Barry I. Bricken trousers, about $145. Peter Elliot, NYC; R.T.W., Ltd., Charleston SC; Mark Shale, Chicago; Hall's, Kansas City MO; L'Elite, Houston; At Ease, Los Angeles. Escada coat, about $698. Mid-August at Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin; Gidding-Jenny, Cincinatti OH & Indianapolis IN; Hixons, Milwaukee WI; Balliet's; Auer's, Denver CO. . . .For the trimness, the finish of a suit, *far right*, Arthur Chapnik's taupe wool jacket, just below the waist, lightly fitted, with the season's short-coat look. Jacket, about $285. Late September at Bullock's. Details, more stores, last pages.

Paul Lange

ts...

...a whole new

a

nother variation on the basic theme—for all the times, all the reasons you prefer a skirt—*this page*, this year's skirt-to-count-on: above-the-knee, slim, very straight, and . . . velvet. It does everything gabardine or leather does, but with a little more élan. It's the perfect foil, perfect texture with the Michael Kors top, any other top, any hour. Skirt by Anne Klein II. About $100. Lord & Taylor; Nan Duskin; Montaldo's; Gidding-Jenny, Cincinnati OH and Indianapolis IN; Balliet's; Bullock's. . . . The tops *opposite: near right*, one of the fake furs that are everywhere—for their warmth, their dash, their accessibility. This one from Yves Saint Laurent Variation in ivory, almost to the knee, with a mandarin collar, the season's mandatory strong shoulders. About $440. August at Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutique Femme, NYC; Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutiques, Manhasset, NY; San Francisco; Nan Duskin; Higbee's; Bullocks Wilshire. . . . And, *far right*, a brief red wool jacket, under a second, longer jacket of black-and-white wool tweed . . . a look that's sharp, racy, totally individual. Both jackets by Pendleton Woolen Mills. Tweed jacket, about $170. August at Post & Co., Syosset NY; Reads, Trumbull CT; Filene's; Macy's, San Francisco; Nordstrom, Oregon. Details, more stores, last pages.

Paul Lange

look

VOGUE'S

Last Word

ON FASHION IN THIS ISSUE

What works and what doesn't: for a total look from a streamlined sweater and skirt—or trousers; when it's a matter of length, great stockings and shoes, a new jewelry focus . . .

What works? In this issue—and coming fall season—one recurring, attractive notion, clearly, is effective dressing that starts with a streamlined base. Base pieces may be, quite simply, a turtleneck and trousers. **What's different: Designers are creating new basics—sweaters, tops, skirts, and pants—precise enough to fit under even the season's smallest jacket but sufficiently interesting and body-conscious to provide a total look in themselves.** This fall, you'll find all the familiar categories of sportswear dressing. What's key: they're being put together in a way that's polished enough to take you almost anywhere.

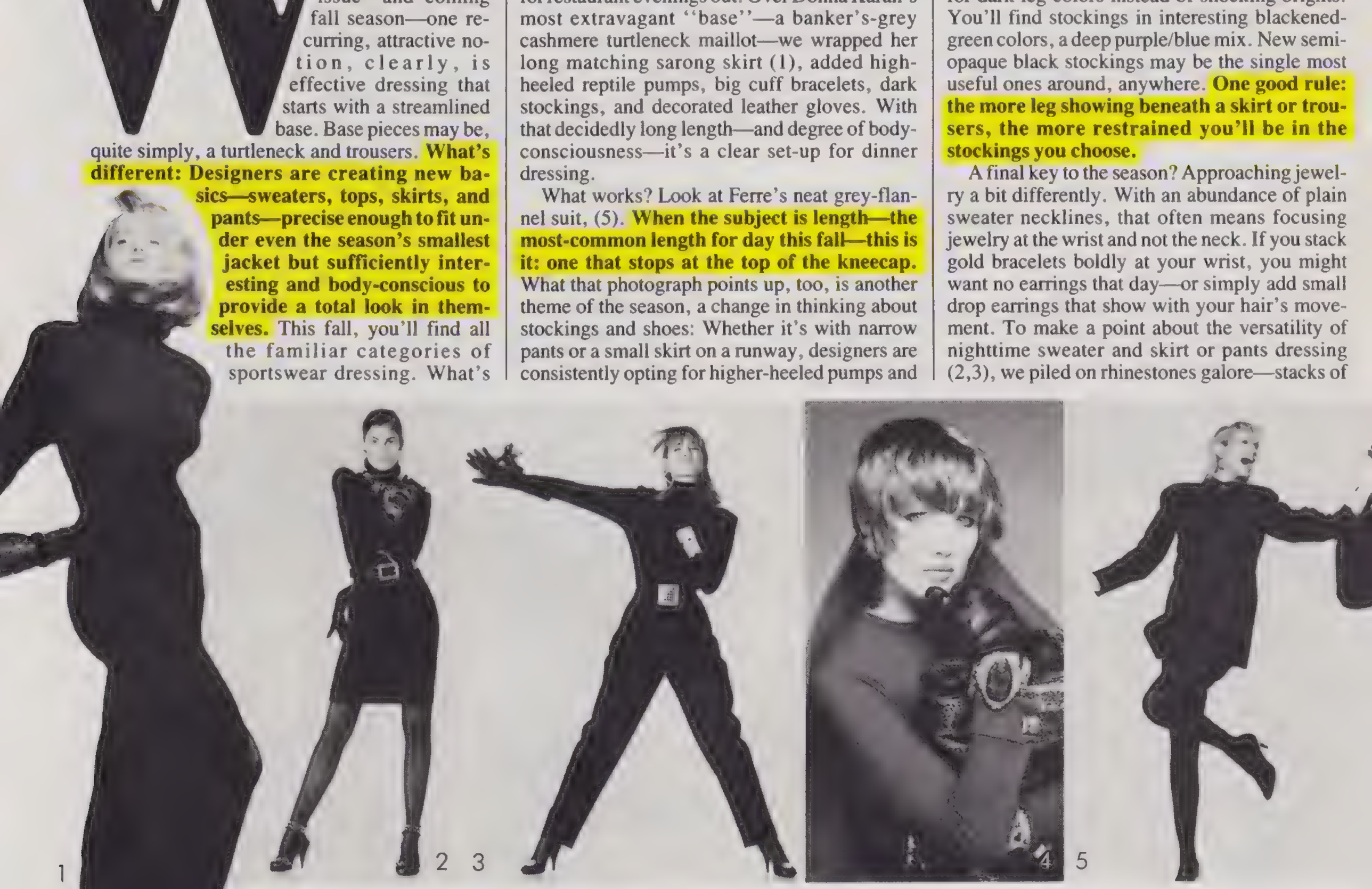
One find of the season? A new turtleneck top—smaller, close-to-the-body, often at its best in wool jersey (like this black one from Michael Kors, 3). It's a top that's pairing up with everything from short, narrow skirts in black jersey and velvet by day to ankle-length flared skirts in leather. You might belt it above a long wool-jersey tube or stirrup pants for at-home dressing, substitute narrow proper trousers (3) and rhinestone jewels for restaurant evenings out. Over Donna Karan's most extravagant "base"—a banker's-grey cashmere turtleneck maillot—we wrapped her long matching sarong skirt (1), added high-heeled reptile pumps, big cuff bracelets, dark stockings, and decorated leather gloves. With that decidedly long length—and degree of body-consciousness—it's a clear set-up for dinner dressing.

What works? Look at Ferre's neat grey-flannel suit, (5). **When the subject is length—the most-common length for day this fall—this is it: one that stops at the top of the kneecap.** What that photograph points up, too, is another theme of the season, a change in thinking about stockings and shoes: Whether it's with narrow pants or a small skirt on a runway, designers are consistently opting for higher-heeled pumps and semi-opaque dark stockings. They're using shoes and stockings, this fall, often to add additional textures, a sense of richness to a total look. Suede or reptile pumps, a slightly iridescent or subtly textured stocking can serve to hold a look together; **you won't reach for bright colors or blatant patterns, this season, that go their own stand-out route.** The hem of a skirt generally looks best toned to the color of a stocking and to the shoe: Then nothing interrupts the sleek line prevalent this season.

By day, this year, there's generally much less of a sense of ornamentation on legs. It's a season of neat textures rather than bold patterns, a year for dark leg colors instead of shocking brights. You'll find stockings in interesting blackened-green colors, a deep purple/blue mix. New semi-opaque black stockings may be the single most useful ones around, anywhere. **One good rule: the more leg showing beneath a skirt or trousers, the more restrained you'll be in the stockings you choose.**

A final key to the season? Approaching jewelry a bit differently. With an abundance of plain sweater necklines, that often means focusing jewelry at the wrist and not the neck. If you stack gold bracelets boldly at your wrist, you might want no earrings that day—or simply add small drop earrings that show with your hair's movement. To make a point about the versatility of nighttime sweater and skirt or pants dressing (2,3), we piled on rhinestones galore—stacks of bracelets, earrings, belts. In reality, you might go for the dangle earrings and jeweled belt . . . and eliminate other pieces. The nighttime glitter is still—quite effectively—there.

What's a truer symbol, perhaps, of the season: The dark, printed bag, black leather gloves, bold bracelets with cameo that we put with Geoffrey Beene's sweater and coat turnout (4). The accessories are grouped at the wrist. The notion: added texture, a sense of accessory focus, an interesting—decorated—edge. It's a subtle difference, one of the pleasures you'll find when you're dressing for the new season. ▽



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When helping isn't really helpful. . . hip hip hurrah! . . . tennis: one-sided? . . "turista" defense. . . gaining control of your life. . . best health food: fish

RODGER DUNCAN

FISH—FOR HEALTH

The more we learn about nutrition and fitness, the smarter we become about eating . . . which helps to explain why fish consumption is at an all-time high. Now, research gives a new reason for choosing fish; it may be "preventive medicine," actually *lowering* the risk of heart disease, offering some asthma and arthritis relief, and—this research is still in the most preliminary stage—even reducing the risk of breast cancer.

The major health "ingredient" seems to be the fish oils that are composed of omega-3 fatty acids. The fish richest in these oils are herring, shad, tuna, mackerel, salmon, whitefish, pompano, large bluefish. Although these fatty fish are higher in calories than lean (three and one-half ounces of Chinook salmon have 180 calories compared to sole's 80), consider the fact that the same amount of steak has 350 calories.

Concern about the "high" cholesterol content of shellfish seems to have been exaggerated: "The figures for scallops, clams, and oysters have been recalculated to 40 percent of their original levels," said William E. Connor, M.D., head of clinical nutrition, Oregon Health Sciences University. "And the presence of omega-3s in shrimp and lobster has prompted doctors to allow two to three ounces of these seafoods a day in place of other carbohydrate-containing protein sources."

Could good fat, bad fat

Could fat deposits on hips and thighs be vital to human survival? Scientists are taking a new look at lower-body bulges—the despair even of slender women—and asking questions that may reshape our thinking. These studies stem from one of the hottest topics in obesity research today—the relationship between body shape and disease.

Studies show excess weight around the abdomen is most threatening to health. And, ironically, lower-body fat may be a form of biological insurance, possibly playing a key role in meeting increased energy demands of pregnancy and lactation, according to very preliminary animal studies of Ahmed H. Kissebah, M.D., Ph.D., at the Medical College of Wisconsin.

Not all fat cells are created equal. "During pregnancy and lactation, fat cells in a rat's thigh become superactive. These cells, which usually do not respond to the body's minute-to-minute fuel demands, may have a specialized function to meet long-term fuel demands meant to preserve the species," said Dr. Kissebah, who cautions that these results cannot yet be directly applied to humans.

The relationship between weight distribution and disease is clearer. Swedish researchers report that men and women who carry excess weight in their waists rather than hips had three to five times the incidence of heart attacks and strokes. The possible reason: fat cells of the abdomen are more active metabolically than fat cells in the thigh and buttocks.

A strong link between a woman's body shape and risk of diabetes was demonstrated by Dr. Kissebah. Women with upper-body obesity may be eight times more likely to develop diabetes than normal-weight women or those with excess lower-body weight. Upper-body obesity may also increase risk of hypertension.

These risks may be related to the size of the fat cells. Fat cells from women with lower-body obesity are of normal size, but the number of cells is greatly increased. In upper-body obesity, the number of fat cells is normal but their size is increased. It is this enlargement that may reduce the number of insulin receptors on the cell's surface, increasing risk of maturity-onset diabetes. High blood pressure has also been correlated with fat-cell size, but not number.

Of the 40 percent of American women who are obese, 25 percent are lower-body obese, 25 percent upper-body, the rest in between. How do you stack up? Measure your waist just below the rib cage and your hips at the broadest point. Divide waist by hip measure. Normal is 0.7. A lower number indicates lower-body obesity; higher, upper-body obesity.

Dr. Kissebah's studies also confirm many dieters' dilemma: it is very difficult to lose weight in the lower body. This is actually good news for health: the high-risk enlarged cells of the upper body shrink much more easily.

The pattern of fat-cell distribution may be hormonal. Women with upper-body obesity have higher levels of the male hormone, testosterone, which stimulates deposits of fat in a pattern similar to men—around the midsection. "It seems that the female liver is very sensitive to the male hormone. When exposed to even the slightest increase, it becomes more like a male liver, setting the metabolic scenario for such problems as diabetes and heart disease," explained Dr. Kissebah.

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Q&A

Taking the "turista" out of travel . . . tennis: a one-sided workout?

I will be traveling widely this summer and wonder: Can "turista" be avoided?

Following common-sense dietary practices when visiting developing countries provides your best protection, advised John G. Bartlett, M.D., chief of the division of infectious diseases and professor of medicine at Johns Hopkins University School of Medicine. However, even some of the most fastidious travelers occasionally succumb to "turista" because they simply can't control how their food is processed.

The time-honored axiom "if you can't peel it, boil it, cook it, forget it" is still good advice, with raw vegetables, raw meat, and raw seafood topping the list of risky foods. It's also a good idea to stay away from tap water, ice, unpasteurized milk and dairy products, peeled fruit, according to a panel of experts recently convened by the National Institutes of Health to study ways travelers can help forestall diarrheal disease.

"The safest drinks are bottled carbonated beverages, particularly flavored sodas; beer; wine; hot coffee or tea; and water that is boiled, iodinated, or chlorinated appropriately," pointed out Dr. Bartlett.

Although antibiotics such as doxycycline can provide effective prophylaxis, they are not routinely recommended. An eight-ounce bottle of Pepto-Bismol a day also prevents "travelers' tummy," but presents a rather heavy burden for most suitcases.

Most of the time, the problem is not serious, said Dr. Bartlett. A bout of "turista" may include symptoms of nausea, vomiting, cramps, headache, a low-grade fever, and last an average of three days. A mild case can be managed by replacing lost fluids, avoiding solid foods, and taking an anti-diarrheal agent such as Lomotil, Imodium, or Pepto-Bismol. However, if stool contains blood or mucus, a high fever is present, or profuse diarrhea persists, it's important to consult a physician.

Is it true that tennis works only one side of my body? If so, how can I compensate?

When played properly, tennis is, in fact, not a one-sided sport, particularly in comparison with golf. "In golf, the twisting force during a stroke, known as torque, can easily lead to injury," pointed out Robert Arnot, M.D., author (with Charles Gaines) of *Sportselection* (Viking Press). "In tennis, however, the balance of forehand and backhand strokes, as well as the continual running, helps to ensure a fairly equal workout of muscles on both sides of the body."

The most common injury in tennis is, of course, tennis elbow (tendinitis). According to Dr. Arnot, this is less because of the one-sidedness of the game than because of excessive strain on the tendons of the forearm during play. "High-tech racquets have contributed to this problem by permitting 'cheap shots' without using proper forehand and backhand strokes," he said. "Such short-cuts may interfere with a bilateral workout and up the risk for injury. On the positive side, many of the newer racquets have built-in protective cushioning against shock."

Dr. Arnot's recommendations, developed to minimize injury, can also help to maximize a bilateral workout in tennis.

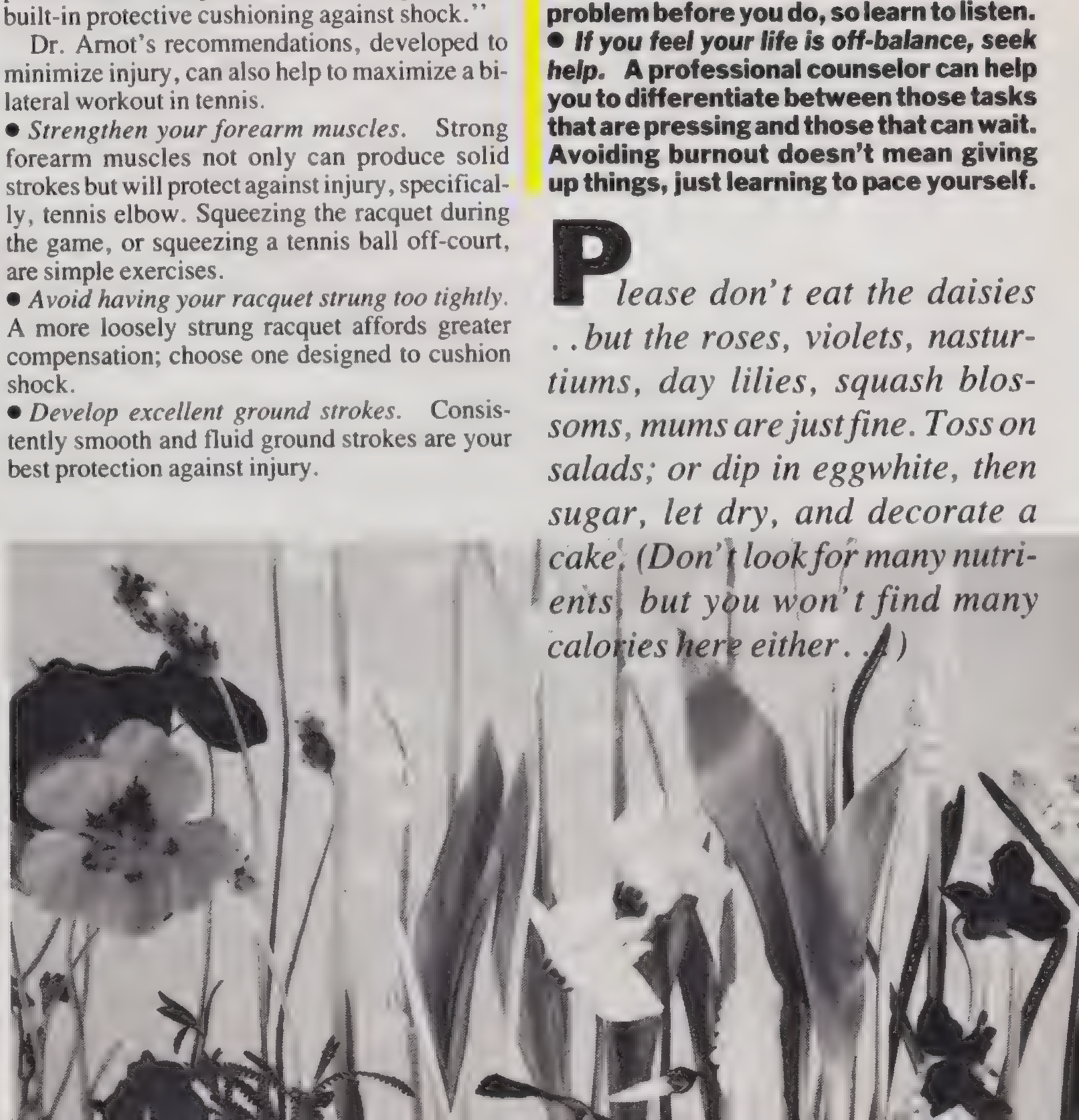
- *Strengthen your forearm muscles.* Strong forearm muscles not only can produce solid strokes but will protect against injury, specifically, tennis elbow. Squeezing the racquet during the game, or squeezing a tennis ball off-court, are simple exercises.
- *Avoid having your racquet strung too tightly.* A more loosely strung racquet affords greater compensation; choose one designed to cushion shock.
- *Develop excellent ground strokes.* Consistently smooth and fluid ground strokes are your best protection against injury.

IN CONTROL

Keeping perspective on the demands on your time, your life, can be a matter of approach, says psychoanalyst Herbert J. Freudenberger, Ph.D., in *Women's Burnout* (with Gail North; Doubleday). Here, his common-sense advice:

- ***Learn to delegate.*** **Don't try to prove that you can do it all. At home, at work, or in a volunteer role, seek help from others.**
- ***Pay attention to your own needs.*** **While it may seem noble to put off a much-needed vacation—or even an evening to yourself—taking a break can improve physical and mental stamina, even boost productivity.**
- ***Don't ignore symptoms of stress or fatigue.*** **If you're constantly tired or unable to shake off a cold or the flu, your body may be telling you to slow down.**
- ***Listen to your own language.*** **If you frequently hear cynicism or bitterness in your voice, ask yourself why—and try to do something about it.**
- ***Avoid turning to food, drugs, or alcohol for release.*** **Rest and relaxation—and time for spiritual fulfillment—are likely to be more satisfying and have none of the unwanted side-effects.**
- ***Beware of misinterpreting concern as criticism.*** **A friend may realize your problem before you do, so learn to listen.**
- ***If you feel your life is off-balance, seek help.*** **A professional counselor can help you to differentiate between those tasks that are pressing and those that can wait. Avoiding burnout doesn't mean giving up things, just learning to pace yourself.**

Please don't eat the daisies . . but the roses, violets, nasturtiums, day lilies, squash blossoms, mums are just fine. Toss on salads; or dip in eggwhite, then sugar, let dry, and decorate a cake. (Don't look for many nutrients, but you won't find many calories here either. . .)



SUSAN WOOD

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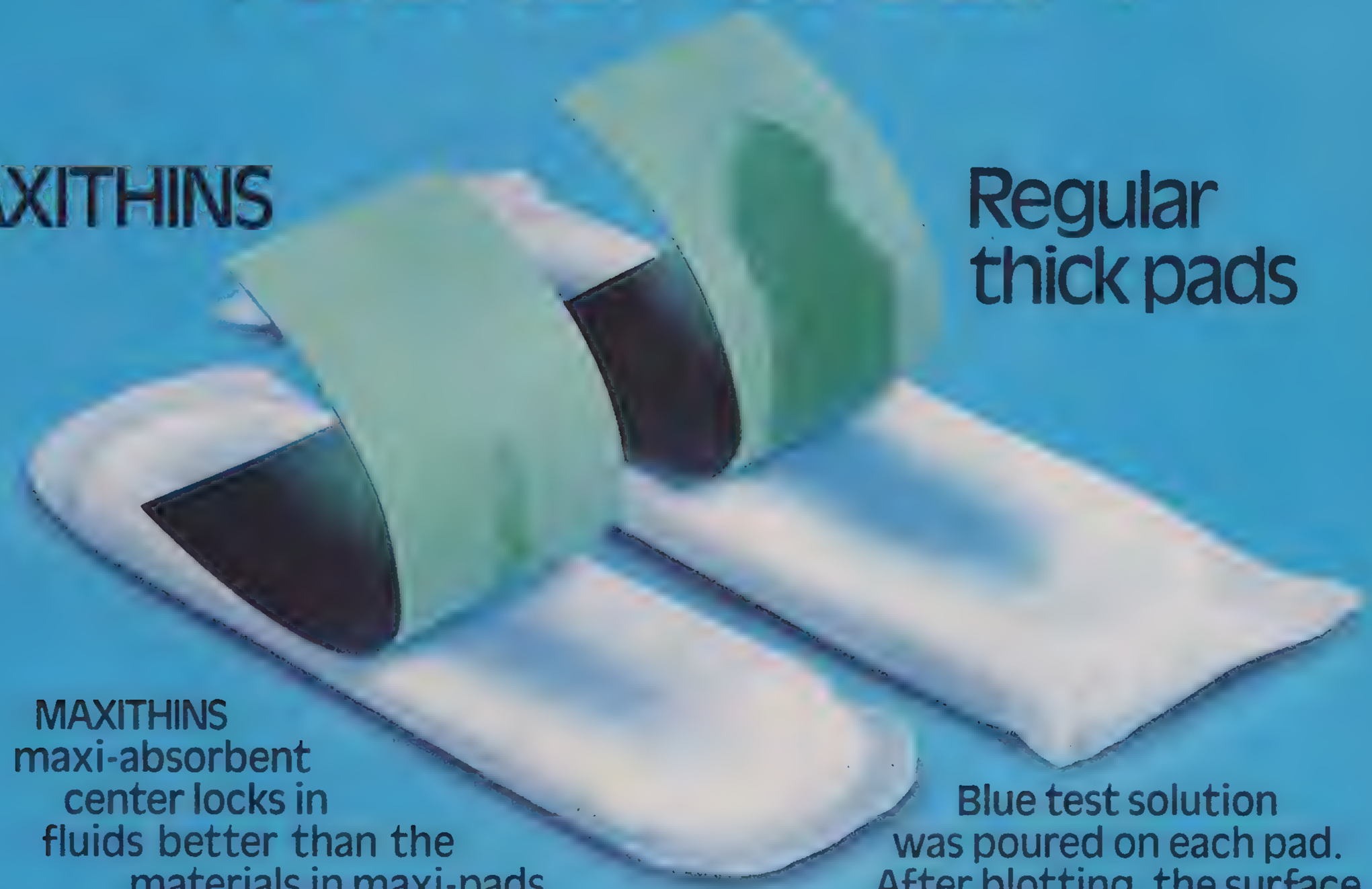

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HEALTH *style*

Your Well-Being

BY BARBARA LANG STERN

How can you help another person? Should you say what you're really thinking? Is it possible that "helping" is really meddling destructively in someone's life?

"If there's one thing that gets my ire up, it's people telling others what to do," said Ari Kiev, M.D., clinical associate professor of psychiatry, The New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center. "I see more people harming others by getting involved rather than adopting a hands-off philosophy, which probably is healthiest."

But when you have some information, insight, or experience you think a friend can benefit from, shouldn't you at least offer it?

"If you can say something in a way that encourages someone else to make her own choices, you may have a helpful communication: 'Look, this is what I see; this is what I think may be going on, but it's your life; how do *you* feel about it? Do you want to consider doing such-and-such?' The *way* you talk to someone is far more important than exactly what you say," said Dr. Kiev, originator of The Life Strategy Workshops, where relationships are a major subject.

Giving advice wisely: when and how you can help, but not meddle

What if you're asked for an opinion or advice? "People frequently introduce me to someone and then say, 'What do you think? I'm considering marrying him.' But who am *I* to say whether this will work or not? My answer is, 'What are you really asking?' 'Well, I don't know exactly.' 'Oh. Then why don't you wait until you do?' One of the *most* helpful things you can do is to feed back to someone the sense of her own hesitancy; help her focus on her own concerns."

But suppose you believe someone would be safer, happier, or better off changing. What harm is there in trying to persuade her? "First, you can't *make* that judgment for anyone else because you don't understand the complexities of why someone is behaving in a certain way," said Dr. Kiev.

"Second, you're apt to alienate someone by coming on strong. The result usually is that communication channels are shut off. The person you're trying to help not only isn't listening to you but now isn't willing to talk to you anymore. Worse, your pressure complicates the person's problem, which is to find out what *she* really wants to do, and to find strength to do it.

"Third, logical persuasion doesn't work. Change is very difficult. For example, you can't persuade someone to drink less because it's harming her career and relationships; that person is afraid to stop. The alcohol is serving a purpose for her. So it's only if you can establish an alliance with whatever healthy, objective, observing ego she has that you can help. Maybe you can say, 'It seems to me that life is getting rough, because you're drinking.' Maybe she'll talk a little. You might say, 'Did you ever think about going to AA?' And however she responds, you've basically done what you could: you've recognized a problem and made a suggestion. Possibly you could say, 'I can see where going to AA is rough; if you'd *like*, I'd be willing to go with you.' If you can relate to a person that way, and hold her hand while she's going through some anxiety, you're being as helpful as possible.

"People want to help, but they're not taught that helpfulness really is bearing witness. It's listening instead of talking; it's trying to tune in to the other person's anxiety. It's acknowledging that it's rough to change; rough to take chances. It's staying with somebody through thick and thin, and supporting somebody's dream when the rest of the world says it's impossible. It's being there while a friend goes through all the suffering and pain needed before she can examine her *own* contribution to the difficulties she's having—or creating. It's being emotionally involved with someone, yet free enough to recognize that you can only help someone if you allow her to be the governor of her own life."

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Allyn Beth Landau, M.D.

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american hair report

(Continued from page 201)

Dessange. "Depression," says Michael Mazzei, Nubest & Co. "Radical changes are fun," adds Marc Pipino, "but radical is not for everyone." And smart women know this.

Now, service . . .

A woman's demands extend beyond what's wanted and needed from her stylist to what's also expected at a salon. Although women may be spending less time in hair salons they're spending more money—an average of $25-$50 across the country each visit, about once a month, according to Glemby.

Top stylists understand service and ambiance—now equally important to styling. No one understands this better than Kenneth, who takes care of three generations of clients, and right-hand Mary Farr, stylist to some of New York's most high-powered women. Besides his reputation as one of the best cutter/stylists, Kenneth offers busy clients something else: service. Early A.M. appointments, private rooms, lunch trays (example of caring to the nth degree: drinks are covered with plastic wrap to keep out flying hair). And though the china and Porthault towels are gone, Kenneth still retains a driver to take clients—on a first-come basis—to next appointments. (Next month, Kenneth closes to redo his salon, which reopens in September.)

Ambiance counts . . .

Pipino-Buccheri is redone every *two* years. "Wear and tear is enormous," says Pipino; "clients deserve a clean, attractive space." Which is one reason Pipino no longer offers manicures. Monthly customers go elsewhere for weekly manicures. "By not providing this 'extra,' we concentrate on what we do best." He also eliminates the lacquer smell from a small salon.

Eliminating "pollutants" and noxious elements is, in fact, another priority now, and hard to do in a salon where so many chemicals are used. At Louis-Guy D, there's no smoking; and at Louis Licari's La Couleur de la Coupe, colorists—usually relegated to the backs of salons—operate in the front of La Coupe near windows and welcome fresh air.

Women are spending less time at salons but more money. Demands, now, extend beyond what's wanted, needed from a stylist to what's expected at a salon

Luxe timesavers . . .

It is today's busier, more demanding women who have given new meaning to the word *service*. Doormen are everywhere (Kenneth, Elizabeth Arden, Raymond & Nasser), as are limousines (Nubest & Co.) and ever-expanding hours. At John Dellaria's split-level salon in SoHo, there are two shifts, so the salon remains open to accommodate clients virtually twelve hours a day.

Men benefit, too. Raymond & Nasser, for example, is opening a Wall Street Salon in NYC this fall. Open to men and women, it accommodates men who are "shy" about having such services as haircolor and pedicure by offering private rooms.

Women are influencing modern hair salons in other ways, too. When Bruno redid Le Salon, he hired Harvard architect Lynn Schneider, a client of thirteen years. "I paid attention to all sorts of subtle but important details—lighting, for example." She's right. In most salons, lighting is awful, making women feel unattractive, vulnerable to suggestions they might not go along with in a more confident mood. "The lighting eliminates shadows," says Schneider. The stations eliminate clutter—hair spray, tools, towels—that pile up in front of you. The goal: a feeling of privacy in what is essentially a crowded space.

Which doesn't explain blaring rock music. "Never," says Kenneth, when asked about playing the loud music that blasts at almost every salon. "It's an intrusion, at a moment when a woman needs a respite." Suga agrees; so does Sergio Valente, whose NYC salon opens in Bergdorf Goodman this fall.

"I prefer classical music," admitted one salon owner. "Clients do too; but I'm afraid stylists will fall asleep."

Real expertise . . .

That's a problem. The majority of hairstylists are young and inexperienced; and not every woman has access to Kenneth or Suga. No one is more aware of this than top stylists: the problem of training and developing a stylist's "eye" is a major concern.

Video has helped. Bruno Dessange prepares teaching/styling videos three times a year, as does Jean Louis David. Stylists like Marc Pipino make themselves available to salons across the country for teaching seminars.

Jean Louis David's solution: Diffusion—his "younger" salon, with less-experienced stylists offering less-expensive cuts without appointments. Stylists get their training, then move on to his regular salon.

Vidal Sassoon, whose London school has trained some of America's most important stylists (Howard Fugler, Marc Pipino, Harry King, Roger Thompson) sees training as part of the stylist's responsibility. Along with a more sophisticated technology, Sassoon credits the education of hairdressers with the improved look of women's hair.

Sassoon, probably more than any stylist, revolutionized the hair industry and changed—forever—women's hair habits. His geometric cuts freed women from weekly wash-and-set visits, allowing them options of cuts, color, care. Sassoon's criticisms? Women don't shop around enough; salons don't properly allow for consultation. "The hair business," he says, "is still word of mouth. But women are learning; when they have a sense of what's available, they can make choices. It's only from knowledge that we get the ability to choose." ▽

approaches to haircolor

(Continued from page 202)

today are skilled in mixing and matching lighteners (which do contain peroxide) with nonperoxide semipermanent or temporary vegetable-based dyes and brighteners, organic dyes originally used in food products, drugs, and cosmetics. Leland Hirsch of Nubest chooses a color that is brighter than natural hair color—to make the hair *appear* lighter. "The important thing is to avoid any one all-over look," says Hirsch, who chooses a method and product not only according to the hair he is dealing with but to the season, as well. He uses his "moonlight technique," for example, only in summer—a very mild lightener changes natural color hardly at all, but summer sun over the weeks oxidizes the color to produce an extra blonding without the harsh red or yellow that could appear with overbleaching.

As a member of the Intercoiffure Group of Professional Hairstylists and Colorists, Hirsch notes that "more and more professionals are relying on nonperoxide colors, subtle vegetable-based dyes and brighteners. With all these effects, the objective is to give a sense of lightness, airiness, brightness to the hair. Whenever you see a light, bright look, it is because light itself strikes through the translucent outer cuticle and glances off the color pigment deep inside the hair shaft. This 'see-through color' is what gives hair its natural, lively look. All modern haircoloring should be used to help this 'reflecting' idea along."

Geri Cusenza of Sebastian is another talented haircolorist who likes to "mix and match" different products, different techniques. Using Cellophanes Colorshines, she achieves a "two-tone effect," lightening the ends of the hair for lift and dimension, darkening the roots to give texture. To emphasize an unstructured layered cut, she will paint three or four different tints of Cellophane onto the hair in a checkerboard pattern—light/dark/light, actually contouring hair in the way makeup can contour the face. Sebastian's recently introduced Primary Pigments last longer, give haircolor what Geri describes as "that extra punch for those who want a more dramatic-looking head of hair!"

Around the country at over five hundred Regis Hairstylists Salons, summertime "collaging" means adding brief flicks of gold/red/blond shades with a brush, highlighting that looks subtle and natural indoors and dazzling under natural sunlight. At Bruno Dessange, Paris/New York City, the color team uses 80 to 90 percent L'Oréal products as well as natural ingredients like tea or coffee mixed with henna-based color. Here the concentration is on-spot coloring, particularly around the hairline, where summer sun is likely to emphasize the lightening. To emphasize bangs and smooth cuts, L'Oréal's new Majigloss Hair Glosser is used for less color but maximum shine lasting up to six weeks, gradually fading with each shampoo. The six sheer color shines—Spun Gold, Sun Touched Terra, Desert Sunset, Chestnut Embers, Redwood Glow, Plum Lights—are matched as closely as possible to natural hair shades.

At Pierre Michel's Coiffure and Lancôme's Institut de Beauté, the haircolor team of Thomas Frasca and Alan Adler use peroxide in only the mildest manner, heightening hair's color by only half a shade of pigment at a time. This process, called "Magnacolor," contains no coal tars, no petroleum-based dyes and toners.

At the Clive Summers Salon, Edward Moore makes "custom-mixed cream colors" using Clairol, L'Oréal, Redken products to brighten and shine hair without changing hair's own personal tint.

Clairol's Jazzing—temporary glazes in spectacular colors like Spiced Amber and Red Hot work well on dark brown/black hair in summer; Bold Gold brightens dull gold hair. When the product is heated after application, the color is intensified and lasts longer. Also the twenty beautiful shades in Wella's Presentation are "heated" by an accompanying thermo-active reagent lotion that contains 1 percent peroxide and penetrates the cuticle more deeply to give more color impact.

Many experienced haircolorists, such as Imo at Rose Reti, like to mix temporary glazes with permanent products like Miss Clairol for a multitude of effects. Imo is also one of the few colorists/stylists who import special gentle "singeing" candles from Italy to "singe away hair ends in very bad condition. This gives better color definition *and* healthier hair," he says.

Terms like "contouring"..."collaging"..."imprinting"..."patterning"—with colors as delicious sounding as palomino, aubergine, and butterscotch—emphasize the versatility of today's haircolor language and the creativity of the haircolorist more than the changes in the *categories* of haircoloring products themselves. Drastically improved, the latter can still be defined as they have always been: those that wash out and those that don't. However, because the language is often poetic—esoteric—it is *vital* that, when you discuss what kind of haircoloring you want to achieve, you ask very direct questions.

Ideally, the colorist gives you the right answers and makes the right product decision; but in order to reach that decision, the responsibility is on *you*, the consumer, to divulge *all* your haircolor history, whether you think it is important or not, bearing in mind that permanent haircoloring takes about four months to grow out and where there is still haircoloring present, the product you choose can have either a minor or major effect.

As James W. Viera, vice president and corporate technical director of L'Oréal, explains, "Any time hair is lightened, peroxide has to be involved, but of course there has been enormous progress in the procedures to bring about lightening effects while minimizing hair damage. Many of the earlier harsh side effects have been eliminated because of special emollient formulations. Instead of peroxide 'ripping' open the cuticle to change color in the cortex, the new formulations lessen the trauma to such an extent that haircolor can be seen as a builder of hair strength instead of a destructive force."

Next month another giant step forward is made by Clairol—the first permanent haircolor in gel form, easy to apply, gentle to the hair, and delivering outstanding color results—Ultress Gel Colourant.

"Colored hair is not the only hair that can turn brassy in summer sun," warns Louis Licari. "Perms can also cause hair to overbleach. The reason: perm neutralizers contain peroxide. One solution is to apply a nonperoxide toner to permed hair at home, leave it on for five minutes after shampooing, then rinse out and condition hair. "In the summer, it is best to have the least amount of chemical services," advises Louis, "because it seems that 'just a little color or a little perm or a little straightening' can become more so when exposed to the full rays of the sun."

Because all processes described as permanent work in an alkaline medium—"unlocking" the hair's cuticle in order to let the new color in with a neutralizer, then shutting it tight to keep it in—color seepage can occur if the wrong shampoos (highly alkaline) are used. They can't remove color but they can change it, which is not what you had in mind. This is the main reason it makes sense for women who color their hair to use only products—shampoos and conditioners alike—that are formulated to maintain color. Special treatments are a good idea, too. La Coupe's Creme Regeneratrice, a deep-treatment hair-repair cream with vitamin B_5, helps to restore luster and manageability to dry or chemically treated (colored or permed) hair for maximum shine and color "life."

This summer, think color, but "brighter," not necessarily "lighter"...and your hair's natural beauty can only shine forth. ▽

hair report '85

(Continued from page 209)

flannels...at Bruno Dessange, John Dellaria: sleek, clean, all-white salons...with smaller mirrors that reflect the client, not the cutter...TVs to pass the time while perm, color are done. Another option: Astor Place, offering—simply—great cuts at a great price (ask for Pasquale). What's lacking in amenities is made up in hours: open seven days a week, the line starts outside; the wait—fifteen minutes. **Speed** Everywhere, the goal: to keep up with the fact that women *travel*. New ways: custom-blended color rinses to avoid touch-ups in untried salons... services such as Glemby's across-the-country locator (800/821-7700). Latest: Bruno Dessange "branches" in Houston, Washington DC.

"Spot" volume

"Whatever the look, it begins with the cut"
—Francine Hunter of Jungle Red

The aim, now: volume without "weight," a mix of textures, of fullness and smoothness, within the same cut. At Sergio Valente, Louis-Guy D, "invisible" layers are cut into blunt cuts...at many salons (Jean Louis David among them) hair is cut dry to better judge the finished effect. Also being used to create volume only in spots: **"liquid" tools**—gels, sprays, mousse (see page 205) ... and **perms**. Latest: spot-perming of hair's underlayers only for lift, not curl, and no visible grow-out, plus perm formulas that, like the best color, improve the condition of a woman's hair. ▽

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mousse madness!

(Continued from page 205)

removing mousse or making hair stiff.

A mousse is a . . . mousse?

It is in the choice of specific ingredients that one mousse differs from another. The first ingredient listed on most cans is water, still the best liquid base for mixing various chemical substances together. Then you're likely to find varieties of polymers. L'Oréal's Free Hold formula includes a blend of two natural chemical "enemies"—a polymer with a positive, conditioning charge and one with a negative, style- and volume-building charge, according to John Penicnak, Ph.D., L'Oréal senior vice president, corporate scientific department, which helps to explain how mousse "builds" volume.

Other ingredients listed on a mousse label are classified as plasticizers or conditioners; these help determine the manageability of hair and/or the stickiness of the formula and have differing results depending on the proportions in which they are used. Emulsifiers help to blend the product into a foam.

Of concern now: the fact that too much alcohol, which serves as a solvent in many mousse formulas to dissolve the ingredients into the water, is being used. Some stylists, including NYC's David Daines and John Dellaria, feel that alcohol is a culprit in the cases of dry hair and flaky scalp being seen in many salons now; in response to this concern, some companies—Dep, among them—have introduced new alcohol-free formulas. Other experts, including L'Oréal's Dr. Penicnak, note that when alcohol is used, it is in a very small proportion and evaporates so quickly that there is no time for damage to occur.

John Corbett, Ph.D., vice president of technical development at Clairol—a company that does not use alcohol in either their Klorane or salon-only Patterns mousse—feels that "the elimination of alcohol from the latest mousse products is probably more of a reaction to consumer perceptions than to actual proof that alcohol damages hair. An alcohol-free mousse may feel 'wetter' to the touch than a mousse formulated with alcohol; but in any case, the moisture content of a woman's hair is tied to the humidity of the atmosphere much more than to products applied to hair's surface."

Mousse build-up: cause and effect

What may be behind the complaints among some women who use mousse daily that their hair has lost some of its shine, its "life": the downside of mousse polymers is that they are not removed from hair by friction but need to be washed out with a shampoo. Some polymers, it turns out, bond to the hair more thoroughly than most shampoos can unlock. The result: a gradual build-up of thin layers of mousse on hair—*despite* daily shampooing.

"Most shampoos available today were formulated at a time when women used little more than shampoo and conditioner to 'control' hair, so they are not very strong cleansers. And if a woman uses a conditioning shampoo to counteract what she perceives to be hair dryness but is actually mousse build-up, the result will be *more* rather than less hair dullness and 'drag,'" says John Sebastian, president of Sebastian International.

One "cure" for mousse build-up: new once-a-month stripping shampoos, which constitute what many stylists feel is the inevitable "trade-off" for using a product, such as mousse, that works by coating the hair shaft on an everyday basis. Others feel that, if a woman chooses her mousse wisely, doesn't use a conditioning mousse plus an instant conditioner every morning, and follows some basic guidelines, she can make the most of mousse *and* avoid hair damage. . .

• *Apply mousse from the crown of the head forward, or to underneath layers only, wherever lift is needed, not all over.* Called "spot mousse-ing," this is the way mousse should *always* be used—to redirect pieces of hair, create curves, add shape to one side of hair rather than all over, which is more likely to lead to mousse build-up.

• *Keep mousse on the hair, not on scalp or skin.* On the scalp, mousse can cause dandruff-like flakiness. Skin specialist Trish McEvoy has dubbed numerous recent cases of skin breakouts around the edge of the hairline "mousse syndrome" because they result from blockage of oil glands by polymers and oily ingredients in some mousses.

• *Give your mousse a "shine" test.* Since it's impossible to tell from reading an ingredient label whether or not a mousse will dull the hair, apply some mousse to a mirror, let it dry, and check to see how clear or clouded the mirror remains. This is especially important for women who have brown or black hair, as their hair already reflects less light than does blond hair.

• *Instead of reapplying mousse, "reactivate" it.* A little-known fact about mousse: once it's on the hair, adding a bit of water—rubbed on with hands, not poured on in the shower—will help the polymers to "remember" the hold, even if you brush hair into a different "shape" than before.

• *Read mousse labels.* If your hair is dry, look for a mousse in which alcohol is not listed as one of the first—and most concentrated—ingredients. Similarly, a woman with oily hair might not want to choose a product loaded with various plant and vegetable oils, even if it's claimed that these are for conditioning.

• *Bear in mind that the propellants and alcohol used in mousse are flammable. Don't smoke while you're applying it.*

Has the mousse "boom" peaked? "I don't think women will ever give up the ease of using mousse," responds Sam McKnight, "but I think they are just learning to use it correctly, to sort out the different effects possible with 'liquid' tools such as mousses, gels, sprays." La Coupe's Gad Cohen adds, "Mousse is certainly here to stay, but the more it's used, the more we learn what it can and cannot do. Mousse works best on short or layered hair, to lift hair from the roots; it's not going to give you either the spikiness you get with a gel or the smooth line of a hairspray. And, if a woman wants to use mousse every day, she needs to be sure she knows how to remove it."

To counteract what some feel are the shortcomings of existing formulas, new versions of mousse are being introduced that are bolstered with additional conditioners, firmer holding polymers, even sunscreens. Redken's new Créatif line of styling products, for example, is rated with "hold factors" from one to fifteen, progressing upwards from soft hold to firm. Helene Curtis Finesse Mousse has a luminescent formula for hold plus shine. Foam-in/wash-out color mousses now provide a way for a woman to "wear" haircolor for evening, wash it out the next morning, or "try out" color before making a commitment.

Lest anyone dismiss mousse as just another passing fad, marketers note that men, who long "borrowed" skin-care products from women and are now being targeted with formulas designed specifically for them, are now turning up as mousse-users—a trend Alberto-Culver will be the first to exploit with the introduction of a new men's mousse. Mousse-formula fragrances, moisturizers, facial masks—even a mousse-like eyeshadow—are also hitting the stores, evidence that, in some form at least, mousse is here to stay. ▽

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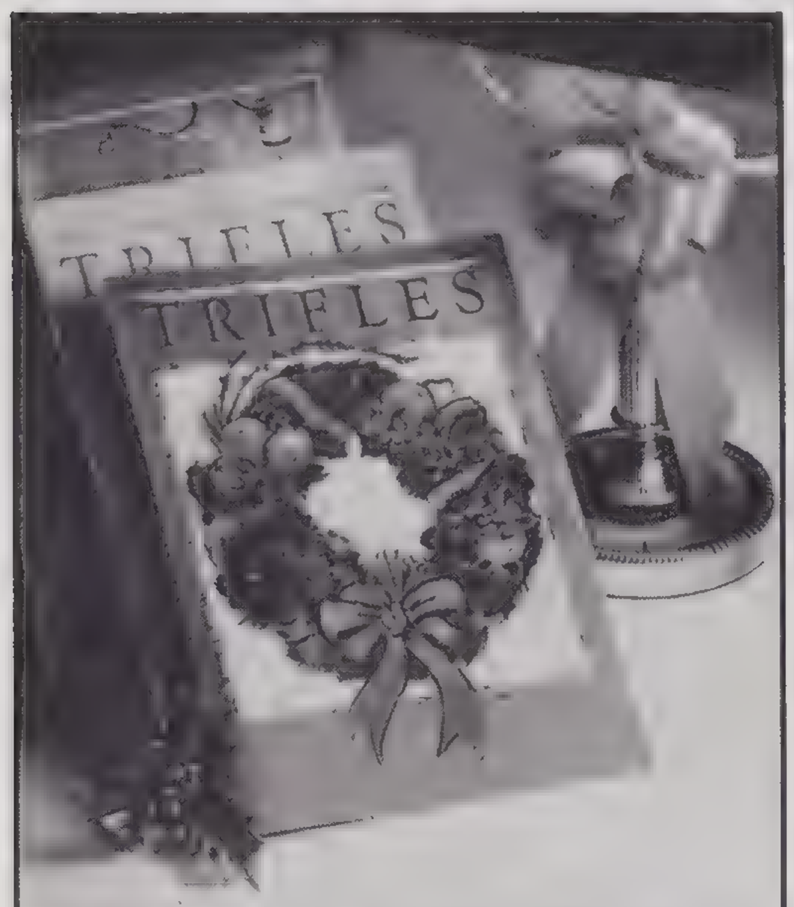

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five french toasts

(Continued from page 173)

the experience with strong opinions: "I'd rather have a baby than a cat, yet I'd rather have a catastrophe in my private life than in my career. As an actress you have to put your narcissism aside. I am willing to have my whole self called into question for a role. I have to devote myself completely to a director. I'm pretty passionate, which creates my instinct: I can only do things or be with someone if my feelings are strong, almost bigger than me." She had no religious education: "The faith I have is what I've made for myself."

Roussel admires but does not identify with Ingrid Bergman, Nastassja Kinski, Lauren Bacall, and, surprisingly, Bardot: "When I see her, her naïveté strikes me, her voice. She's a feline, and a good actress in her own way. She's the only one who had a correct attitude, leaving the movies at the right time. When I see her in *Contempt*, I realize how exceptional she was. And Fanny Ardant—she's such a beauty—women who age in that way, that's what's interesting, instead of staying a child. The point of getting older is to become a real woman."

She saves her datebooks, likes looking over past events, refuses social life: "If people want to see me there's no reason why it has to be in an evening dress. I'd rather have my work looked at." She has little to do with people her age: "My generation was born after the events of the century; I think what's in and trendy in Paris now is merely cheap." She gives the impression of a loner: "If I'm with ten people, I feel I'm betraying one after the other." For her, paradise would be "to be able to do whatever I've missed in life"; hell, "to miss out on things. I'm afraid of death and inactivity, of error, of letting things go. I want it all."

ISABELLE PASCO

Isabelle Pasco was the subject of scandal last year in Paris when she appeared, bare-breasted and nailed to a cross, on a poster for her film *Ave Maria*. In it she plays a young girl who becomes the victim of satanic delusions, deep in the French countryside, and is exploited and finally beaten to death by a pair of religious fanatics. "I saw the character as a martyr," she says, "We all want to be a martyr now and then." For one scene she was required to lick the floor, which prompts her to say, "you have to be a masochist to like this kind of work." But she doesn't mean it, for she's hardly the type, more likely to say: "Bad things change you for the better."

Pasco was brought up by her mother, a natural healer, in the South of France. It seems to have been an almost Californian upbringing: raw foods and positive thinking. "I force myself to eat right, get to bed early, and go to exercise class four times a week."

Her career began two years ago, when she was photographed for a magazine article about her mother's methods. She moved up to Paris and became, despite her lack of height, a model. Six months later she was chosen for *Ave Maria*, and has since made two more films. At nineteen, she has her own apartment, an artist's studio which she has painted oxblood red. Here she does what all other actresses do, that is, wait for parts and read scripts overnight. "When I get home I'm home, and if I don't want to see anyone, I don't," she says. Her long, matted blond hair hangs down her back and contrasts with the deliberate dark plainness of her jeans and sweater.

For Pasco, acting is "to give oneself completely, lose oneself completely, but without becoming hysterical. And not being afraid of being ridiculous. Once the camera's running, it's easy.

"I believe in cycles," she says. "You have to stay positive—when you're positive you keep the negative away. My mother asked me if I was sure I wanted to act; she knows that like all passions it can burn people up. Now she's happy I'm happy. I want to be in the films I choose and be with someone, a man, who could bring me a lot of love and tenderness and with whom I could . . ."—she searches for a suitable fling—"go off to England for a weekend."

As for being nineteen, she shrugs: "I'm supposed to represent a generation, I suppose, but as an actress you're singled out; anyway, I've always spent my time with adults. I have no idea what I'll be like at thirty—I hope to surprise myself!"

The first time Azéma was in front of the camera, she loved it: "One day the camera was broken, and it was like having a sick beast there"

SABINE AZÉMA

Sabine Azéma, with her turned-up nose, small mouth, and huge eyes, bears a slight resemblance to Betty Boop. Until Alain Resnais cast her in *La Vie est un roman* she had worked only in theater, where she was known as an excellent comedy actress in "Boulevard" plays. Last year she won the César (France's Oscar) for her part as the nervous, high-strung daughter in Bertrand Tavernier's *A Sunday in the Country*. She might also have won for her part as the distraught woman whose lover dies in *L'Amour à mort*, another Resnais film, but it came out at the same time as the Tavernier.

Of the five, Azéma is the only one to have studied at the Conservatoire; she is also, by virtue of age, the only one with solid experience. The younger girls would call her a woman: she wears high heels and an Azzedine Alaïa dress. She is voluble about acting and those abstract realizations of life that fall somewhere between the private and the public, but we meet and talk in a hotel bar, which is where French actresses receive this year.

"I was called *Boulevard Comique*," she says—our equivalent being Broadway. "Now

I'm the intellectual because of the two films with Alain Resnais. There's an equation of comedy with lightness, frivolity, as if playing comedy meant you had no emotion. The sadder you are seen to be, the more you're respected!"

The daughter of a lawyer, Sabine Azéma was born in Paris. "It was a very bourgeois family," she says. As a child she coerced her two younger sisters into acting out little plays with her; a nervous and imaginative child, she was given syrup to calm her because she saw the devil on walls.

After university Azéma joined the Conservatoire, studied with Antoine Vithez, gave theater lessons—"I learned by demonstrating; my students were younger than me and didn't scare me." She found Vithez's work complicated, where she was looking for simplicity. "I was always given the comic roles." Her first professional part was in Jean Anouilh's *Waltz of the Toreadors:* "It was a great meeting between us. He's a real poet, talks the way he writes." Her career progressed in the same circuit: "I kept working with people who were part of the same family, Claude Rich, Jacques Charron." She married the playwright Michel Lengliney. "It was one step after another, very easy. Theater is more faithful than cinema."

Azéma saw Alain Resnais's film *Muriel* when she was fifteen: "I didn't understand it, but it enchanted me." She hoped to work with him, but "I thought he didn't want me," she says. However, she believes that her quality is that she perseveres, is patient, and does not despair. Resnais called her for *La Vie est un roman,* announcing himself on the phone as "Alain Resnais, film director." She played a schoolteacher who believes in love. "I played it very seriously—someone that idealistic is a very serious thing." The first time she was in front of the camera, she discovered that she loved it: "I felt it was a person. One day, on *L'Amour à mort,* the camera was broken, and it was like having a sick beast there."

The dark and tragic *L'Amour à mort* demanded intense concentration. "I listened to Henze, a great deal of Mahler; six months before the film I lived through emotions that I was able to use in the film. There are violent things in our lives that we can use in our work. We know it has brought us something, made us fuller, stronger, deeper. It's a little unhealthy; it makes you live on hypersensitivity. One uses memory, personal misery to act with. I don't like theater and movies to be psychodrama for the actors, but there's an overflow we can pass on into our work. The thing is to really construct a voice, renew oneself through a role rather than stagnating. Through my role in *La Vie est un roman* I said goodbye to certain parts of my life, a certain innocence, a certain naïveté.

"Gaiety is the hardest thing to do. Comedy is a mood, through which you attain almost a state of grace." During the shooting of *A Sunday in the Country,* Azéma made deliberate efforts to be gay. "I tickled the assistants so that we'd all be laughing—I wanted my mood to be communicable. I thought people would hate the character, just as I'm always afraid others will see my own extroversion as superficiality. When I really feel good, when I'm calm, I appear sad. When I'm ill at ease is when I laugh and giggle and carry on the most. When we feel bad is when our faults appear at their worst."

She sees the present waves of movies about religion, love, and death as "a current of the absolute that's in opposition to this highly materialistic period." Azéma considers herself extremely lucky, at a time when there are few good parts for women, to have had two of the best in the last year. "I've seen friends destroy themselves with despair and impatience. You can't lose your humility; after all, why should one succeed? That bitterness—'I didn't get what I deserved'—no, why? That bitterness can make you lose your sincerity. I think you succeed at the moment when you are sincere, in harmony with yourself. Then it no longer matters what your style is.

"As long as you are truly yourself, the audience and people feel it, know it. You can't cheat, you can't lie. Stars, I think, are people in perfect harmony with what they are, in relation to the people around them, and in relation to who their parents were. You must impose yourself as what you are and everything you represent. People are touched when you are real." ▽

downtown

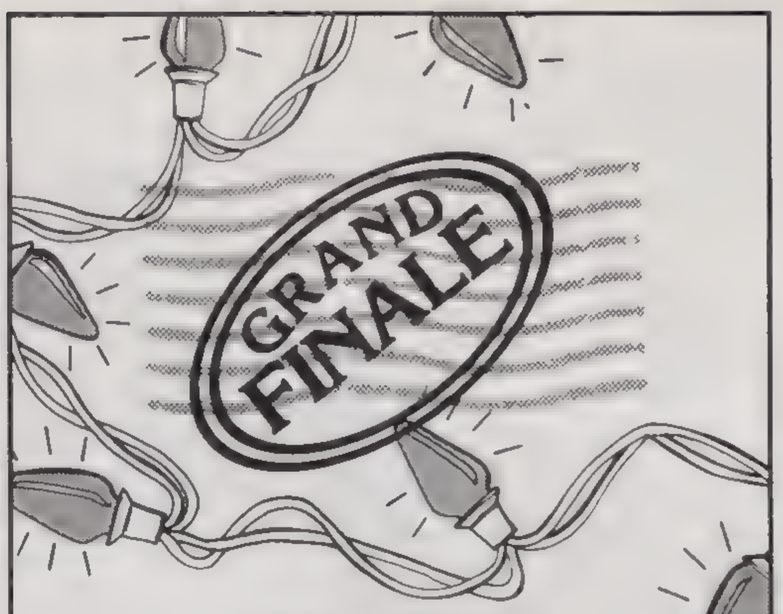
(Continued from page 169)

genteel shapes. Industrial Waste dressing took their place: coarse materials, tears, ragged seams, hand-me-downs, castoffs. Music was stripped of smooth technical and emotional facility.

At its best, Punk had a scourge-like, purifying honesty that stretched the limits of what could be said aloud. At its worst, it displayed a conventional bigotry. The impassioned denunciations of craft in art bordered on old-time American yahooism, while the publicized loathing of disco music merged with a loathing of the blacks, Latins, and gays associated with it. But the boundaries began to expand. Punk became the more broad-based New Wave, and if New Wave risked being amorphous, it also strove to assimilate a broader range of styles and emotions.

Even disco found its way into the fold. The rebel-artists studied each other and made alliances. They also dealt blows to the sanctified avant-gardes of the 'sixties and 'seventies, not just to the middlebrow and the middle-class. Conceptual art's austerity, the hermetic seriousness of free jazz and aleatory music, the flat, compulsively ironic phrases of so much writing: all were reexamined. A lusty epicureanism took hold, one that claimed mass, high, and folk culture as its own: trash and vaudeville; blood and guts; the good, the bad, and the ugly; the personal, the social, and the political.

One can chronicle Downtown's present-day activities in its two best-known magazines, *The East Village Eye* and *Details*. Both are graphically inventive—pictures have as much narrative meaning as words, and print has as much visual meaning as pictures. *Details* is sleek in taste, ironic in tone, and politic in its views. The *Eye* is hedonistic, broadly satiric, and politically combative. They share a commitment to giving the serious and the shallow equal play: either, they seem to say, *(Continued on page 234)*



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downtown

(Continued from page 233)

can be a recreational pursuit or a lifetime involvement. You have only to choose.

At this point "Downtown" refers to a sensibility shared by two generations of artists and camp followers. That sensibility is also called "Post-Modernist," and its roots lie in the Old and the New Worlds. Some of these roots were planted by European art-radicals of the late 'teens and 'twenties. Dadaists and Surrealists teased and twisted classical, humanist definitions of art and beauty. The Constructivists of Russia and Eastern Europe took their hard-won techniques from fine art into clothing, stage design, photography, and film. And, as the Museum of Modern Art's "Primitivism" exhibit showed earlier this year, the Old World must include the Third World: the finest European modernists were inspired by the complexities of non-Western art, with its spiritual content, abstract form, and utilitarian purposes.

In America, the production and consumption of art were altered by social and economic forces. The 'sixties were a time of mass media expansion, of great shifts in the ways and means by which we received and absorbed information. They were also a time of dissent, of vast media-documented shifts of attitude and belief. Forces like the student, black, gay, and feminist movements gave the culture fluidity, left it open to new questions and pursuits. Art rushes in where certainty fears to tread; and, politics notwithstanding, money rushes in when new desires are being bred. It was a boom time economically. The business of America became culture as well as business.

It's not surprising that those whose job it is to mark such changes—scholars, intellectuals, and journalists—began to mark them differently. The lofty distance and genial condescension that had so often characterized the study of non-pedigree American culture disappeared. Woe changed to wonder: it was no longer shameful to love the low, the base, and the minor. It was possible to discover things in them that high culture lacked; it was possible to redefine high culture. Serious, even hyper-serious rock criticism made the biggest splash; but movies, TV, and all manner of pop phenomena soon took places in the pantheon.

Art ventured out of its prescribed domain to see what the culture could offer in the way of material and, in some cases, material rewards. It found and began to use the ordinary: ordinary shapes in painting, ordinary sounds in music, ordinary gestures in dance, ordinary words in writing. Technique was made to submit to chance and impulse. There were the soup cans, American flags, and cartoons of Pop Art; the studio happenings; the music based on group improvisation or a throw of the *I Ching*; the dance that undid elaborate formal vocabularies; the writing that turned for inspiration to the Western, the detective novel, or the sentimental romance, not *The Odyssey* or *The Golden Bough*.

Some artists achieved a success once reserved for the makers of soup cans and cartoons, or the fame associated with *National Enquirer* subjects. But many—most—did not, and to protect their work they went into business. You might call it a corollary of the socialist and self-help movements that abounded then. Artists started presses, record distribution services, and performing collectives. Cooperation of means led to cooperation of methods. Painters wrote, writers sang, musicians danced. Art forms began to overlap and borrow each other's characteristics.

Today, art is filled with footnotes—references to other artists and genres, remote historical figures and events. The combinations are deliberately disruptive—and nowhere more so than in the art of the East Village. A single video will move from talking heads to Dada abstraction, while a poem can devour John Donne, James Brown, and Jane Bowles in a stanza.

Artists are students of their own traditions and of our collective past. Theodora Skipitares revives puppet theater to revise American history; Bill Irwin and Michael Moschen reinvigorate circus traditions. The films of Beth and Scott B reinvent movie conventions while the photographs of Nan Goldin rebut slide-show formulas. Saxophonist David Murray employs his virtuosity to query jazz styles of the past; Diamanda Galas uses her voice to evoke the sounds of ancient rituals and future technologies.

What unites this range of gifts and techniques is an esthetic dominated by visual performance. In the multimedia works of Meredith Monk and Ping Chong the laws of theater time and space give way to those of music and photography. A gifted theater troop like Mabou Mines will join Sophocles with gospel music to celebrate the force of ritual.

Downtown's esthetic, geography, and history depend on a mix of media and motives that is often exhilarating. I like watching The Talking Heads conduct themselves with the mesmeric cool of a 'fifties jazz ensemble while the sophisticated Carla Bley Band plays at being a boisterous rock group. It's a pleasure to see that actor Spalding Gray and funk fabulist George Clinton are both heirs to the nineteenth-century comic monologue, which united fantasy, burlesque, and naturalism.

But when the medium dominates the motives—when style is more developed than thought and feeling—it's hard not to feel cheated. Why, one wonders, dwell on Cindy Sherman's photographs, when you can study the film stars and scenes they recreate? Does her work explore female playacting and cultural myth-making, or just duplicate them? Is there a significant difference between the work of Kenny Scharf (an urban Disneyland of cartoon and graffiti images) and that of Michael Jackson (an urban Disneyland of fairy tale and horror film images)? Scharf's is in museums and galleries, bathed in a glow of intellectual seriousness; Jackson's is in record stores and coliseums, bathed in a glow of naïve frivolity. How do we know such distinctions have any truth or value?

Writer Kathy Acker plays with bisexual and literary impersonations via William Burroughs, Jean Genet, Patti Smith, and Charles Dickens. So does Prince, via Little Richard, Jimi Hendrix, James Dean, and Janis Joplin. We know that, in both cases, talent is inseparable from compulsive self-promotion. Andy Warhol may have said it best: "Business art is the step that comes after Art . . . and good business is the best art."

There is the same double edge to art's eclecticism. Thank goodness that Times Square is as rich a source as the Left Bank or Bloomsbury, that street-corner murals are as worth studying as frescoes. But now that we have the material, what are we going to do with it? Frequently one feels that it's being offered unedited, like so many outtakes of the psyche, for viewers to sift through at will.

This is inevitable in a society that changes so rapidly and has such an impressionistic sense of the past. Placing itself in an historical perspective has never been America's strong suit—it prefers myths and utopias. Downtown is a new arts version of the frontier and the melting pot, with many of the same old-time dramas being played out. Who are the heroes, and who the villains? What is a truly American art? Must forms and genres lose their ethnic, racial, sexual, or political characteristics to assimilate successfully? Can we shape art that entertains, inspires, and challenges all at once?

It used to be said that art was a civilizing force. Perhaps so, but who are the civilized, and what primitives are they in search of? Today's primitives are the citizens of mass-culture America. And though artists consider themselves an elite by virtue of talent and training, they have joined the larger citizenry. Thanks to technology and mass media, artists today have been thoroughly immersed in mass taste and mass imagery. They are enthralled, repelled, eager to master or submit to it; anxious to criticize and understand.

The civilized and the primitive are changing their meanings. So are the spiritual and the technological; the high, middle, and low; the personal, the political, and the esthetic. Downtown reflects this process at its most decadent, at its most provocative, and at the puzzling borders in-between. Downtown will change its name, its neighborhood, and its celebrity listings. If it can help change these once-fixed hierarchical relations, it will have begun to map territories we can explore at will but, mercifully, neither invade nor conquer. ▽

Andy Warhol may have said it best: "Business art is the step that comes after Art . . . and good business is the best art." Downtown, talent can become inseparable from compulsive self-promotion

the way we are

(Continued from page 175)

friends and families, mistreated by health workers, evicted from apartments (in one case being thrown from a window), stories of the Holocaust came to mind. Most of my family in Europe had perished during the War. As far as I know, they never made it to the concentration camps but were murdered on the street by their Polish and Latvian neighbors. I knew intellectually that the epidemic was *not* the Holocaust, but I had no other experience of mass death and public indifference and brutality to compare it to.

I was writing about the rebellion of Figaro and the tragedy of Marie Antoinette when I learned that my favorite Uncle Wolf had cancer. And my father was not recovering from his stroke as fully as I had hoped. All around me there were illness and death. I fell into a depression.

So, sometime in 1982, as a sort of a therapy, I started to express my feelings on paper. I decided to write a play about a man named Rich—a writer and runner—who comes down with AIDS, his former lover Saul, and their friends and families.

I did my research. I visited friends who had the disease; I talked with a hospice worker; I went to support groups; I attended lectures; I made field trips to the Gay Men's Health Crisis (the most important organization dealing with the disease in New York City); I spent hours eavesdropping in gay bars, taking the public pulse.

I was willing to go to any lengths for my play, except to imagine myself having AIDS. I was not afraid of contracting the disease through casual physical contact with those who had it. I was well aware that AIDS is transmitted by an exchange of body fluids. But on a deep irrational level, I was terrified of catching it by identifying with those who had it.

Consequently, for a long period, my central characters, Rich and Saul, were shadowy and undeveloped, compared to the background figures. But one day I realized the depth of my fear and asked God to protect me as I wrote the play. He did.

> *If I identified with those with AIDS, would I catch it?*

All along my characters cracked jokes, which I tried to suppress. People were in the process of expiring, and I was laughing. I mean, this was supposed to be a *serious* play. Well, I had to do something to keep my spirits up, I rationalized.

Half hoping to depress myself, I'd call up my uncle, and to my chagrin he'd make me smile with some reminiscence of the Yiddish theater. (He also was a playwright and poet, like myself.) And my father was always eager for a joke, the dirtier the better—and he was in his eighties.

I was having dinner with my friend Constance Mary O'Toole, who was a hospice worker at St. Vincent's Hospital in Greenwich Village, in the heart of New York's gay community, when it finally dawned on me that maybe humor was a key to my play. She said, "We tell a lot of jokes in my line of work." I also began to realize that among the people with AIDS whom I was meeting, those with a sense of humor were doing better than those without.

I permitted the play to be funny. I found that audiences at the Circle Repertory Company, where I was workshopping sections of the piece as I wrote them, responded to the humor. It let them accept the pain of the sadder material.

Encouraged by my director Marshall W. Mason and producer John Glines, I also allowed the spirit of *A Figaro for Antonia* to infiltrate *As Is*. I asked myself, "Why should I write a totally realistic play when I take extravagant liberties with time and space in musical theater? Why can't I allow my characters to speak eloquently when I'm planning to let them do that at the Met?"

By the time we moved from our Off-Broadway home at the Circle Rep to the Lyceum Theater on Broadway, the good humor and the good spirits of some of the people with AIDS that I had met, their lovers and families, people like Connie O'Toole, and my family (my father and uncle died in 1984) completely subverted the depression that prompted the writing of the play.

Facing my own worst fears has made me feel . . . What do I feel now? Sad at the loss of friends. Frustrated by my powerlessness over a force of nature. Angry at those who have the power to help and won't. But I'm pretty comfortable with people who have AIDS. I'm sane on the subject of my own health. And when I'm frightened in this time of trouble, I'm loving to myself. ▽

fashion and illustration information

Page 20: Brooch, $128. Henri Bendel; I. Magnin.
54: *Large photo:* Makeup, Tyen of Paris. Clothes and jewelry, Jean Paul Gaultier.
96: Photo *bottom:* Late nineteenth-century French wicker basket, white china jug with wooden lid, early nineteenth-century pink and ecru toile de Jouy printed canvas; from Fanette, 1 rue d' Alençon, Paris 14. Glass and antique eyeglasses from Le Triolet, 25 Allée Riesener, Le Louvre des Antiquaires, 2 Place de Palais Royal, Paris 1. Flowers from Arène, Rue Mesnil, Paris 16; and Moulié-Savart, Place de Palais Bourbon, Paris 7.
130: For fashion information, see page 131. Earrings, Alann Designs. Bracelets at Detail, NYC; Ultimo, Chicago; I. Magnin. Cuff links, Kate Hines. Bag at Henri Bendel; Exit Shops, Miami. Gloves, Prada.
131: Satin backed worsted wool skirt. Turnout at I. Magnin, Dept. 30. Also at Sara Fredericks, Boston; D.H. Holmes, New Orleans; Stanley Korshak, Chicago. Glasses, Sanford Hutton for Colors In Optics. Charivari, NYC. Earrings, Monies. Henri Bendel. Belt, Geoffrey Beene. Gloves, Prada. Bracelet, Richard Minadeo. For stores, see information page 130. Bag, Ruza Creations. Henri Bendel; Ronnie Golden Engle, Warwick RI; Parisian, Birmingham AL. Panty stockings, Flash Legs by Stilnovo. Macy's, Herald Square. Shoes, Walter Steiger for Karl Lagerfeld. Walter Steiger, Madison Avenue, NYC.
132: Turnout at I. Magnin, Dept. 49. Also at Gidding-Jenny, Cincinnati OH and Indianapolis IN; Tootsies, Houston. Bracelets, Wendy Gell Jewelry. Bracelet, model's right arm, at Bloomingdale's Cul-de-Sac; Camille, Coconut Grove FL; Ultimo, Chicago; Tucan, Houston; I. Magnin. Gloves at Saks Fifth Avenue; Jere Scott at Stanley Korshak, Chicago.
133: For fashion information, see stores listed on page 132. For bracelet and gloves, see information page 132. Bag, Aldo Zanette. Henri Bendel; Exit Shops, Miami. Shoes by Susan Bennis Warren Edwards, NYC.
134: Turnout at Hutzler's, Dept. 351. Bracelet, Jan Michaels La Rue de Rêves, NYC. Gloves, see information page 135. Boots, Manolo Blahnik, NYC. Hair, Maury Hopson.
135: For fashion information, see page 134. Gloves at Saks Fifth Avenue; Jere Scott at Stanley Korshak, Chicago. Bracelets, wrist to cuff: Gerard E. Yosca. Bergdorf Goodman. Watch at Fred Joaillier, NYC and Beverly Hills. Patricia Locke. Wendy Gell Jewelry. Belt, Polo/Ralph Lauren leathergoods. Hair, Maury Hopson.
136: Fashion information, see page 137. Earrings, Barbara Vay. Rhinestone bracelets, Roxanne Assoulin. Bloomingdale's. Leather bracelet with studs and silver cross bracelet, Stephen Sprouse. Gloves at Lord & Taylor.
137: Turnout also at Neiman-Marcus. Earrings, Barbara Vay. Bracelets, see information page 136. Stockings, Flash Legs by Stilnovo. Shoes, Xavier Danaud. Delman at Bergdorf Goodman; Smyth Bros., Chicago and Dallas; Robinson's, Beverly Hills and Woodland Hills CA.
138: Turnout at Lord & Taylor, Dept. 104; Marshall Field's, Dept. 175; Filene's, Dept. 351. Also at Kaufmann's, Dept. 859; Frost Bros.; I. Magnin, Dept. 56. Isaac Manevitz for Ben-Amun linked coin bracelets and dangled coin bracelets. Altman's; Knit Wit, Philadelphia. Cuff with rhinestones, Wendy Gell Jewelry. Thin rhinestone bracelets, Roxanne Assouline. Stockings, Flash Legs by Stilnovo. Shoes, Calvin Klein Collection. Bloomingdale's; Neiman-Marcus; Robinson's, Beverly Hills.
139: For fashion information, see stores listed on page 138. Hat at Macy's, Herald Square; Macy's, San Francisco; Nordstrom, Portland OR and Palo Alto CA. Bracelets, see information page 138. Gloves, Sachiko for LaCrasia.
140: Shirt fabric, Bianchini Ferier. Inner jacket fabric, panne velvet by Lafitte. Turnout at Saks Fifth Avenue, Dept. 44. Earrings at Byzantium, NYC; Body Sculpture, Boston. Bracelet, Michelle Leight. Henri Bendel. Gloves at Henri Bendel. Bag, Carlos Falchi. Bergdorf Goodman; Gidding-Jenny, Cincinnati OH and Indianapolis IN. Stockings, Gamine. Shoes, Maud Frizon, NYC and Bal Harbour.
141: For fashion information, see page 140. For accessory info. see information page 140.
145: Stockings also at Marshall Field's.
147: Shoes also at Loretta Blum, Dallas.
148: Wool/lurex pants. Viscose/silk velvet blouse. Earrings, Debra Fine Yohai. Henri Bendel. All other accessories, Giorgio Armani. Shoes, Giorgio Armani. Maraolo, NYC.
149: Viscose/silk velvet pants. Earrings, Zagal. All other accessories, Giorgio Armani. Shoes, Giorgio Armani. Bloomingdale's.
150: Earrings, Zagal. All other accessories, Giorgio Armani. Shoes, Giorgio Armani. Maraolo, NYC.
151: Turnout also at The Twenty-Four Collection, Palm Beach and Bal Harbour; Chez Catherine, Ontario Canada. Accessories, Gianfranco Ferre. Shoes, Charles Kammer.
152: Krizia wool/mohair/alpaca/polyester jacket. Fox boa, Krizia. For stores see jacket and skirt, page 152. Sunglasses, Optical Affairs. Outer Vision, NYC; Neiman-Marcus. Earrings, Bill Schiffer. Pin, Krizia. Shoes, Charles Kammer.
153: All accessories (except gloves), Fendi. Silver fox hat, at Saks-Jandel. Gloves, Portolano Products. Boots, Fendi. Bergdorf Goodman.
154: Belt, Gianni Versace. Shoes, Charles Kammer.
155: Jacket at *(Continued on page 236)*

fashion and illustration information

(Continued from page 235)

Altman's, Dept. 70. Pants also at Gianni Versace Boutique, Houston; Europa, Honolulu. Scarf, Designs by Jeanne Delahaye. Bonwit Teller; Jordan Marsh, Boston. Shoes, Charles Kammer.

156: Gianfranco Ferre at Marshall Field's, Dept. 175. Gloves, Gianfranco Ferre. Shoes, Charles Kammer.

157: Hat, Mario Valentino. Gloves, Sachiko for LaCrasia. Shoes, Charles Kammer.

158: Wool/alpaca/nylon coat. Accessories, Gianfranco Ferre. Shoes, Charles Kammer.

159: Jacket fabric by Pratese Lane Pettinate. Pants fabric by Loropiana. Turnout also at Tabbi, Atlanta GA and New Orleans LA; Lina Lee, Beverly Hills; Poupée, Palo Alto CA; Wilkes Bashford, San Francisco. Hat, Ruza Creations. Altman's. Earrings, Bill Schiffer. The Bill Schiffer Gallery, NYC. Shoes, Charles Kammer.

160: Coat at Bullock's, Dept. 335; I. Magnin, Dept. 267. Also at Jordan Marsh, Boston; Garfinckel's. Hat, gloves, and scarf, Missoni. Stockings, Missoni by Pull & Co. Shoes, Charles Kammer.

161: Hat, Yumiko for LaCrasia. Earrings, Bill Schiffer. Bill Schiffer Gallery, NYC. Shoes, Charles Kammer.

162: Cotton jacket, $230. Wool pants, $205. August at Bonwit Teller; Harridge's, Ontario. Scarf, John McIntyre. Hat, Viv Knowland; belt and pins, Stephen Rothholz. All for John McIntyre. Boots by Hackett, London.

163: Silk shirt, $385. Wool/cashmere jacket, $365. August at Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC. Fox pin and hat by Hackett, London.

164: Jean Muir coat, $2000; tunic, $1250; jodhpurs, $1250. Turnout at Henri Bendel; Janet Brown, Port Washington NY; Nan Duskin; Dolly Kay Designs, Washington DC; Linda Dresner, Troy MI; Wilkes Bashford, San Francisco. Coat and pants at Jane Simon, Birmingham AL. Belt, Jean Muir.

165: Rifat Ozbek coat, $705; muffs, $95 each. Late August at Barneys New York; Hirshleifer's Etc., Manhasset NY; Suzy, Great Neck NY; Alan Bilzerian, Boston; Nan Duskin; Woodward & Lothrop; Dayton's; Neiman-Marcus, Dept. 35; Maxfield, Los Angeles; I. Magnin, Dept. 267. Pin (on back), Tom Binns. Linda Dresner, NYC; Maxfield, Los Angeles. Omega objects courtesy of Anthony D'Offay Gallery, London.

171: Cotton blouse, Agnès B. $60. Agnès B., NYC.

172-173: Fashion, Michel Klein.

186: Saint Laurent Rive Gauche silk/cotton satin jacket and silk and cotton pants. Saks Fifth Avenue, Dept. 337. All accessories, Saint Laurent Rive Gauche. Earrings and necklace at Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutique Femme, NYC.

187: Saint Laurent Rive Gauche also at Sakowitz. Necklace, Saint Laurent Rive Gauche. Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutique Femme, NYC. Gloves and bracelets, Saint Laurent Rive Gauche. Yves Saint Laurent Stockings. Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutique Femme, NYC. Yves Saint Laurent Footwear. Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutique Femme, NYC; Saint Laurent Rive Gauche, Oak Brook IL.

188: Saint Laurent Rive Gauche at Saks Fifth Avenue, Dept. 337; Dayton's, Dept. 349. Accessories, Saint Laurent Rive Gauche. Earrings at Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutique Femme, NYC. Shoes, see information page 187.

189: Saint Laurent Rive Gauche at I. Magnin, Dept. 271. Earrings, Claire Deve. Nellie's, Livingston NJ. Gloves, Saint Laurent Rive Gauche. Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutique Femme, NYC; Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutiques, Washington DC; Beverly Hills. Panty stockings and shoes, see information page 187.

190: Earrings, Poggi. Henri Bendel. Other accessories, Azzedine Alaïa.

191: Cupro/silk blouse. Turnout also at Emanuel Ungaro Boutique, Bal Harbour; Kane's, Chicago. Jacket and shirt at Dayton's. Accessories, Emanuel Ungaro.

192: Valentino red wool/cashmere coat, $1350. Bergdorf Goodman. Earrings and pin, Billy Boy. Henri Bendel; Giorgio, Beverly Hills.

193: Chanel at Bloomingdale's, Dept. 353. All accessories, Chanel.

194: Azzedine Alaïa acetate ski pants. Earrings, Claire Deve. Nellie's, Livingston NJ. Gloves and boots, Azzedine Alaïa.

195: Saint Laurent Rive Gauche wool turtleneck and wool skirt. Top, $195; skirt, $490. August at Bloomingdale's, Dept. 312; Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutiques, Bal Harbour FL; Beverly Hills. Earrings and necklace, Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Jewelry. Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutique Femme, NYC. Yves Saint Laurent Footwear.

196: Stockings also at Robinson's California.

200: Earrings at Henri Bendel; Balliet's; Lilly Dodson, Richardson TX.

201: Earrings, see information page 200.

203: Bracelet at Gindi, NYC; La-T-Da, Dallas; Ice, Los Angeles; I. Magnin.

205: *Photo bottom left:* Zoran cashmere shirt. $400. Zoran Boutiques, NYC; Washington, DC; Los Angeles. Headwrap, Christiaan's Knot. Earrings, Leslie Block. Off Broadway, NYC; Melan, Birmingham AL. Bracelets, Roxanne Assoulin. Bloomingdale's; Hattie. Makeup, Sophie Levy for Pipino-Buccheri Salon, NYC.

206: *Large photo:* Hat, OMO Norma Kamali. OMO Norma Kamali Boutique, NYC; Nikki, Framingham MA; Ultimo, Chicago; Rue de Rêves, Dallas. Earrings, Martha Sturdy, Canada. Makeup, Sophie Levy for Pipino-Buccheri Salon, NYC.

207: *Large photo far right:* Clothes, Yves Saint Laurent Variation. Sunglasses, Persol for Private Eyes. Morgenthal Opticians, NYC; Voorthuis Opticians, Washington DC. Makeup, Sophie Levy for Pipino-Buccheri Salon, NYC.

208: *Large photo:* Makeup, Sophie Levy for Pipino-Buccheri Salon, NYC. Cuff, Wendi Gell Jewelry. Victoria Falls, NYC. Tucan, Houston; Nordstrom, San Mateo CA.

210: Blouse fabric, see information page 211. Pants fabric available at Fabricland, Oregon and Washington. Earrings, Isaac Manevitz for Ben-Amun. Westside Zoo, NYC; Bracelet, Richard Minadeo. Ibiza, NYC; Ultimo, Chicago. Belt by Calvin Klein.

211: Blouse fabric at Park East Sewing Center, New York; Special Effects, Minneapolis MN; Josephine's Dry Goods, Portland OR. Earrings, Isaac Manevitz for Ben-Amun. Henri Bendel; Jere Scott at Stanley Korshak, Chicago; Nordstrom, Costa Mesa CA. Belt, La Bagagerie, NYC.

212: Jacket fabric at Southern Fabrics, Houston. Earrings, Richard Minadeo. Ultimo, Chicago; Wilkes Bashford, San Francisco. Gloves, Carlos Falchi. Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC; Jere Scott at Stanley Korshak, Chicago.

213: Blouse fabric at Jerry Brown Fabrics, NYC. Skirt fabric at Marshall Field's. Bracelet, Wendy Gell Jewelry. Gindi, NYC; L.H. Rogers, Salem MA; Camille, Coconut Grove FL. Belt by Calvin Klein. Bonwit Teller, NYC; Gidding-Jenny, Cincinnati OH and Indianapolis IN; Macy's, San Francisco.

214: Esprit cotton/nylon/spandex pants at Saks Fifth Avenue, Dept. 755; Marshall Field's, Dept. 439; Macy's, San Francisco, Dept. 605; Bullock's, Dept. 473. Hat, Maggie Vall. Henri Bendel. Sunglasses, Serrano. Optica, NYC. Earrings, Leo Wills. Agora Boutique, NYC; Apropos, Newport Beach CA. Choker, Philip Cantrell. Off Broadway, NYC; Ultimo, Chicago. Belt, Ruza Creations. Villa Roma, Honolulu. Gloves, Portolano Products. Shoes, Roger Vivier. September at Roger Vivier Salon, NYC.

215: *Left:* Coat at Saks Fifth Avenue, Dept. 318. Pants, see page 214. Hood, Designs by Jeanne Delahaye. *Right:* Jacket at Montaldo's, Dept. 50. Also at MM Cohn, Little Rock AR; Sanger Harris, Dallas. Top and pants, see page 214. Earrings, Regan and Betsy for Rumblefish. Bergdorf Goodman. Bracelet, Debra Fine Yohai. Belt, Ruza Creations. S.B. Ltd., Frontenac MO. Gloves, Portolano Products. Shoes, Pancaldi.

216: Top, for stores, see page 214. Earrings, Brett Lewis. Henri Bendel. Bracelets, wrist to cuff: Jewelry by Trigère. Alexis Kirk. Gloves, Portolano Products. Belt, Alexis Kirk. Lord & Taylor. Shoes, Xavier Danaud, NYC; Burdines.

217: *Left:* Coat also at Woldenberg's, Madison WI. Muffler, Escada. Sunglasses, Optical Affairs. Outer Vision, NYC; Neiman-Marcus. Bracelet, Robert Lee Morris. Artwear, NYC. Jere Scott at Stanley Korshak, Chicago. Gloves, Portolano Products. Bonwit Teller; Neiman-Marcus. Shoes, Calvin Klein Collections. Macy's, Herald Square. *Right:* Jacket at Bullock's, Dept. 338. Pants, for stores, see page 216. Earrings, Gerard E. Yosca. Necklaces and belts, Kenneth Jay Lane. Gloves, Portolano Products. Calvin Klein Classifications Footwear. Bloomingdale's, NYC; Chestnut Hill MA; I. Magnin.

218: Michael Kors wool jersey top, $200. Bergdorf Goodman; Ultimo, Chicago; Balliet's; Neiman-Marcus. Earrings, necklace, and bracelets, Bill Schiffer. Earrings at Bloomingdale's. Necklace at Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC. Bracelet at The Bill Schiffer Gallery, NYC. Earrings, necklace, and bracelets also at Urban Camouflage, Houston; Glitz, Los Angeles. Gloves, Portolano Products. Belt, Ruza Creations. Lord & Taylor; Gus Mayer, Alabama. Charles Jourdan Hosiery. Charles Jourdan Boutiques. Shoes, Roger Vivier available in September at Roger Vivier, NYC.

219: *Left:* Coat at Bullocks Wilshire, Dept. 366. Also at Henry's, Wichita KS; Gus Mayer, New Orleans; MM Cohn, Little Rock AR. Gloves by Aris Isotoner. Lord & Taylor. Charles Jourdan Hosiery. Charles Jourdan Boutiques. Shoes, Calvin Klein. *Right:* Tweed jacket at Macy's, San Francisco, Dept. 70. Red wool jacket, $114. August at The Denver, Denver CO; Nordstrom, Oregon. For store information on Top and Skirt, see information page 218. Glasses, Stephen Rothholz. Mooshka, Philadelphia. Earrings, Isaac Manevitz for Ben-Amun. Gloves by Aris Isotoner. Lord & Taylor. Belt, Ruza Creations. Charivari, NYC. Charles Jourdan Hosiery. Charles Jourdan Boutiques. Shoes, Charles Jourdan Trump Tower, NYC.

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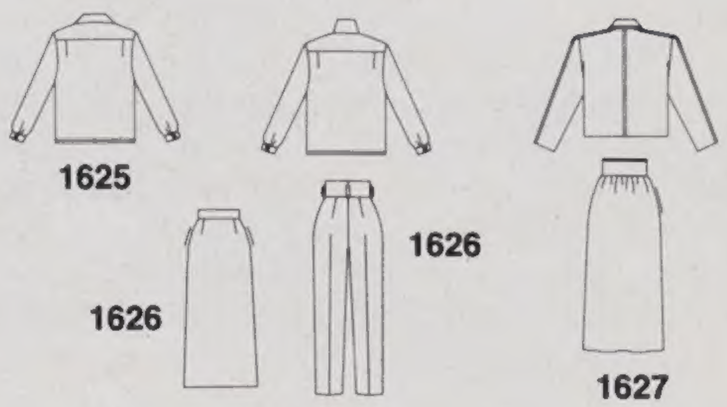
vogue patterns

Back views, yardages, details of pages 210–213

Shirt: Calvin Klein for Vogue Patterns #1625. Sizes 8-16. Size 10: view A & B, 2½ yards, 45" fabric; view C 2½ yards, 40" fabric. $8.00. Canada, $9.70. *Pants:* Calvin Klein for Vogue Pattern #1626, view A. Sizes 8-16. Size 10: 1¾ yards 58"-60" fabric. $8.00. Canada, $10.00. *Jacket and skirt:* Calvin Klein for Vogue Patterns #1627. Sizes 8-16. Size 10: Jacket, 2¾ yards of 54"-55" fabric; skirt, 2½ yards of 54" fabric. $10.00. Canada, $12.00. *Skirt;* Calvin Klein for Vogue Patterns #1626. Sizes 8-16. Size 10: 1½ yards 57"-58" fabric. $8.00. Canada, $10.00.



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